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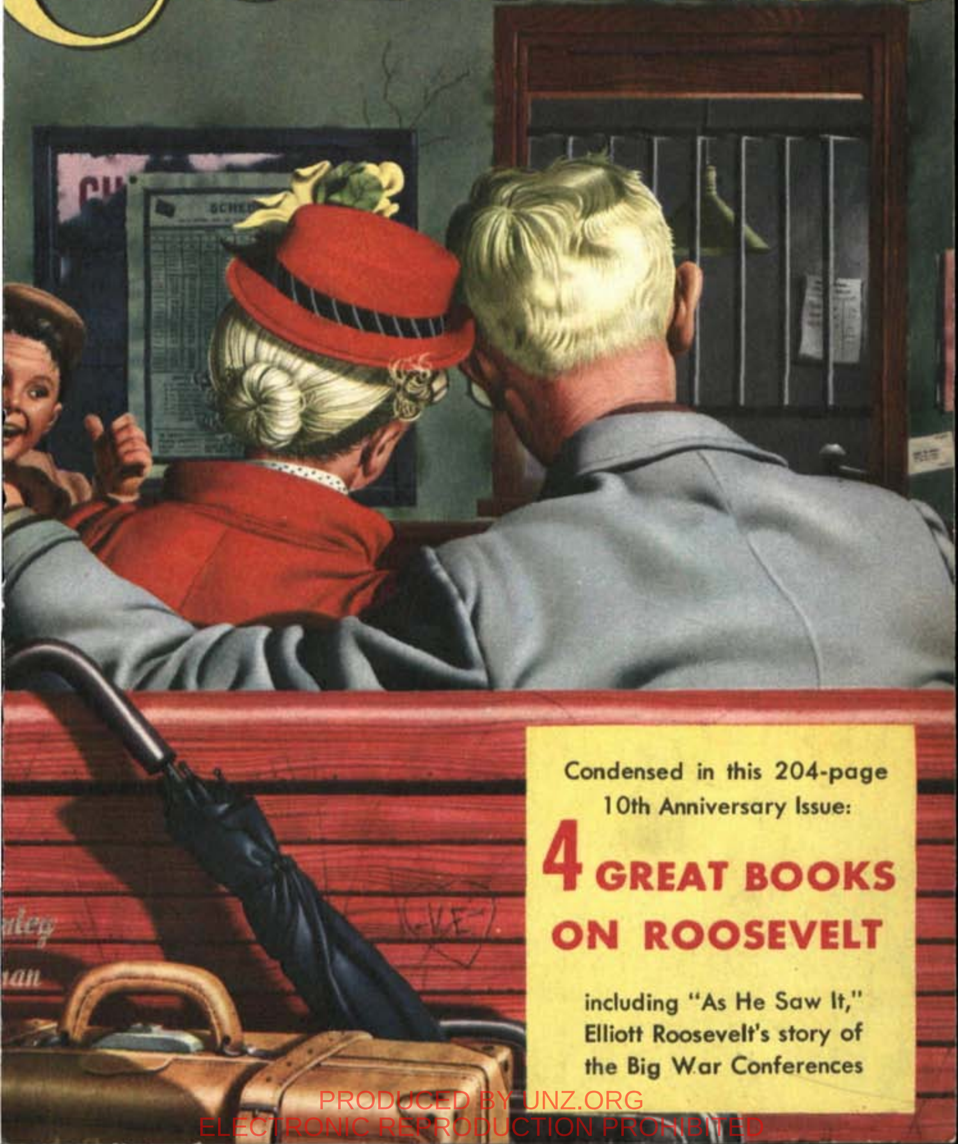
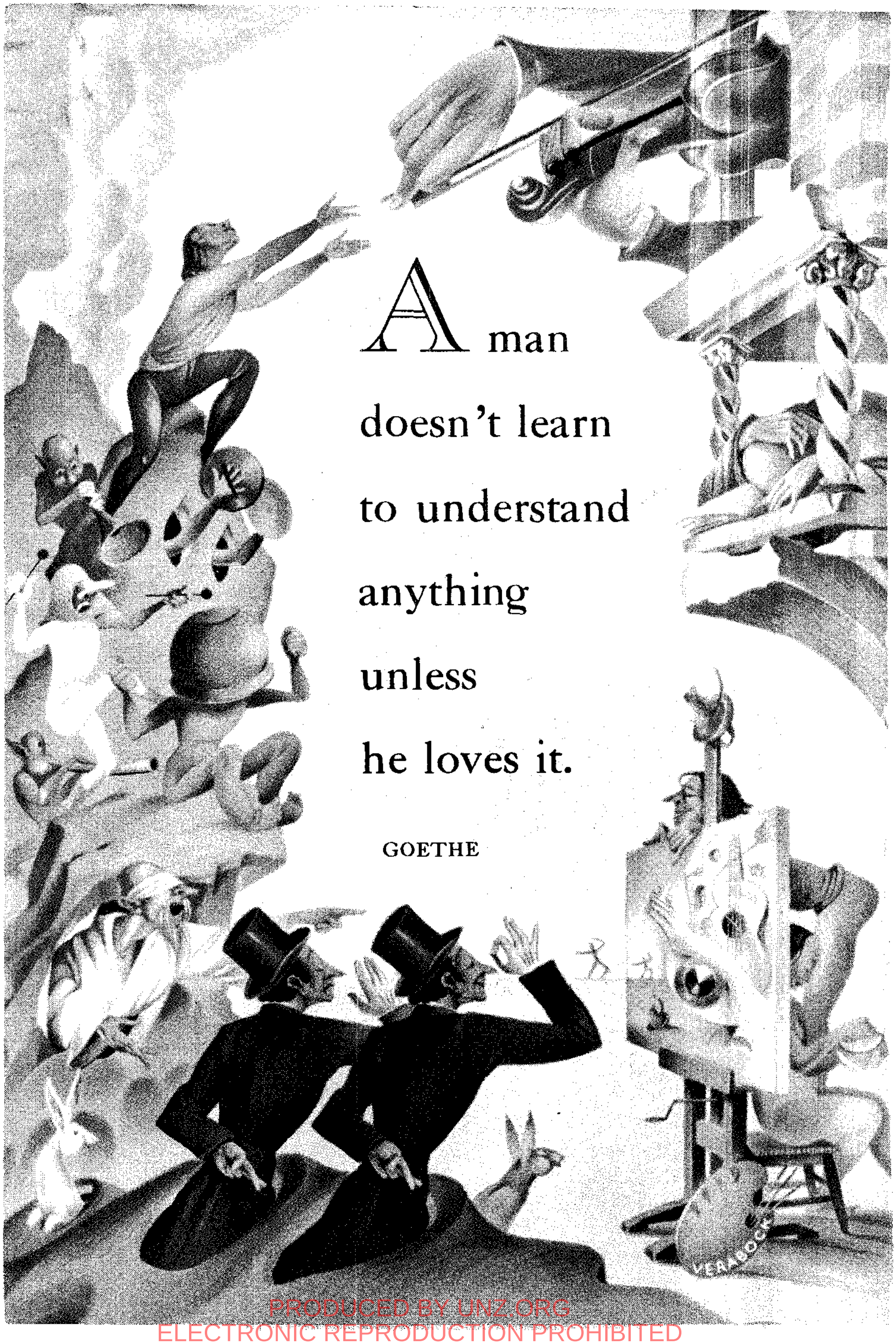


Condensed in this 204-page
10th Anniversary Issue:

4 GREAT BOOKS ON ROOSEVELT

including "As He Saw It,"
Elliott Roosevelt's story of
the Big War Conferences



A man
doesn't learn
to understand
anything
unless
he loves it.

GOETHE

Vol. 21, No. 1 Coronet November, 1946
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

A Warning to America:

PUT UP or SHUT UP

by **Edgar Ansel Mowrer**

THE OTHER DAY I had a heated discussion with a Balkan friend. He said that we Americans might just as well resign ourselves to the inevitable—another world war, Soviet leadership of the planet, communism.

I retorted hotly: there need not be a war; the U.S. is well able to protect itself against aggressive Russians; capitalism was still providing a better life than communism.

I shall never forget his answer. "Sure you could prevent another war. But you won't! Mentally you have become a nation of cheapskates.

"Sure you could keep the Russians in their place. But you won't! For the Russians know what they want and you don't.

"Sure capitalism is working better than communism. But the communists believe their stuff; you don't.

"In a fight, which side is bound to win?"

He had me thinking. For a number of years, maybe since the great Depression, we Americans as a people have become increasingly unable to choose between our conflicting wishes. We have forgotten how to make firm decisions. Instead of making a courageous choice and paying the price cheerfully, we shilly-shally and fret. Obviously we have lost contact with reality. What is worse, we seem to be losing it deliberately.

The other day I was talking with an outspoken doctor.

"Increasing numbers of people," he said, "are worrying themselves into hospitals. We have so many mental patients we don't know what to do with them."

"Yes—older people," I agreed. "The era has been changing so fast

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they haven't been able to keep up with it."

"Old people, my foot!" the doctor interrupted. "Young people. Returning veterans."

"But we won the war," I argued. "Our young men proved to themselves that they can overcome difficulties. Surely the greater danger is that of an over-cocky generation, too contemptuous of the rights of others."

The doctor nodded. "That's what I thought—until the veterans and the others began streaming into hospitals with all sorts of what we charitably call nervous disorders. Many of them are afraid of living."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I can tell you the symptoms but not the specific causes. For some reason, there are thousands of Americans who can't come to terms with their environment. They expect too much—or something different. They yearn for security—and don't seem to find it. Courage but no fortitude.

"I never heard my father yammering that the world owed him a better living. Sometimes he went hungry. But it didn't prevent him from remaining an optimist. He trusted himself. When he failed he blamed nobody but himself.

"How about *your* folks?" the doctor asked. "Were they all tangled up in future fears and divided wishes?"

I laughed. Grandpa Mowrer wrote his wife Amelia in 1864 after three years' service in the Union Army to explain why he had re-enlisted. He admitted the justice of her complaint about his absence. His family certainly needed him. He might well be killed. But, he explained, there was a job to be done. Until it was done he couldn't quit. He wasn't that kind of a guy.

"Harder, better stuff," said the doctor.

"I wonder," said I. "Maybe just the result of a harder, better education that aroused more self-reliance and endurance, less self-pity and expectation."

"Well, whatever it was," the doctor answered, "if our people don't quit quarreling with a world that isn't going to make itself over just to please them, if they don't stop feeling sorry for themselves and look the future squarely in the face, the United States is going to hit the toboggan so fast we won't know what's happened until we smack the bottom."

WHAT CAME OUT OF the reports on Pearl Harbor? One hard fact —Americans did not go into the war or stay out of it freely—as a free people should. We were bombed into a decision!

Before December 7, 1941, we couldn't make up our minds. First, we didn't want to fight. Therefore we repeated over and over again that this was "not our war."

At the same time we knew in our hearts that because we could not afford to let Hitler and the Japs take over Europe and Asia, we were "bound to get into the war before it's over."

In other words, even before 1941, we were dizzy. We wanted two mutually exclusive things—to stop Hitler, and to keep out of the war.

Since the war the division in our souls has become wider. For we live in a world that can be molded to the human heart only by the single-minded perseverance of millions of diligent, intelligent individuals. And we are not single-minded.

Everybody agrees that we stand on the threshold of something so new and big that most people simply can't grasp it. The world is going forward, either into the most glorious epoch mankind has ever seen—or into atomic hell. Never was it so glorious or so terrifying to be 20 years old. The coming world is going to be organized as a unity—organized by humane intelligence or by brutal force.

The difficulty lies in persuading normally lazy, optimistic folk that this is the case. Most Americans, for instance, cannot—or will not—admit they can be bombed out of existence. Most Europeans and Asiatics are too miserable to care. As a result, nobody is taking the really courageous, revolutionary steps that are necessary to avoid catastrophe.

Divided wishes pursue us everywhere. Who would deny that Americans want peace—want it passionately? But how many of us are willing to pay the necessary price in the shape of sacrificing sovereignty?

"Disarm and let foreigners dictate our future? Never!"

You can hear the decided click of nationalist tongues. You long instinctively to applaud these patriotic citizens until suddenly you turn sick at the thought that they are the people whose refusal to grow up and face reality is most likely to produce the next war.

We desperately want to prevent Germany from again becoming a scourge. But please, would some other mother's son remain in Germany and do the policing and educating job?

Most Americans have a feeling that the Soviet Union must be stopped in a friendly way. But let George do it. Now that the war is over, we prefer to quit thinking about outlandish places and concentrate on the styles, the races and the lack of sugar at home.

Or in the moral field. We are, we like to tell ourselves, an honest, God-fearing, law-abiding people. But as individuals, too many of us, both overseas and at home, act like chiselers, racketeers and common thieves. The story of war graft and profiteering is just beginning to reach the public. When the full story is told, the country's face will—or should be—deep scarlet.

Or in education. We habitually think of ourselves as a literate, highly educated people in the vanguard of human progress. Actually, we are far behind several European countries in general education, behind medieval Japan in degree of literacy, and far less disposed to honor intelligence than the "backward" Soviet Union.

Putting education above nearly everything (in theory), we yet pay teachers less than pants-pressers, laboratory assistants less than win-

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Edgar Ansel Mowrer, author and foreign correspondent, was one of the first to warn of the dangers of Naziism. A series of dispatches from Germany won him the Pulitzer Prize in Journalism but resulted in his expulsion by the Nazis. Mowrer covered both world wars as a foreign correspondent and has written several books on international affairs. This article expresses his deep concern over the apparent apathy of the American people in the shadow of the atom bomb.

dow-washers, professors less than riveters. Can anyone deny that the young generation—despite the spread of high-school and college training—has less *real* education than any previous one?

Suddenly opening their eyes on a cockeyed world, our young people are staggered. Is nobody honest? No ideal genuine? No philosophy to be believed?

Individuals react as best they can. Some follow the crowd into cynicism and dishonesty. Others fret, collapse and find their way to mental hospitals.

For better or worse, a generation has been taught that the world, the State, somebody, owes everybody a living—and a darned good one. Of rights, plenty. Of duties, nothing at all. And when they try to realize upon these alleged rights, they find it doesn't go.

Back of it all is the fundamental lie of our times. The lie that accumulation of physical goods is the fundamental need of humanity. The lie that a higher living standard makes better men. The lie that once you have made people richer, better fed, less diseased, with longer lives, you have made them happier.

Here seems to be the ghastly weakness of our time. Here is ultimately what sends people into mental wards. And here is probably the greatest obstacle to the full exploitation of a glorious new world.

VIEWING OUR AGE and its tasks, here is my belief:

Somehow or other, young provincial Americans have got to learn to live as world citizens.

Somehow or other, much of the dishonesty and sham has to be eliminated from our society.

Somehow or other, we have got to solve the atomic problem, the problem of world government, the problem of Germany and the Soviet Union.

Somehow or other, we have got *to give men plenty without making* them mental cripples who crack when their precious "security" seems threatened.

Somehow or other, we have got to raise the sights of our country—fix them more on duties and less on rights.

It sounds like a whopping problem in education. It is, indeed! Yet unless we solve it, the United States is going hell-bent down the one-way road that leads to war and national disaster.

* * *

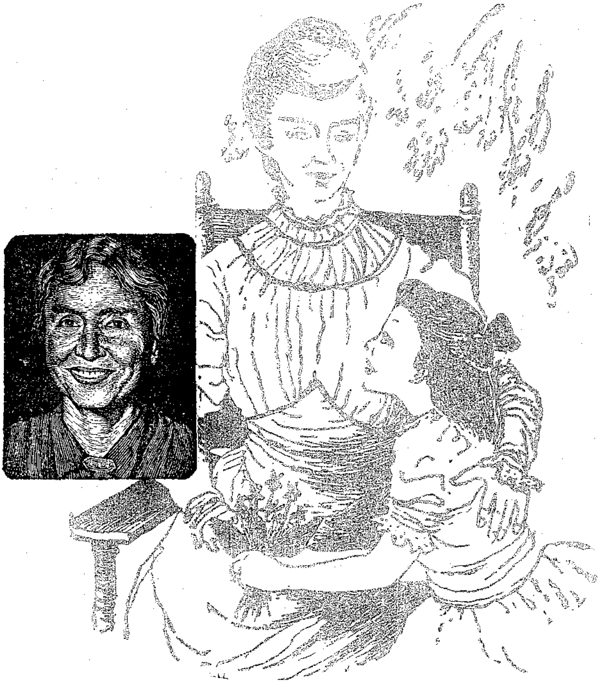
No Time Like the Present

AN ACQUAINTANCE of Mrs. B. congratulated the old lady on her golden wedding anniversary. "Guess you read in the paper," Mrs. B. replied, "about the party and all the presents we got."

Then she chuckled. "It wasn't really our 50th anniversary. Only our 49th. But Pa's getting pretty feeble and I'm not too spry myself, so we decided we'd better have our celebration while the getting was good."

—RUTH CURTIS

How I Learned the Meaning of Love



by **HELEN KELLER**

In large part, the remarkable story of Helen Keller and her conquest of blindness is the story of Anne Mansfield Sullivan, her teacher. Miss Keller here recalls wondrous days from her childhood—days when she first learned of the world around her through the courageous devotion of a Massachusetts-born teacher who herself had known what it meant to live in perpetual darkness.

THE MOST IMPORTANT day in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives it connects. It was March 3, 1887, three months before I was seven.

On that afternoon I stood on the porch—dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen, so I went to the door and waited. The sun penetrating the honeysuckle that covered the porch, fell on my face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet Southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor had succeeded this passionate struggle.

I felt approaching footsteps and

stretched out my hand to my mother. Someone took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all things else, to love me.

The next morning my teacher led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at Perkins Institution had sent it but I did not know that until afterward. When I had played with it a while Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly I was flushed with childish pride.

Running to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup* and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand* and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l" and vainly tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I was persistent in confounding the two. In despair she brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked to the well house where someone was drawing water. My teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*. I stood still, my attention fixed upon her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me.

I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object I touched seemed to quiver with life. I learned a great many new words that day—*mother*, *father*, *sister*, *teacher* among them—words that were to make the world blossom for me. It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me.

WHEN DAISIES AND buttercups came, Miss Sullivan took me by the hand to the banks of the Tennessee River, and there I had my first lessons in nature. I learned how the sun and rain make trees to grow out of the ground; how birds build their nests and live; how the squirrel, deer, lion and every other creature finds food and shelter.

As my knowledge grew I felt more and more the delight of the world I was in. Long before I learned to do arithmetic or describe the earth, Miss Sullivan had taught me to find beauty in the fragrant woods, in every blade of grass, in the dimples of my baby sister's hand.

But about this time I had an experience which taught me that nature is not always kind. One day my teacher and I were returning from a ramble. The morning had been fine, but now it was warm and sultry and we stopped to rest under a wild cherry tree. With my teacher's assistance I was able to scramble to a seat in the branches. It was so cool that Miss Sullivan proposed we have luncheon there. I promised to keep still while she went to the house to fetch it.

Suddenly a change passed over the tree. All the sun's warmth left the air. A strange odor came up from the earth. I knew it was the odor that always precedes a thunderstorm, and a nameless fear clutched at my heart. I longed for my teacher's return; but above all things I wanted to get down from that tree.

There was a moment of sinister silence, then the wind set forth a blast. The tree swayed and strained. A wild impulse to jump seized me, but terror held me fast. I crouched down in a fork. Just as I was thinking the tree and I should fall together, my teacher seized my hand and helped me down. I clung to her, trembling with joy to feel the earth once more.

After this it was a long time before I climbed another tree. It was the sweet allurement of a mimosa in bloom that finally overcame my fears. One beautiful morning when I was alone in the summer-house, reading, it seemed as if the spirit of spring had passed through the summer-house. "What is it?" I asked, and then I recognized the odor of mimosa blossoms.

I felt my way to the garden, knowing that the mimosa tree was at a turn of the path. Was there ever anything so exquisitely beautiful before! For a minute I stood irresolute; then I pulled myself up into the tree. The branches were large and the bark hurt my hands, but I had a delicious sense that I was doing something unusual and wonderful. Finally I reached a little seat which somebody had built there long ago and sat there for a long time, feeling like a fairy on a rosy cloud. After that I spent many happy hours in my tree of paradise, thinking fair thoughts and dreaming bright dreams.

At first, when my teacher told me about a new thing, I asked

Helen Keller, author and social worker, has been called "one of America's twelve great women leaders during the past hundred years." Left blind and deaf after an illness in early childhood, she nevertheless was graduated with honors from Radcliffe College. She has traveled and lectured in the U. S. and abroad, has written widely for national magazines, and is the author of several books. Best known for her will power, her courage, and her many accomplishments in spite of her handicap, Miss Keller has devoted much of her life to the welfare of the blind. This article is taken from her book, *The Story of My Life*, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., and from *Great Teachers*, published by Rutgers University Press.

very few questions. But as my knowledge grew, and I learned more words, my field of inquiry broadened. Sometimes a new word revived an image that earlier experience had engraved on my brain.

I remember the morning I first asked the meaning of "love." I had found a few early violets in the garden and brought them to my teacher. Miss Sullivan put her arm round me and spelled into my hand, "I love Helen."

"What is love?" I asked.

She said, "It is here," pointing to my heart, whose beats I was conscious of for the first time. Her words puzzled me because I did not then understand anything unless I touched it.

I smelt the violets and asked, half in words, half in signs, a question which meant, "Is love the sweetness of flowers?"

"No," said my teacher.

Again I thought. The warm sun was shining on us. "Is this not love?" I asked, pointing in the direction from which the heat came.

Miss Sullivan shook her head, and I was greatly disappointed. I thought it strange my teacher could not show me love.

A day or two afterward I was stringing beads of different sizes in symmetrical groups. Finally I noticed an error in the sequence and concentrated on the lesson and tried to think how I should have arranged the beads. Miss Sullivan touched my forehead and spelled with emphasis, "Think."

In a flash I knew the word described the process going on in my head. This was my first conscious perception of an abstract idea.

For a long time I was still—I was not thinking of the beads but trying to find a meaning for "love" in the light of this new idea. The sun had been under a cloud all day, but it suddenly broke forth.

Again I asked my teacher, "Is this not love?"

"Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out," she replied. Then in simpler words than these, which at that time I could not have understood, she explained: "You cannot touch the clouds, but you feel the rain and know how glad the flowers are to have it after a hot day. You cannot touch love either; but you feel the sweetness it pours into everything. Without love you would not be happy or want to play."

The beautiful truth burst upon my mind—I felt there were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirit of others.

Another Language

After giving the hired man a dressing down for being late in returning with supplies, the farmer demanded, "Okay, now let's hear how it happened, Miller."

"Well, I picked up a minister along the road," explained the hired hand, "and from there on the mules couldn't understand a word I said."

—Mrs. Charles Minor

Financiers, explorers and theatrical folk depend on Sam Simon to supply their protection against a rainy day

Uncle Sam—Umbrella Man

by **BARBARA DAVENPORT**

TO MOST PEOPLE, umbrellas spell rain—and nothing else. But the big red umbrella that spreads over a store entrance on West 45th Street, just off New York's Times Square, spells romance, adventure and many other affairs of human interest.

Beneath this giant bumbershoot some 20,000 customers pass each year, calling at Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop to buy umbrellas and canes or to have them repaired. With such faithful patronage, Sam Simon has built his store into the largest of its kind in the country.

The man for whom every cloud has a silver lining is a white-haired, gentle-looking old fellow of 70-odd years. The umbrella business is nothing new in the Simon family, since Sam's father owned three downtown shops at one time. When the Bowery ceased to be Broadway the business was moved to 45th Street, where it has flaunted its big red umbrella for 32 years.

The shop seemed destined to cater to the great even before the formal opening. While the plasterers were still inside, a sign reading "Don't Wait for a Rainy Day" was the only clue to the nature of the shop. Nevertheless a big limousine stopped before the show window-to-be, a chauffeur emerged and gave a plasterer several umbrellas, saying "I'd like to have these repaired."

The obliging workman took them, then inquired: "And the name, please?"

"J. P. Morgan," the chauffeur replied.

You can find any type of umbrella among the 7,500 that fill Uncle Sam's shop. And what you can't find, Sam will make for you, as in the case of Joe Cook, the comedian. Cook was appearing in a show called *Rain or Shine* when he called on Uncle Sam.

"I want you to make a trick

umbrella that supplies its own rain," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon and son Norman put heads together and came up a little damp but with the solution. A hollow tube, concealed in the stem of an ordinary black umbrella, was connected with a hot-water bottle which nestled under Cook's vest. When Joe pressed his arm, water spurted from above the umbrella.

Another challenge to Sam's ingenuity came from Sir Hubert Wilkins, explorer who planned a submarine trip to the North Pole. "Make me a big igloo umbrella," he said. "It should have a spread of ten feet and be big enough for four men to sleep beneath it. When it's open, I want it to touch the ground all around the circumference. You must make it of the lightest cloth so I can carry it on plane trips. But the material must be strong, so we can convert the umbrella into an igloo by spreading snow over it."

The finished product, a strong frame of finest steel covered with durable lightweight cloth, worked satisfactorily. It boasted more than 100 ribs, with one section missing to provide a doorway.

Nothing startles Uncle Sam in his role of purveyor of parasols to the Broadway theatrical world. One evening while *Strictly Dishonorable* was playing, Preston Sturges, the author, decided to give umbrellas to the ladies in the cast and canes to the gentlemen. He rushed to the shop between acts, saying "I'll take that one—and that one—and that one." Then he departed like a whirlwind to deliver them.

Uncle Sam says that "it's not a hit show unless they use a Simon umbrella." Nineteen Simon products are currently displayed in *Showboat*, fifteen in *Bloomer Girl*, eight in *Oklahoma!* and several in *Follow the Girls*. When asked about the special gold-lamé parasols used in *Carousel*, Uncle Sam says: "I don't know what they do in that dance, but they break several ribs every night."

Fashion magazines, noting the swing of musical shows to parasols, had Sam make some to match costumes that were being photographed. This resulted in a flood of orders from the readers of women's magazines.

Many people bring in heirloom umbrellas to be repaired, such as quaint tip-tilted carriage parasols. An old lady once arrived with a very aged specimen of a buck-horn handled cane and said it had belonged to General Lafayette. She failed to come back, but a year later a man brought in the claim check. His mother had died, and he wondered about the check found among her effects. When he saw the cane he said, "Oh, you can keep that thing. I don't want it."

Among famous purchasers of canes is Charlie Chaplin, whose whangee cane was a Simon product. Whangee is a member of the bamboo family but more flexible, which gives it the bounce that spelled Chaplin humor. Sam usually had 200 on hand for Chaplin to choose from, and the comedian always tested them to find one with just the right elasticity.

The cartoonist, Milt Gross, once dropped into the shop to acquire a new cane. Mrs. Simon was taking care of the trade, but she lacked complete knowledge of the stock. Gross purchased a walking stick for $5. A few days later he returned to complain that the stick was too weighty. Uncle Sam laughed, and drew a sword from the handle.

Sam has many novelty canes, sought after by collectors. One is made of postage stamps, another of leather washers. These are generally produced in prisons, the materials being placed on a rod and then pressed.

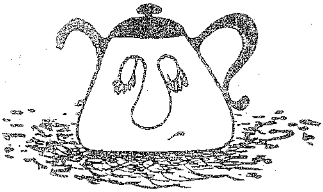
The collection also includes canes with cats, dogs, fish and monkey heads for decoration. These are mostly trick canes, so that with a twist of the wrist the animals will roll their eyes or stick out their tongues. In the hands of playful owners, such antics are likely to dismay people sitting opposite in subways or buses.

Uncle Sam also has some of Harry Lauder's gnarled handsticks. These black and twisted aids to walking are made of furz root. Sam didn't always have the real article, but he had some reasonable facsimiles. He is a great whittler, and many years ago, while in Delaware Water Gap, he discovered a couple of likely-looking branches, almost spiral and very similar to Lauder's sticks. He whittled them smooth, added ferrules, and exhibited them in his shop window.

Thus it happened that Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, still fairly unknown to fame, came bursting into Sam's shop, saying, "Gee, you've saved our lives! We've got a Scotch comedy act and we need those Harry Lauder wiggly canes."

Uncle Sam says that business was good during the war. Umbrella manufacture was limited, and people resorted to specialty shops. Every time it rained, it rained pennies for the Simons. "You should see them in here on a rainy day," says Uncle Sam. "You'd think we were giving something away."

Right now the Simons are working on a new and secret development in the umbrella. "I can't tell you what it is," says Uncle Sam, "but it will revolutionize the umbrella industry."



Mission in Life

AN ASYLUM patient who had been certified cured was saying goodbye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the patient, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so I might try acting."

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle." —*The Flame*

Sackcloth Goes High-Style

by **JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK**

The once-humble flour and feed bag, now bright and colorful, is lending glamour to the rural American scene

THE HEAD OF A Midwestern flour sack company was dining in a Wichita restaurant in the summer of 1937. Richard Peek noted that the chairs were all slip-covered in cheerful cretonne. He also noted that the covers were remarkably like flour sacks. In fact, they *could* be gaily printed sacks pulled over the chair backs and tied on.

Why hadn't *he* thought of that before? Peek rushed back to the Percy Kent Bag Company in Kansas City, which he and his brother own, and started the phone jangling. A few months later a friend of Peek's in the chicken-feed business received a shipment of sacks fashioned from pale blue, rose, green and yellow muslin.

The feed man was skeptical. But rural housewives weren't. All through the Midwest those pastel sacks literally hopped from store shelves onto the backs of farm women and children. And thrifty housewives came clamoring for more.

Peek knew he had a good thing. Today, more than 100,000,000 yards of colored textiles are purchased annually by the bag industry from the Percy Company, the Bemis Brothers Bag Company of St. Louis, and others in the field, to be passed on as a self-liquidating premium to rural women from coast to coast. Big flour and feed companies have jumped on the bandwagon. They have discovered the value of surrounding their products with festive fabrics.

If the mention of clothes from flour bags conjures up in your mind an image of shanty-town children clad in shapeless burlap, with milling company ads displayed across their backs, dismiss the vision and start all over again.

Begin with Peek's assertion that 80 per cent of home-sewing prizes awarded at state fairs in the South and West are won by creations executed in his company's "Kenprints." Add the information that farm bureau workers take it for granted that dress, drapery and slip-cover patterns which they distribute along RFD routes will be whipped up from sturdy, long-wearing sack fabrics. Toss in the fact that sack labels are easily removed, and top it off with the recent announcement that Peek's newest print fabric, marking an all-time high in glamour on the tractor circuit, consists of a Currier and Ives ice-skating and sleigh-bell motif.

In towns, villages and rural sections, the sack with a future has become an integral part of America's domestic economy. In many a model housing project along the Tennessee Valley, every square inch of cloth in the bright, spotless dwellings, except for the upholstery, can trace its origin to the food and grocery shelves. Floral prints, plaids and ginghams go into dresses for mother and the young ones. Solid colors and stripes make shirts for father. Red and white checks turn up in tablecloths and napkins. Large prints hang as the window curtains. Even white sheets and bedspreads remain behind after the chicks have gobbled up their mash.

The Kent company runs a false seam the length of its 50-pound feed sacks of white, combed-yarn fabrics. When the bags are empty the false seam is ripped out, the bag mouth hemmed—and presto, a pillow case which less fortunate city dwellers could not purchase for love or money during the war. Four such bags opened and sewed together make a sheet.

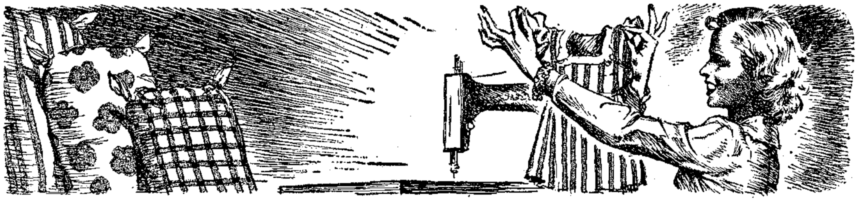
When a farm woman envisages a multiple-bag project like a dress, a sheet or a pair of curtains, she purchases at one time as many similarly patterned sacks as needed. But through letters of protest from a hamlet in Arkansas, the milling companies learned the perils of overloading the market with any one pattern. This town was so flooded with a certain daisy print that nearly every girl and housewife was garbed in a terrible monotony. Now, elaborate precautions are taken to vary distribution and avoid such sartorial catastrophes.

Surprisingly enough, printed sacks entail but a negligible increase in price to the consumer. The housewife pays only a few pennies extra for the one and one-third yards of plaid percale encompassing 100 pounds of flour, although that length of fabric might come to 50 cents at the local dry-goods store.

To the bag maker, however, who purchases his textiles by the million yards, the difference between unbleached muslin and multihued percale is insignificant. Furthermore, the millers who buy the sacks are happy to absorb most of the added cost, chalking it up to advertising and promotion.

An enterprising reporter recently dubbed Peek the "Hattie Carnegie of sack fashions." Peek promptly asked Hattie Carnegie's consent to use the billing in his trade ads. Miss Carnegie, no stranger to publicity, graciously approved.

A few weeks later a Hollywood studio wired Peek for permission to photograph a bevy of its stars in garments of glamorized sack cloth. To the film company this was just another promotion stunt. But to Richard Peek it was indisputable acknowledgement of his contribution to the folkways of America.



The Gentle Art of SETTLING STRIKES

by **Irwin Ross**

It requires tact, courage and good sense to turn discord into harmony when management and labor are in disagreement

A STRIKE has been agitating your home town for two weeks. Clashes on the picket line, mass meetings in public, angry statements in the newspapers—all the paraphernalia and bedlam of modern industrial strife. By this time, you know both union leader and employer pretty well: you've seen their pictures and heard their harangues. But despite all the noise and talk, nothing seems to happen.

Then, suddenly, in the third week of the strike, a settlement is reached. Both sides come to seemingly miraculous agreement on wages, hours and union security. Workers file back to their benches. Union and employer alike issue a statement: "We wish to express appreciation for the good offices of John C. Roe, Commissioner of Conciliation, U.S. Department of Labor. Without his efforts, a settlement would have been indefinitely delayed."

This introduces a new name. Who is this Roe, and what did he do? Roe arrived in town after the strike had been in progress a week. He discovered an ugly situation: both union and management were so angry they would no longer negotiate. But Roe, no novice at industrial peacemaking, found a way.

He arranged separate conferences with union and employer at a downtown hotel. He met the two groups in adjoining rooms—a fact of which they were initially unaware. After giving each a heart-warming talk on the wisdom of adjusting differences, he threw open the intervening door and they confronted each other—face to face.

There was a little embarrassment at first, but within 10 minutes negotiations began. Roe kept them together for 10 hours, until they had hammered out a settlement, point by point. Then he packed his bag and left town.

Roe, the itinerant peacemaker, is one of some 300 Commissioners of Conciliation employed by the Labor Department. Stationed in offices throughout the country, they are ready—literally at a moment's notice—to jump into the middle of any labor fray in their area and try to patch things up.

Only a few of these disputes are the big strikes that make headlines. No more than a handful of such major crises occur a year. Most strikes—in peace and war, in good times and bad—are merely of local significance. And yet their prompt settlement makes the difference between harmony and turmoil throughout industrial America.

A commissioner has a frenzied, informal, highly specialized job. It demands a unique combination of the talents of domestic relations judge, efficiency expert, boxing referee and statesman. Few men can make the grade. In the whole country there are no more than 400 experienced, full-time conciliators and mediators (the terms are interchangeable) employed by either the Conciliation Service or the State mediation boards. In addition, there are a few free-lance mediators employed by no government agency. The public sees little of their activities, knows few of their names; their work is highly confidential.

The typical mediator is middle-aged, a mellow, experienced, unruffled gentleman who was originally a lawyer, labor leader, personnel manager, economist, college teacher or businessman. As such, he has usually spent years studying or engaging in some phase of labor relations. He comes to his new job a partisan of neither capital nor labor, but with considerable knowledge of labor laws and regulations, some grounding in trade-union history, and an infinite capacity—demonstrated before he is hired—for pulling a quick compromise out of his hat. His success depends entirely on his persuasiveness and ingenuity. He has no legal powers to compel a settlement—mediation is a completely voluntary process.

John Roe, our average, composite mediator, is a man of 55—a doughty, black-haired character whose appearance would be forbidding were it not for a mild and quizzical manner and a temper that can seldom be roused. He is in the "self-made" American tradition—he knows the life of the industrial wage-earner from intimate association, and he can be sympathetic to the problems of the businessman because he has been one.

Roe, who has worked since he was 14, has been a farm hand, dishwasher, construction worker and truck driver. For years he was a local official in the teamsters' union. Later, he returned to his home town and opened a diner. It flourished and he established a small chain. Then he went into politics, served two terms as mayor.

Over the years he had a hand in a number of strikes that broke out in his town. His fame as an unofficial mediator spread and soon he began to be called into labor cases throughout the state. During the war, when the Conciliation Service urgently needed more manpower, Roe was taken on the staff. He has been a commissioner ever since.

For salaries ranging from $4,900 to $7,100, the conciliator's services are on tap 24 hours a day. It is not only a strenuous life, but one demanding adherence to a complicated social code. To succeed in his mission, the mediator must not say or do anything indicating partiality towards either side. On the other hand, he must enjoy the friendliest relations with both sides. Thus he is constantly walking a rope.

And yet the job has its compensations. The U.S. Conciliation Service, headed by Edgar L. Warren, has piled up an enviable record. From its establishment in 1913, it has handled more than 126,000 cases—strikes, lockouts, threatened strikes and threatened lockouts, as well as other minor disputes. During the war and after, its staff nearly tripled. As for the State mediation boards, it is impossible to estimate the number of cases handled, but they run into the thousands.

ALTHOUGH MEDIATORS are generally unsung heroes, a few have figured in so many prominent cases that their names have often reached the headlines. There is, for instance, James F. Dewey, short, thick-set, gray-haired veteran of innumerable labor wars, who piloted the last General Motors strike to its final conclusion; bland, dapper Edward F. McGrady, long-time AFL leader, Labor Department official and now a vice-president of the Radio Corporation of America; William H. Davis, rough-hewn, wild-haired patent attorney who, as chairman of the National Defense Mediation Board and the War Labor Board, had a hand in every major labor case during the five crucial years, 1941-45; and finally, Arthur S. Meyer, suave, florid chairman of the New York State Board of Mediation, and chairman of the New York Mayor's Advisory Transit Committee.

Until 1934 a successful tobacco and real-estate man, Meyer got bored with business and has spent practically all his time during the last 11 years presiding over labor cases—everything from the squabbles of James C. Petrillo to the difficulties between the "Little Steel" companies and the C.I.O. During the strike wave last winter, Davis and Meyer superintended negotiations in the General Electric and Westinghouse strike. Like Dewey, they are not employed by the Conciliation Service, but are drafted from time to time for special jobs.

These four mediators are among the few big shots. The bulk of the fraternity—the men who handled the 25,907 cases of the Conciliation Service last year—seldom get their names in the papers. The work they do, however, is a model of efficiency and devoted public service. In outline, their operations are simple.

If a strike is on, or pending, either the union or the employer or some neutral party, like the mayor, can phone one of 7 regional or 20 field offices of the Service and secure the aid of a Commissioner.

Once he enters the case, the mediator's first effort is to get the disputants around a conference table. It is axiomatic that the conference should not be held in the factory, but in some quiet neutral setting where passions are easily cooled. The initial talk, no matter how interminable or irrelevant, is vitally important. It clears the air of emotionally charged grievances.

While the talk is going on, the mediator devotes himself to getting a thorough view of the whole dispute—everything from wages and hours to such fiercely argued issues as whether the lunch period should be 30 or 40 minutes. And, finally, the mediator must search for the one or two points which are crucial to the entire controversy, for frequently the essence of the argument is buried beneath layers of trivial charge and counter-charge.

A typical example involved a strike on a Midwest bus line. The union's demands were extensive: wages, hours, union shop, checkoff, vacation with pay and so on. After a week the mediator effected a compromise. The union won some points, lost on others. Yet union leaders were curiously reluctant to sign. They kept dreaming up new and ever more ticklish grievances.

The mediator went poking around the union hall, talked with the rank-and-file—and finally made a discovery. The union was plagued with a fierce factional struggle, the incumbent officials facing a threat at the next election. The mediator soon divined that the negotiating committee was unwilling to adopt any agreement short of an outright victory—for fear the opposition would raise the cry of sellout and drive them from office. He had a session with union and opposition leaders. Unless they acted reasonably, the mediator warned, he would spill the whole story. The strike was soon over.

USUALLY, THE mediator is more discreet in showing his hand. He must not act as an oracle of revealed truth. Will Davis tells an enlightening story of the time he was mediating a squabble in the fur industry. As the first session got under way, Davis announced that the dispute had resulted from a ridiculous mistake and that it should straightway be cleared up. Both disputants were outraged at his presumption. Davis had to withdraw from the case and allow someone else to settle it. But he had learned his lesson.

A mediator is of no help unless each party feels confidence in him. One of the past masters of the art is Howard T. Colvin, wizened, soft-spoken veteran who is Associate Director of the Conciliation Service. Once he was called into a bitter strike in a Southern textile mill. In this case the employer was the culprit—he would negotiate with the union but refused to concede a single point. Before meeting the employer, Colvin briefed himself on the man's personal history, politics, hobbies. He was a proud son of the Old South, very conservative and a passionate student of economics—19th-century economics.

Thus enlightened, Colvin went to see him. Instead of the strike, Colvin first discussed his own Southern ancestry (Colvin is a Virginian) and the glories of the old days. Then he switched to an elaborate exposition of old-fashioned economics. His host gleefully joined in. Finally, after a couple of hours, Colvin touched on the unfortunate labor difficulties at his host's plant.

"Don't you think we Southerners can settle our differences among ourselves?" Colvin suggested.

The employer agreed, and pointed out that the strike was, after all, merely a minor family squabble. Colvin soon got the employer and union leaders around a conference table and in a day had ended the strike.

Ben Golden, a resourceful New York labor expert, has probably worked the strangest stratagem on record to pacify a difficult employer. A strike was developing in a factory employing 2,000 workers. At the union's request, Golden agreed to intervene. For several days he sought an interview with the employer, and was finally rewarded with a request to appear one morning. Golden felt increasingly uneasy as he drove to the factory. The man was known as a religious fanatic, difficult to deal with.

As with all strangers, when Golden entered the plant he was presented with a stack of religious literature. Immediately he hit upon his approach. Introduced to the employer, he expressed admiration for such rare devoutness. When he was a youth, Golden said, he had been a Rabbinical student.

His host expressed interest; Golden elaborated on his studies. A doctrinal discussion ensued for two hours, at the end of which Golden casually suggested that the conferees get down on their knees and beg for divine guidance in preventing the strike. The general manager and the plant superintendent were enraged, for they foresaw the eventual outcome. Golden, however, persevered to the end, and before the conference was over he had effected a settlement.

The mediator's imagination must always be working. Recently a strike was brewing in a New York bakery. It hinged on the question of rest periods; the company balked at allowing a 15-minute relief every hour for "peelers," the men who shovel dough into the ovens. Finally the mediator glimpsed a solution. He asked the vice-president to show him through the bakery. "I want to know every fact firsthand," he said.

It was a very hot day. The two men strolled through the plant, the executive explaining operations. When they came to the ovens, the mediator's interest in baking, previously casual, became detailed. He asked about the purpose of each gadget, peered lengthily into the furnace. The vice-president couldn't take it. He mopped his brow, removed his coat, looked enviously at the peelers, who were resting while the examination proceeded.

"Come on," he urged, "let me show you the slicing machines."

His companion demurred. He wanted to watch the men at work. The peelers returned to the ovens. The executive groaned, made another attempt to slip away, but the mediator's questions kept him close to the flames. After another 20 minutes, the mediator relented and watched his host make for the open air. He caught up with him at a water fountain in the courtyard. "You were in there 45 minutes," he said mildly. "Seems to me after eight hours they'd have to carry you out." The next day the 15-minute rest period was granted.

Ingenuity, tact and an impartial attitude invariably turn the trick of settling strikes. More than that, in the cases of threatened strikes, the Conciliation Service has been instrumental in settling 95 per cent before a work stoppage has occurred. That, in the long history of industrial strife, is not only an enviable record but one impossible to beat.

* * *

I notice that a woman's final decision is not always the same as the one she makes later. —Uncle Levi Zink in *Farm Journal*

How To Pronounce a Word

by Norman Lewis

Slipshod habits of speech can give you away; here is a short refresher course to bring your pronunciation up to par

NO MATTER HOW carefully you try to conceal certain facts about yourself, your pronunciation gives you away. Only under the most unusual circumstances could an error cost you your job, your friends or your social standing, as some speech missionaries absurdly proclaim. But under ordinary circumstances an expert can draw from your pronunciation a number of interesting conclusions about your geographical background, your education, your cultural environment and your personality.

For instance, if you say something approaching *ahl* for all or *pak* for park, you are advertising that you grew up in or around Boston. If you call the city *Shi-kaw-go*, you are probably a native of the city, while if you say *Shi-kah-go*, you are more likely from the East.

Greezy for greasy may indicate that you have Southern or Western speech habits; a sharp *r* in *park* will similarly identify you with the Western part of the country, and the complete omission of the *r* in the same word will indicate your background as the Eastern seaboard. Explode your *t's* (*wett, hurtt*) or click your *ng's* (*singg ga songg, Longg gIsland*) and you almost reveal the street on which you live in the Bronx; or pronounce the three words *Mary*, *marry*, *merry*, and you name the section of the country in which you formed your linguistic habits—the West if you say these words almost identically, the East if the words are distinctly different in sound.

Your pronunciation of certain other words, for example *either*, *aunt*, *athletic*, *film*, *grimace*, *comparable* and *verbatim*, will reveal to the experienced ear more secrets than you may realize. By taking a few simple tests, we can arrive at a fairly accurate analysis of the impression your speech habits give to the world:

Do You Use Illiterate Forms? Check in each case, in the test at the top of the next page, the form of the word which you habitually and naturally use. As this is not a test of knowledge but of speech patterns, you should be guided solely by what you believe you say, not by what you think is correct.

Norman Lewis, author and lecturer, is a member of the Adult Education Department at the City College of New York. He has written several books on language, among them *Journey Through Wordland*, *Power With Words* and, in collaboration with Winifred J. Funk, *30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*. He also contributes to leading magazines.

1. Aviator	(*a*) AVV-ee-ay-ter	(*b*) AY-vee-ay-ter
2. Bronchial	(*a*) BRON-ikle	(*b*) BRON-kee-al
3. Radiator	(*a*) RADD-ee-ay-ter	(*b*) RAY-dee-ay-ter
4. Vanilla	(*a*) vi-NEEL-a	(*b*) va-NILL-a
5. Modern	(*a*) MOD-ren or MAR-den	(*b*) MOD-urn
6. February	(*a*) FEB-yoo-ar-y	(*b*) FEB-roo-ar-y
7. Mischievous	(*a*) mis-CHEE-vee-us	(*b*) MISS-chi-vus
8. Attacked	(*a*) at-TACK-ted	(*b*) at-TACKT
9. Athletic	(*a*) ath-a-LET-ic	(*b*) ath-LET-ic
10. Elm, Film	(*a*) ellum, fillum	(*b*) elm, film
11. Genuine	(*a*) JEN-yoo-wyne	(*b*) JEN-yoo-in
12. Zoology	(*a*) zoo-OL-o-gy	(*b*) zoe-OL-o-gy
13. Comparable	(*a*) com-PAR-able	(*b*) COM-par-able
14. Bouquet	(*a*) boe-KAY	(*b*) boo-KAY
15. Human	(*a*) YOO-man	(*b*) HYOO-man
16. Robust	(*a*) ROE-bust	(*b*) ro-BUST
17. Garage	(*a*) ga-RAHDJ	(*b*) ga-RAHZH
18. Clandestine	(*a*) CLAN-de-styne	(*b*) clan-DESS-tin
19. Preferable	(*a*) pre-FER-able	(*b*) PREF-er-able
20. Plebeian	(*a*) PLEE-bee-an	(*b*) ple-BEE-an

In the test above, the first choice was in each case the illiterate form, the second choice the accepted or educated pronunciation. If you checked form *b* right down the line, or did not wander from this straight path more than a couple of times, you may feel assured your speech bears no stigma of illiteracy. If, however, you made several unfortunate choices, consider this a danger signal. As a further check on pronunciation habits, ask yourself whether you are guilty of saying *axed* for asked, *myoo-ni-SIP-'l* for municipal, *lyeberry* for library, *fasset* for faucet *rassle* for wrestle, *drownd-ded* for drowned, or *lenth* and *strenth* for *length* and *strength.*

Do You Avoid Affected Speech? Check, as before, the forms you habitually use in the test below.

1. Again	(*a*) a-GAYNE	(*b*) a-GEN
2. Either	(*a*) EYE-ther	(*b*) EE-ther
3. Vase	(*a*) vahz	(*b*) vayze or vayse
4. Tomato	(*a*) to-MAH-to	(*b*) to-MAY-to
5. Chauffeur	(*a*) SHO-fer	(*b*) sho-FURR
6. Aunt	(*a*) ahnt	(*b*) ant
7. Secretary	(*a*) SEC-re-tree	(*b*) SEC-re-terry
8. Rather	(*a*) rah-ther	(*b*) ra-ther (rhyme with *gather*)
9. Program	(*a*) pro-grum	(*b*) pro-gramm
10. Ask	(*a*) ahsk	(*b*) ask

Except for certain sections of New England and parts of the South, the second alternative offered in the test at the bottom of the opposite page is in every case the popular, current and standard form. Therefore, the greater the number of *b* pronunciations you checked, the more natural and unaffected will listeners consider your speech.

If you generally mix in social, business or geographical groups in which *ahnt*, *tomahto* and *eyether* are accepted pronunciations, you are relatively safe in using some or all of the *a* forms in the test. Nevertheless, you should bear in mind that these are not the pronunciations common to the majority of Americans and that you may occasionally run the risk of being thought "snooty" or supercilious by your more earthy listeners.

The third and last analysis, which appears below, is just for fun, and will serve to prove that we cannot become too fussy about "correct" pronunciation. These are "catch" words; that is, you are expected to get most of them wrong. They are, with one exception, bookish words rarely used in everyday speech—thus there is no reason why you should be familiar with the dictionary pronunciations.

Most people taking this test will make seven or more errors. If you get more than three right, you may credit yourself with unusual language gifts. If you manage to come anywhere near a perfect score, you are absolutely phenomenal. To see how well you did, check with the inverted answers below the test itself.

In your own pronunciation, you are following the wisest course if you avoid uneducated forms and silly affectations. As an aid to improving pronunciation, you can consult the dictionary, study the simple rules of speech, observe and adopt the good pronunciation habits used by literate people.

The time you spend in improving your pronunciation will pay generous dividends. Actions, we are often told, speak louder than words. But the world bases its first impression of you on what you say—and *how* you say it.

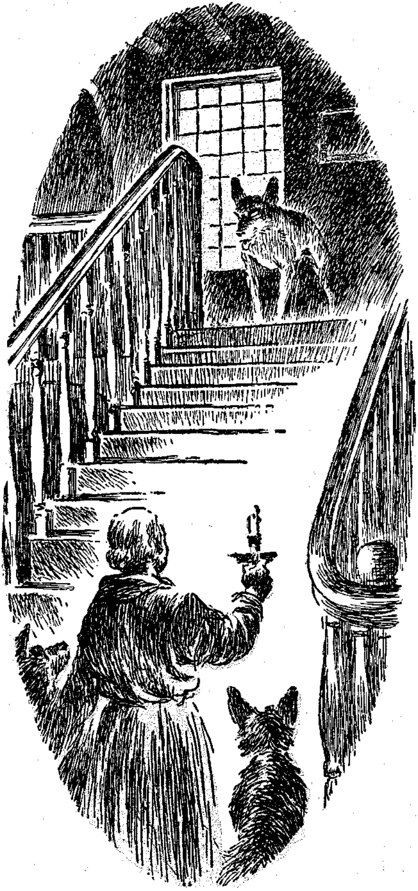
1. FINIS (the end) (*a*) FIN-iss, (*b*) fee-NEE, (*c*) FYE-niss
2. EIGHTH (the number) (*a*) ayth-th, (*b*) ayth
3. SECRETIVE (concealing) (*a*) SEEK-re-tive, (*b*) se-KREE-tive
4. CEREBRUM (portion of the brain) (*a*) SER-e-brum, (*b*) se-REE-brum
5. DOUR (stern, forbidding) (*a*) rhyme with *poor*, (*b*) rhyme with *sour*
6. CONGERIES (a heap) (*a*) CON-je-reez, (*b*) con-JEER-eez
7. IGNOMINY (disgrace) (*a*) IG-no-mi-ny, (*b*) ig-NOM-i-ny
8. GRAMERCY! (a Shakespearian exclamation) (*a*) GRAM-er-see, (*b*) gra-MUR-see
9. VAGARY (whim) (*a*) VAG-a-ree, (*b*) VAY-ga-ree, (*c*) va-GARE-ee
10. QUAY (a wharf) (*a*) kway, (*b*) kay, (*c*) key

Answers: 1—c, 2—a, 3—b, 4—a, 5—a, 6—b, 7—a, 8—b, 9—c, 10—c.

The Riddle of the Ghost Dog

by **PIERRE VAN PAASSEN**

During his career as author and foreign correspondent, Pierre van Paassen once sought tranquillity in the rural French village of Bourg-en-Forêt. While living there in an ancient cottage he had an amazing experience. His story of the supernatural is told simply and directly, just as it happened. The satisfactory explanation, if any, is a problem for the reader.



SITTING ALONE IN my room at nights, I had more than once heard a slight tapping on the walls but I had scarcely paid any attention. We had two German police dogs. The locks on the doors were in good order so that no unwelcome guest could intrude without more racket than a few taps. Moreover, I did not believe in supernatural manifestations.

One winter evening I felt the room growing chilly and went down to the cellar to throw a few shovelfuls of coal on the fire. It must have been about 11 o'clock. Ascending the stairway back to my room I suddenly felt something brush past me, and when I looked around I saw a large black dog.

I turned on my heel and, switching on all the lights in the house, looked for the animal everywhere. I could not find it. Back at my room I found the door open, although I had closed it before going to the cellar. I called in the police dogs, but they showed not the slightest agitation though their sense of smell was acute. Apparently the black dog had left no scent.

The following night at the same hour I again heard a noise as if a dog were running down the stairs. I switched on the hallway light and saw the same black dog. I began to tremble. I investigated again and called in the police dogs. But again they showed no agitation. The intruder left no trace. . . .

The manifestation repeated itself as regularly as clockwork for several evenings. Then it stopped abruptly. A short time later I had to go to Rumania on a newspaper assignment and remained away five weeks. On my return I was told that the maid had left because she would not remain in a haunted house. She had been awakened several times at night by a big black dog which pushed open the door of her room and walked about.

I told my neighbor Grèvecoeur about it and he offered to come and sleep in the maid's room to clear up the mystery. He arrived one evening with his son, a boy of 19. Both carried heavy sticks and the father brought a revolver. We sat in my room with the door wide open and all the lights in the house on full blast. And sure enough, at the stroke of 11, we heard the patter of feet coming down from the second story.

We ran into the hallway and there, at the foot of the stairs, was a big black dog. The dog looked up at us. My neighbor whistled and the animal wagged its tail. We started down the stairs, keeping our eyes on the apparition. We had not gone three steps when the outline of the dog grew fainter and fainter and presently vanished.

Then we searched high and low, but no trace of the dog. For the rest of that night the Grèvecoeurs stayed at the house and we all slept peacefully. But in the ensuing nights nobody in our house was able to sleep a wink before 11.

One evening I decided to bring our two police dogs into my room and have them present *before* the apparition made itself heard. This led to a horrible scene. The dogs pricked up their ears at the first noise on the floor above and leaped for the door. The sound of pattering feet was coming downstairs as usual, but I saw nothing.

What my dogs saw I do not know, but their hair stood on end and they retreated growling into my room, baring their fangs and snarling. Presently they were snapping and biting in all directions, as if they were fighting some fierce enemy. I had never seen them in such mortal panic. The battle with the invisible foe lasted less than two minutes. Then one of my dogs howled as if he were in death throes, fell on the floor and died.

I was still trembling from head to foot when Grèvecoeur arrived. I told him what had happened. Grèvecoeur examined the dead dog and his cowering brother who sat whining in a corner..

"I am notifying the Mayor tomorrow," I said. "I want an official declaration that this house is haunted."

"The man to send for is the Abbé de la Roudaire," answered my neighbor. "The gendarmes cannot help here. You need the priest."

I looked up the Abbé next morning. He had already heard of the mysterious goings-on at our house and promised to be with us that same night. Promptly at 10 o'clock we took up our vigil in my room. We had left the door open, so that we had a view of the stairs to the second story.

At last the clock struck 11. As

Excerpted from the book *Days of Our Years*, published at $3.50 and copyright by the Dial Press, Inc., New York, N. Y.

the last stroke died away the patter of feet was heard upstairs. I began to shake. I have never feared any physical foe, yet that night I was weak with fear. My nerves had been worn raw. As soon as the Abbé heard the noise he rose quietly and walked a few steps towards the entrance. I took up my stand by his side.

The pattering footsteps stopped on the stairway. A big black dog stood on the stairs staring straight at the priest. The animal was wagging its tail. The Abbé did not say a word, but his eyes were fixed on the apparition. He took a step forward and the dog emitted a low growl. Then its outline became hazy and presently it vanished. The Abbé walked back into my room.

"This is over," he said.

We telephoned for a hack. When the carriage arrived the Abbé wrapped himself in his cape and I showed him out. As I placed my hand on the bolt he paused and took me aside.

"You have a young girl in this house, fourteen, fifteen?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé, we have a girl who runs errands. She is fifteen, I think. Why do you ask?"

"Pay her a month's wages and let her go!" he said.

"You do not mean this girl has anything to do with the apparition?"

"I certainly do," he smiled. "Such instances of *Poltergeist* frequently center around an adolescent girl. Anyway, there is nothing to worry about now."

"But, Monsieur l'Abbé!"

"We will talk of this business again some day!" he said.

But he never did.

* * *

A Flood in the Desert

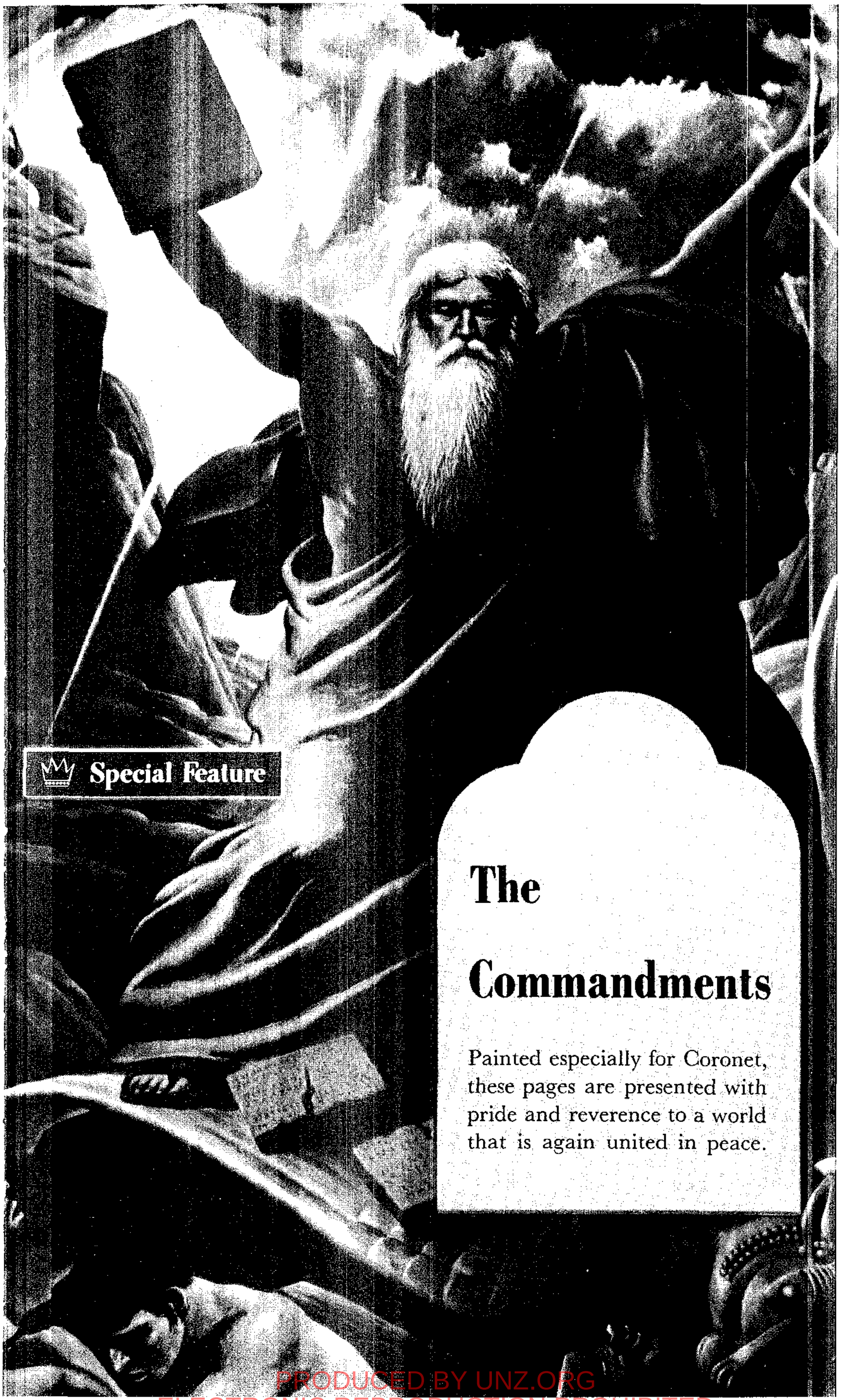
FABULOUS TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, was at its height. The Lucky Cuss, the Contention, the Tombstone, the Grand Central Mines poured out an endless stream of silver. Miners' wages tinkled into the cash boxes of the saloons and the gambling halls. Everybody was rich and the glittering palaces of amusement never closed.

Seven years after Ed Schieffelin discovered the fabulous silver lode in the Arizona desert, a miner far down in the shaft of the Sulphuret Mine picked away a large fragment of rock. A few drops of water trickled from the hole he made.

The drops grew quickly to a stream, then swelled into a flood. A great subterranean river had been tapped. In a few hours every big mine roared with the onrushing waters. Two of the larger mines installed great steam pumps, but they made little headway. Then the surface pumps burred and the task was hopeless.

It was the end of big-time silver-mining in Tombstone. Some of the devout said it was the Lord's vengeance against the wickedness of the desert Gomorrah. Gradually the famed city dried up with the other living things on the arid land.

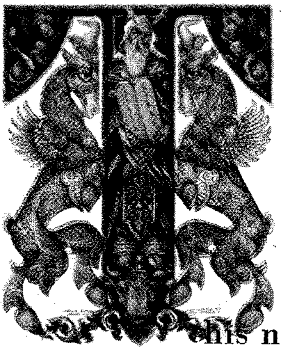
Mining experts say there are hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of rich silver ore resting beneath Tombstone today. They say it will probably remain there forever. —RUEL MCDANIEL



Special Feature

The Commandments

Painted especially for Coronet, these pages are presented with pride and reverence to a world that is again united in peace.



This notable feature is one of the most significant that Coronet has ever published.

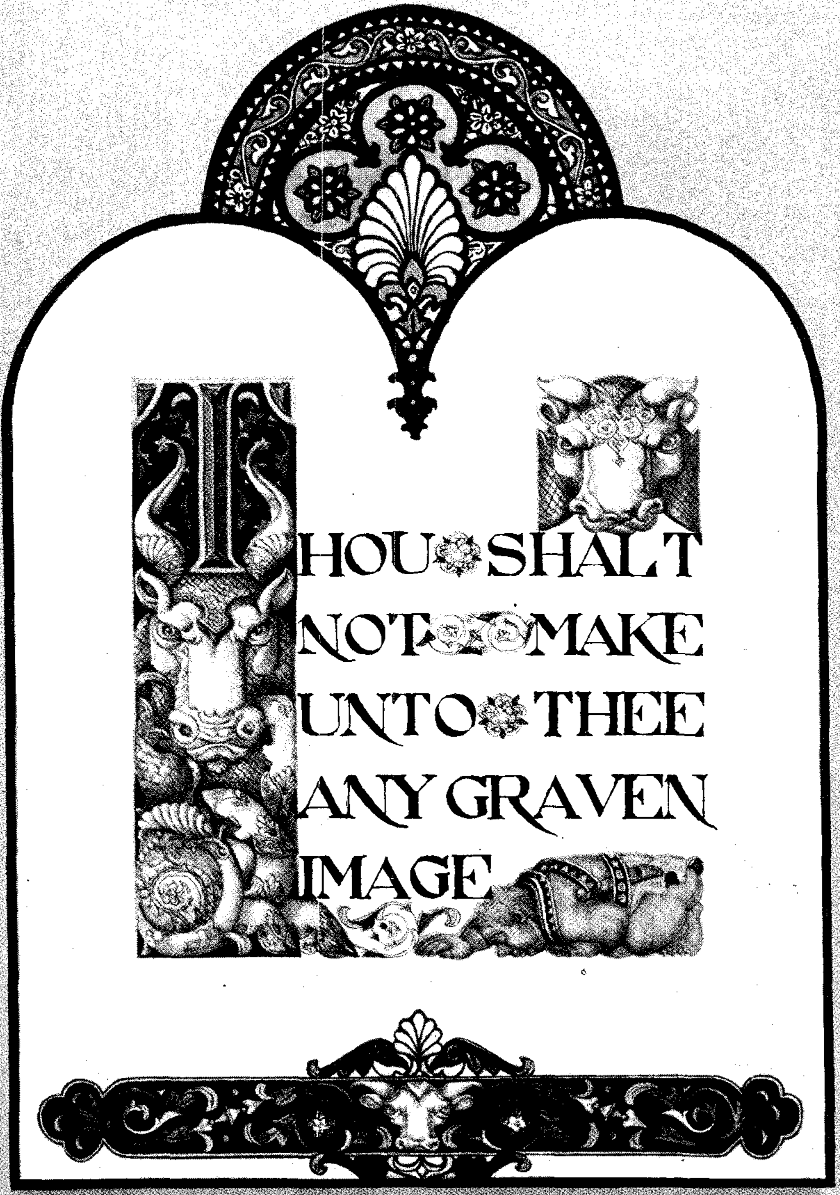
To bring it to you, the editors called upon the talents of two great American artists. Robert Riggs, one of the most forceful of modern painters, executed the title page. Arthur Szyk, master of the medieval art of illumination, interpreted The Ten Commandments after months of painstaking study of the Bible and Biblical lore.

For the First Commandment, "Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," Szyk selected Job as the perfect example of man's implicit faith in his Creator. For the Third Commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Take The Name Of The Lord Thy God In Vain," he chose a madman shouting blasphemy. For the Sixth Commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," he turned to the classic example of Cain and Abel.

The result of his research and artistry is presented here in the belief that The Ten Commandments, today as always, are symbolic of man's enduring faith in the teachings of God.

THOU SHALT
HAVE NO
OTHER GODS
BEFORE ME

I



THOU SHALT
NOT MAKE
UNTO THEE
ANY GRAVEN
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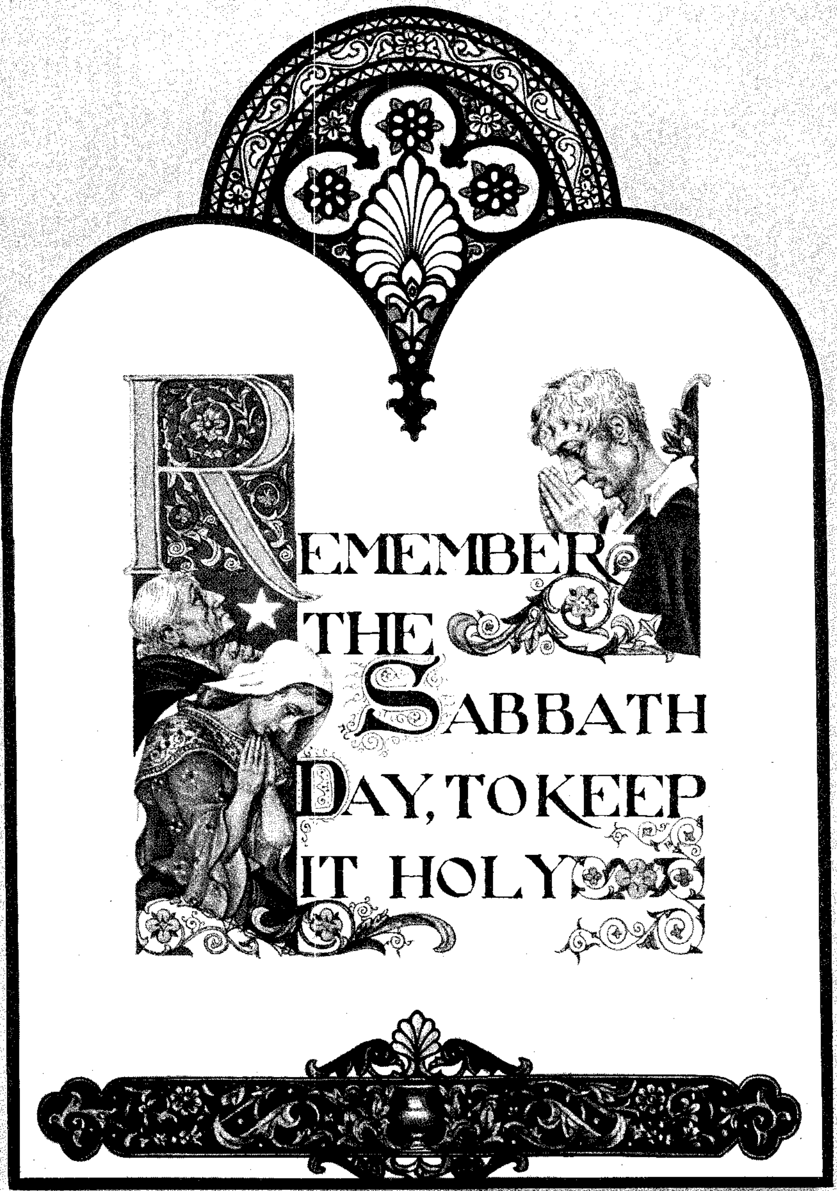
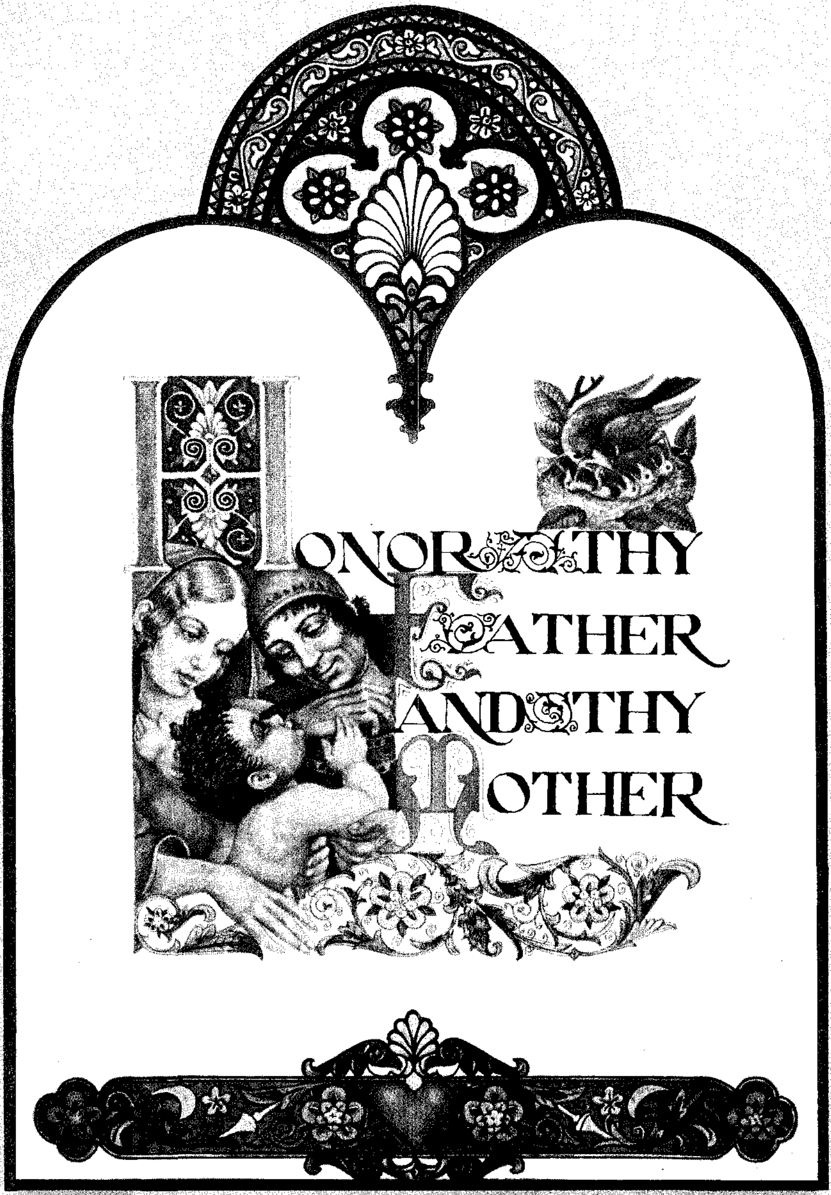
II

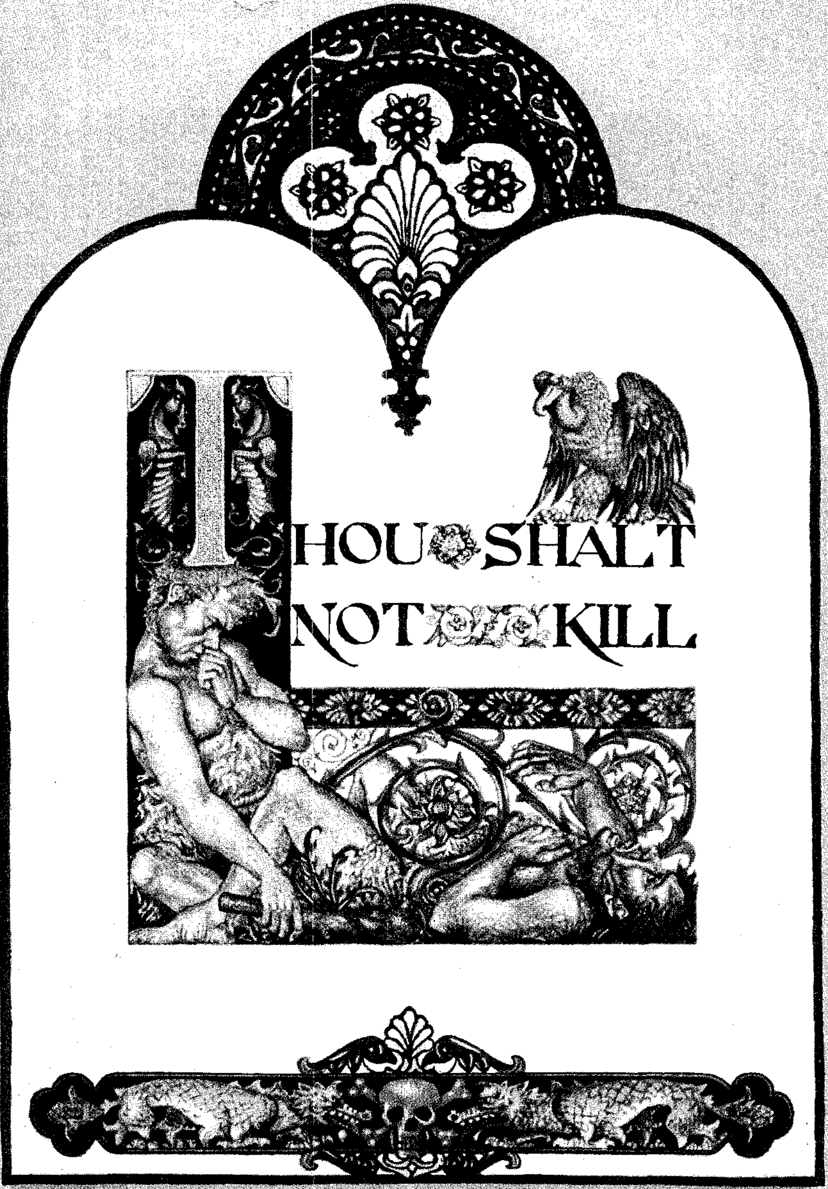
THOU SHALT
NOT TAKE
THE NAME
OF THE LORD
THY GOD IN
VAIN

III

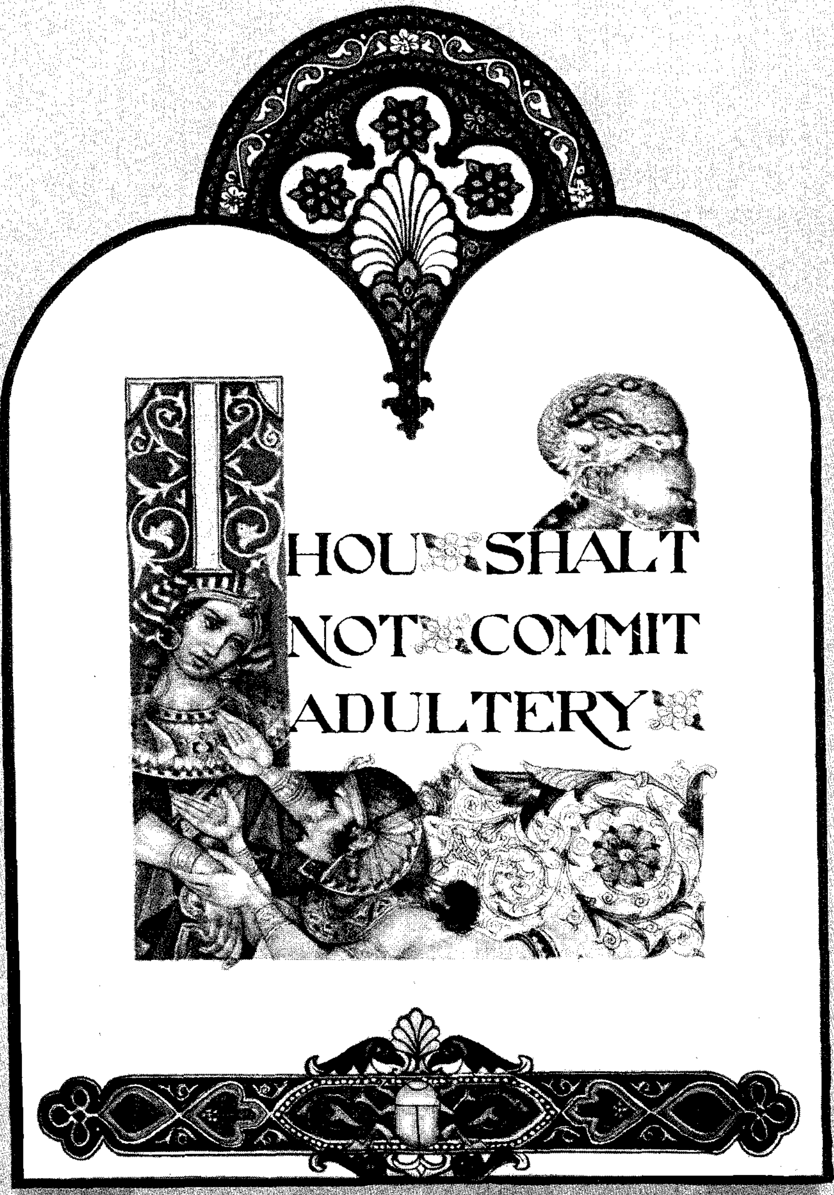

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY

IV


HONOR THY
FATHER
AND THY
MOTHER


THOU SHALT
NOT KILL

VI

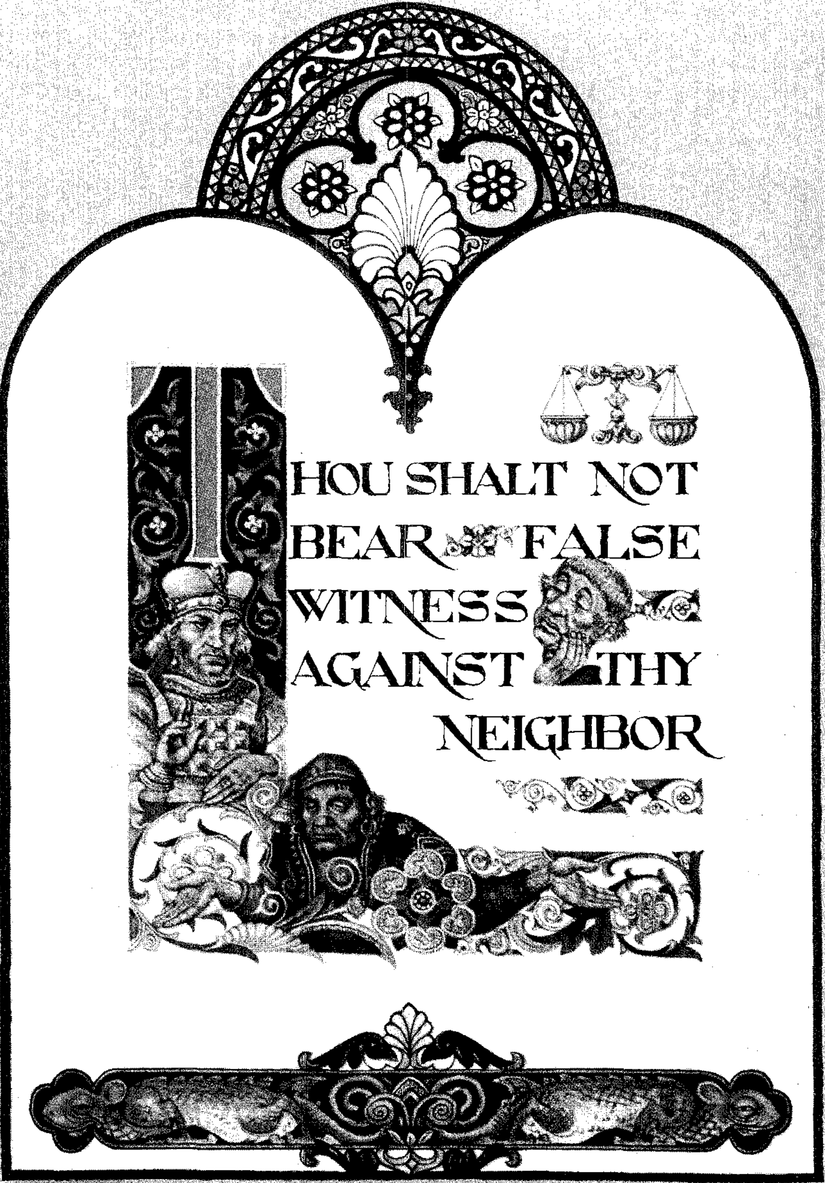


THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY

VII

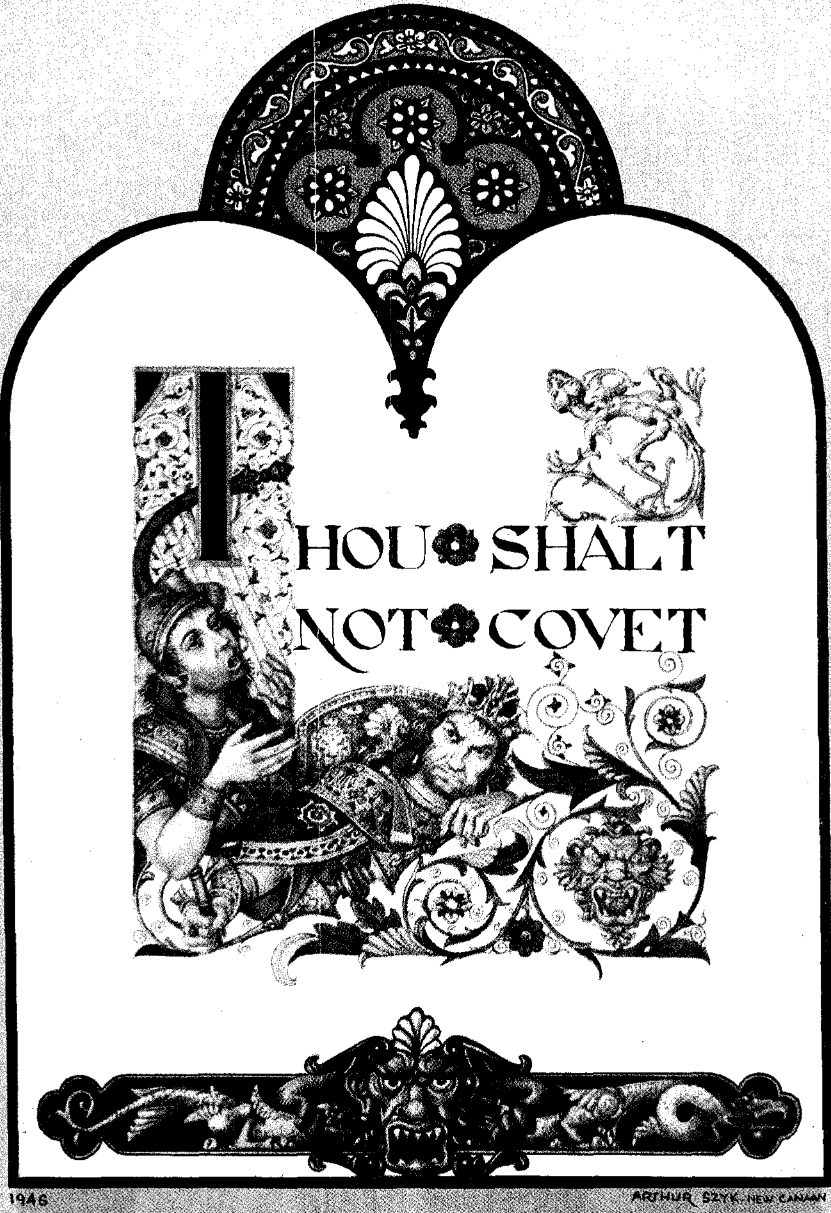
THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

VIII



THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR

IX


THOU SHALT
NOT COVET
1946
ARTHUR SZYK NEW CANAAN

X

Coronet's Birth Year

In 1936, dictators rose as we danced to the unheard beat of the drums of war

by Scott Hart

This month Coronet cuts a birthday cake with ten shining candles. We were born hopefully into a nation that had inherited many alarming traits from the unsettled early '30s. America in 1936 was a sea of sound, of shouted warnings, pleading assurances, bellowed remedies, and an appalling amount of flippancy.

Now that the hullabaloo has died away, Coronet invites you to relive the events of 1936, a year now almost forgotten, and to share with them a pride and faith in the everlasting sense of the American people. —The Editors

Across the year 1936, thousands of trumpets were polished, paraded and blew certain and uncertain sounds. A few men realized that the United States had experienced a dangerous economic and emotional upheaval; and that some self-planning and a new lease on life were now in order. Other people saw dark clouds in the sky and spoke the timeless fear of War. Against this fear, still others cried "sword-rattler."

Millions of heads went into the sand, to flee reality and somehow find peace in blindness. Others danced the Lindy Hop in a whirligig, cavorting pattern of escape.

Jesse Jones, big-boned Texas banker and RFC chairman, said to a Los Angeles audience: "America is out of the Depression right now!" In an impudent dissent, H. L. Mencken said: "At every time of stress and storm in history, one notes the appearance of wizards with sure cures for all the sorrows of humanity . . . It wouldn't surprise me to see the New Deal terminate in what, on less exalted levels, would be described graphically as the bum's rush."

Calmer men studied the uncolored facts and found 8,975,000 unemployed, including one-third of the number on WPA and in CCC rehabilitation. The lowly shovel became an inanimate brother of the traveling salesman as a springboard for jokes and jibes. Harry Hopkins, WPA Administrator, exhorted: "Habitual and intentional shirking will not be tolerated." In Idaho, the Mormon Church ordered its flock off public relief rolls; it believed seven fat years should be used to store up for seven lean.

Uncolored facts further showed

the Stock Market in April breaking a 25-year record for sustained upward sweep; in California, the aircraft industry began vast plant expansion; auto sales touched 3,512,400 cars and trucks, largest number since 1929. In expansive mood, manufacturers and corporations splurged millions of dollars inviting slogans and catch sales-phrases.

Lending glitter to prosperity was Mabel Boll, the Countess Di Porceri, who arrived in New York wearing a 72-karat diamond on her right hand and a 48-karat on her left. In her handbag were $500,000 in additional gems. About this time, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt lectured in the Midwest on "Ways to Peace."

World War I was remembered on Memorial Day when veterans marched with bands playing *Over There*. Otherwise the war was a toneless drum, the fateful toy of an ailing idealist who dreamed of a world in which Democracy could be safe and of a Federation to command the Peace. Most people wanted to forget it.

But some men said, "Look, we are again living in a world at arms." The figures startled a few, bored the majority. In the world's standing armies were 7,600,000 men; just before World War I there had been only 5,900,000. And alarmingly, a rapacious civil war, waged between two irreconcilable ideologies, wracked Spain.

With the airs of an ancient Caesar, Benito Mussolini had hurled a streamlined juggernaut against the primitive spears of Ethiopia. Men sympathized with Haile Selassie and felt slight twinges when he protested Italy's use of poison gas. Spears and rusty rifles against plunging tanks. It was unpleasant to think about. And beyond this, the Japanese roamed deeper and more meaningfully into China.

The year already had claimed a beloved and good man. England's King George V, the quiet, popular sovereign, Emperor of India and ruler of the Dominions Beyond the Seas, known to millions by his pictures, had passed after a 25-year reign. The ancient cry shook the British world: "The King is Dead! Long Live the King!" The eldest son, Edward VIII, seasoned traveler, habitué of fashionable resorts and poised wearer of easy clothes, was made ready for the throne.

In America, there were other things to dwell on. Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson were playing in *The Littlest Rebel*, and Will Rogers could be seen in *In Old Kentucky*. In California, Southern Methodist and Stanford had met in the Rose Bowl before 85,000. Stanford won, 7 to 0.

In the State Prison at Trenton, New Jersey, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, 36, condemned to death for kidnaping and murdering the Lindbergh baby, proclaimed his innocence. Delegates to the tenth congress of the League of Militant Atheists announced to the disinterested world that one-half of the Russian population was won entirely or in part from religion, and reporters called on Carter Glass, the bantam Virginia Senator, on his 78th birthday. "I want to forget it," he said.

For days, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had shaped and reshaped a message to the 74th Congress, to the 128,000,000 Americans, to the listening ears of an ailing world. He had decided to condemn all warlike countries, to defy New Deal critics to repeal its laws. The message lashed out; and three days later the Supreme Court, by six to three votes, invalidated the Agricultural Adjustment Administration Act, a New Deal keystone. The day after Roosevelt's message, Adolf Hitler completed the blueprint and built the working model of a roaring human machine. He had decided to draft Germans, boys and girls, age 10 to 18, into a Youth Group, to give new blood to National Socialism.

American newspapers contained other and more pleasing items. Said an advertisement: "Imported Scotch, $3.35 a fifth." A tall hillside could be formed of steaks, at 25 cents a pound. Eggs went begging at 27 cents a dozen. Shelves bulged with long skirts, high waistlines and bolero jackets for women. White shirts for men piled up. One store, overstocked, cut the price from $1.65 to $1.38, and reduced 300 men's suits from $60 to $39.

Besides such blessings, Mae West entertained in *Klondike Annie*. The Gallup Poll showed seven to three citizens in favor of balancing the budget and reducing the national debt. Silk stockings sold casually at $1 a pair. Howard Hughes made headlines by flying from California to New Jersey in 9 hours and 25 minutes.

MEANWHILE, IN Germany, 18 German boys, one group of many groups, crouched on hands and knees, peering at paper continents on the floor. Crouching, too, was an instructor who said the Reich had lost 1,760,000 square miles of colonial territory under the Versailles Treaty. "Germany without colonies is merely a torso," he told his class in the Stuttgart Institute for Germanism Abroad.

From Paris, two items of intelligence were flashed to the world: there was a growing fear that this moon-faced mystic, Hitler, was about to reoccupy the Rhineland. Already he had made furtive recruitments of strength. He was a funny looking man whose mustache aped Charlie Chaplin's, but when he spoke he revealed a driving, energizing compulsion. The French were frightened, but they held their breaths and said: "Women's hats get crazier every day. One is a shallow brimless cap of seal which rises to a point and is attached perilously to the head by a silk cord which comes from the peak, ties a bow under the chin and ends in fur balls."

Meanwhile, from London had come tidings which all the world tied under its chin. Japan had quit the Naval Conference. An armaments race loomed. The elected representatives of 128,000,000 Americans went to the White House and were urged again and again by the President to watch international developments. But most of them thought, in effect, that America's social-economic conflicts were more urgent. Nobody, most of them said, wanted war.

Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, tall, thin, slow-moving, the old mountain man, walked often of late afternoons to his apartment, with strained brooding eyes. He had known from childhood how the first faint rumbles of thunder came from faraway hills. But the great mass of his fellow citizens were more interested in the current promises of constantly better things to come.

Mae West and William Randolph Hearst, they learned, led the field of those earning more than $100,000 a year; the initiated watched a racehorse named Bold Venture and wondered what he'd do come Derby time; John Gilbert, movie idol, passed of a heart attack.

The Democrats chose Philadelphia as the national convention scene and Big Jim Farley roamed the land, shaking hands and calling thousands of people by first name. Leopold Stokowski stepped down as conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony; Eugene Ormandy stepped up. Dr. George W. Crile, noted Cleveland surgeon, announced after nearly half a century of consideration that all life is an electrical event in nature. In Chicago, inventory was made of the estimated $500,000 estate of Mrs. Anna Wilmarth Ickes, late wife of Harold L. Ickes. Mr. Ickes got the bulk.

Spring came early, with crusty clouds and tumbling winds. Great floods began slashing the Eastern states. The brown Ohio River at Pittsburgh rose to a record stage of 46 feet—but across a far horizon a stronger, more menacing stream was rolling. Hitler had sent his automaton men into the Rhineland.

The world was startled, but not too much. He had violated the Treaty of Versailles; he had ignored the Locarno Pact. The parties to the Pact sent a complaint to the League of Nations, already half deafened by implorings from the now wandering Emperor of invaded Ethiopia. As time went on, the world took sharper cognizance of the Anti-Comintern Pact which Hitler signed with Italy and Japan for the welding of an ideology into an Axis.

Amazement over the Rhineland was no greater anywhere than in Germany itself. For a decade, and longer, Germans had heard the storming, mystic man shout about a "Greater Reich." Now, they thought, he had "done something," had proved himself. Emboldened, he took a firmer hold on them. The German Jews saw the danger, but somehow they remained hopeful. In the first five months of 1936, only 2,000 arrived in the U.S.

The loudest voice in the world was Mussolini's. He was shouting: "Lift your flags, your swords, your hearts, to salute the reappearance after 15 centuries of an Empire on the fateful hills of Rome." Thousands standing in a torchlit square outside the Palazzo Venezia cheered. Then, after one of history's most painstaking campaigns of propaganda, Italy annexed Ethiopia. The second of the historic grabs was consummated. Looking back, there is one point to remember: we let them get away with it, and it brought a war.

THE U.S., JUST THEN, was flutteringly excited over a national craze called "knock knock." One person said, "Knock knock." The next would ask, "Who's there?" and this, in turn, attracted such replies as "Izzy—Izzy a doctor in the house?" Or, "Emma — Emma gonna have trouble with you?"

Some people otherwise engaged were meditating on a pronouncement by George Bernard Shaw. Roosevelt, Shaw said, was a Communist but didn't know it. However, thought the playwright, he "is gradually beginning to realize he is one. . . ." Further, the nation was finished with Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Protesting innocence to the last, he walked into Jersey's execution chamber. Meanwhile, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were in England, seeking sanctuary from publicity and commotion.

In the world-wide chorus of uncertainties, Americans lustily sang, *The Music Goes Round and A-round, Let's Face the Music and Dance, I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm, Johnny One Note, I've Got You Under My Skin* and *Empty Saddles.* Meanwhile, the equally musical but more exposed Swiss laid their ears against the mountainsides and heard a rising symphony of iron pounding iron behind the Nazi barriers. Promptly, they yodeled up $100,000,000 for fortifying their northwestern territory, fearing that Germany might attempt to outflank the Maginot Line.

America then settled back in its proud democratic privilege of selecting Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, coming up from aisle-churning bedlams with Franklin D. Roosevelt and John Nance Garner, and Governor Alf Landon of Kansas and Frank Knox, an Illinois publisher. The Democrats resurrected the campaign song, *Happy Days are Here Again.* The Republicans wore sunflowers.

Russia, simultaneously, looked to its own governmental processes. Sixteen leading old-line Bolsheviks were condemned to death by the USSR Supreme Court. All but one, it was claimed, had confessed to a conspiracy to assassinate Soviet officials. Trotsky, the alleged leader, was safe in Norway. The rifles fired, the bodies slumped. Dusting its hands, the Soviet thereupon adopted a new Constitution embodying what was considered freedom of speech, religion, press and assembly.

The Comrades increased their standing army from 1,000,000 to 1,300,000; the age for conscripts fell from 21 to 19. Across the Western border, Hitler extended his conscript period from one to two years. Then, hidden from the world, far behind the Russian frontier, the skies were suddenly filled with fragile white flowers. The air infantry was developing.

President Roosevelt, yachtsman and fisherman who smiled with a sea breeze in his face, belabored Congress for increases in naval and army strength. The Army possessed only 1,150 planes, the Navy, 1,068. The second aircraft carrier in U.S. history, the *Yorktown,* was launched that year; the *Enterprise* was under construction; and the keel was laid for another, the *Wasp.*

But the gears of war cost money. On June 30, the public debt totaled more than $33,778,000,000, or $263 per head. Federal employees neared the million mark. And twice each year all Allied nations but Finland defaulted on their World War I debts to the U. S.

Some newspapers defended America's spending of billions, others saw calamity ahead. But to the average citizen the whole subject was something full of baffling figures. His eyes fled mention of it in type. He raced for his automobile and a relieving ride. Millions of people tore over the crowded highways, hell-bound for anywhere. An alarmed essayist, using the title, "And Why Not Sudden Death?" declared: "Millions of autoists go dexterously on their daily ways, speeding, racing, skidding, turning, twisting, honking, screaming, fighting, cursing—and dying. Can any sober student of human affairs deny that 36,100 deaths and 1,000,000 injuries per year is a trivial cost to pay for all this?"

The summer rolled away, amidst political speeches and flurries of excitement over Clarence Day's book *Life With Father* and Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*. But in the long shadow of Labor Day lay a hint of strife to come. Now Labor had a new place in the sun, fixed by an encouraging Federal Administration. And it began to split its own self wide open. A Committee of Industrial Organization had sprung from the parent body, the American Federation of Labor. In September, the AFL suspended 1,000,000 members who had strayed off with the CIO. From John L. Lewis, chairman of the CIO, came a defy. The CIO would not disband.

Meanwhile, the Yankees took the World Series from the Giants, and the President, speaking at Pittsburgh, defended the deficit created by his Administration as an investment in human welfare. He predicted the budget would be balanced in a year or two, with no increase in taxes. Alfred E. Smith, the Happy Warrior, didn't believe it. He called the Roosevelt Administration a failure and urged support for Landon.

But the people saw it differently. They gave Roosevelt 27,752,309 votes, Landon 16,682,524. Maine, which the nation was supposed politically to follow, stood on the losing sheet, alone with Vermont. The people reshaped the old saying. "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont," they laughed.

Franklin Roosevelt sat in his oval office, beside the mellowing Currier and Ives prints, among his models of sailing ships, and talked much about the people and of what he hoped for them. But at times his eyes wandered and he seemed to be listening to something far away. It might have been marching feet, or the sound of drums. Scarcely three months before, he had denounced war and those nations which threatened it "by violating with impunity" their treaties and pledges. He had said he wanted peace.

THE YEAR WAS ending, a year of many facets, of leading and misleading hints of things to come. But most Americans were occupied with affairs like these: a 13-year-old girl on December 1 had entered her 53rd day of uncontrollable sneezing. A puzzled medical profession and a sympathizing public joined in prescribing every conceivable cure. . . . In Denver, a police dog dragged the body of its pal, a black and tan cur killed by a hit-run driver, to a curb and kept vigil for two days through a snowstorm and near-zero temperatures. . . . Gen. John J. Pershing, at 76, rode again on the Arizona desert where a half century before he and his cavalry troops made their own lonely trails. . . . President Roosevelt went to Buenos Aires for the parley at which 21 American republics hoped to lay the foundations of permanent peace. . . .

Edward VIII, world's leading

monarch, stood boldly in the world's unpitying spotlight, holding a willowy brunette divorcee by the hand, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson of Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania. England had an unwritten Constitutional right over a King's public behavior, including whom he elected to marry. Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin spoke out in protest; the Archbishop of Canterbury was first to object. All the straightlaced people who saw the devil's hand in divorce cried out.

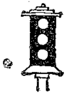
In Italy, romantic Italians ruminated on the powers of love; in Germany, stolid men wondered about it, phlegmatically; in the tropics, men dreamed of it under the stars; in the Far East, Asiatics pondered this strange Western reverence and botheration over woman. In the five-and-ten stores of New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and Seattle, shopgirls sold their wares absentmindedly and knew, by every human instinct, that if he wanted her, he ought to have her.

Finally Edward's voice, shy at the start, stronger at the last, came through the world's uncounted radios. "At long last . . ." he said. He went away with the woman he loved. Across the world thousands of women, alive to all aching hearts, were overcome with emotion. Thousands wept joyfully at this simple triumph of Love.

The year passed, in whatever it chose to mean, for all men. In Alabama a convict serving a 50-year term got good-behavior Christmas leave to visit his folks. But before the leave had ended he came back to his cell. "I went home to Birmingham," he said, "but things have changed. I couldn't find my folks. My friends have all moved away. I got lonesome. So I came back here."

For everyone a headline said: "New Naval Armament Race Appears Certain As Washington and London Pacts End Tonight." Then the bells, eternally hopeful, rang the year away—and sent the world into war, into today, into an era of atomic energy, jet planes, stratosphere rockets and other unbelievable things rumored and whispered.

Whether the next 10 years will bring the rendings of terror or the blessings of peace, no man can safely prophesy. The secret, say the far-looking scientists of 1946, is locked deep within the mighty bosom of the Atomic Age.



Backward, Turn Backward . . .

A CONVICT HAD BEEN condemned to hang. He sat in his cell struggling to find words that would explain to the Governor the predicament he was in. Next morning the Governor got this letter:

> "Dear Guvner:
> "They are fixing to hang me Friday, and here it is Tuesday."

—MRS. ELMER HIERS

For Childless Couples Only

by FREDERIC LOOMIS, M.D.

With the help of medical science, the joys of parenthood may still be yours even after years of sad discouragement

THE WORLD has been told, in countless places, how *not* to have babies. This is the other side of the story—how those who desperately and hopefully want babies can in many instances have them.

Comparatively few medical men have given special thought to the problems of the involuntarily childless marriage. The public does not yet know that the verdict of the doctor who has not studied the problem is likely to be wrong or at least incomplete, or that the necessary specialized knowledge is easily available.

Of a thousand woman patients who have come to my associates and me asking for help to correct sterility, practically every one had previously consulted physicians who, in good faith, said: "I don't find a thing wrong with you; have patience and you will probably be

Excerpted from the book *Consultation Room*, published at $2.50 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, N. Y.; copyright by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

all right." But each month brought the realization that hope again must be deferred.

In the United States there are probably 2,000,000 childless couples still in their fertile years. It has been estimated that at least half of these couples would welcome children. Proper treatment should produce some 300,000 to 400,000 babies where they are most wanted.

In a woman, the reproductive system with its attendant phenomena is governed not primarily by the ovary, but by a little gland, the pituitary, below the base of the brain. That small gland is still as filled with mysteries as is the sky which the astronomer sweeps with his telescope.

From this gland goes each month throughout the woman's body a substance which, like magic, brings suddenly to activity one of the thousands of potential babies which are waiting in her ovary for the impulse. This one egg becomes the center of a little cyst which by pressure, apparently eager to fulfill its mission, crowds the surrounding ova out of the way and reaches the surface of the ovary.

We know almost exactly when the production of the egg occurs each month. On this knowledge is based the "rhythmic theory" of safety, which has received much attention but which unfortunately seems to have uncertainties. We know that when conception does not occur in that month, Nature, with the persistence which has kept the world alive, starts almost immediately to initiate the cycle again.

Knowing this, it is easy to understand why a casual, even a careful, examination of the patient tells much less than the whole story. I have often pointed out to a woman that, although her car might have a perfect engine, it would not function if the carburetor were out of adjustment. There is a striking similarity in the human mechanism, in that the patient's body may be anatomically perfect, yet if the mixture produced by the various endocrine glands is improperly balanced, the failure of this important part of her life is not unlikely.

There is a curious but striking relationship between these glands; the failure of one may cause immediate trouble in others. The pituitary function may be so incomplete that the ovary fails to produce the egg; the ovarian secretion may fail, so that, even if conception occurs, the fertilized egg falls on stony ground. The thyroid gland is unquestionably a factor, perhaps frequently the most important one. At times the entire process is stopped by the excessive production of these same secretions.

There are many biochemical problems still unsolved. The assay of the glandular products in the woman's body is still difficult and expensive, but many other reasons for failure are easily overcome, although when untreated they are absolute bars to pregnancy.

The tubes which carry the egg to the uterus are often closed so that it is impossible for fertilization to take place. Years ago Dr. I. C. Rubin of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York devised a test to ascertain if these passages or tubes were open or closed, thereby making the greatest advance in the treatment of sterility in many years.

If the tubes are open, we may

proceed with much more confidence to treat other and minor conditions. If they are closed they can frequently be opened by repeated trials of the same test, which takes only a few minutes and is almost painless.

The test consists in passing carbon dioxide gas upward through the uterus, by a simple method which carefully controls the pressure. If the tubes are closed, the gas cannot escape from the cavity of the uterus, and that is plainly indicated by a gauge and in other ways. If the tubes are open, that is also shown in several ways, one of which is almost dramatic.

When the test is apparently successful and finished, the patient sits up on the examining table. We watch her expectantly and are usually rewarded by seeing a puzzled look appear on her face as she places her left hand on her right shoulder with the exclamation, "Oh, dear, I must have strained my shoulder!"

That is the signal for which we have been waiting; by a peculiar circumstance it constitutes one of the most exact and picturesque diagnoses in medicine. The gas cannot by any possibility reach her right shoulder, but when she sits up or stands, it rises to the diaphragm, causing gentle pressure in a place which never in the average life until that moment has felt any pressure of any kind.

The pain disappears in a few moments and the slight discomfort is forgotten by the patient in the knowledge that, in that very important sector, she has passed with flying colors. If necessary, by a slightly different procedure, the uterus and tubes can be made visible to the X-ray and perfect pictures of them may be taken.

Closed tubes can sometimes be opened by abdominal surgery or by short-wave or diathermy heat-treatment locally. Surgery is not often permanently successful. If the tubes are permanently and hopelessly closed, the patient must adjust her life accordingly. She should stop wasting time and money in utterly useless treatments and, if she desires, adopt a baby.

But that is only half the story. Strangely, nearly every woman takes it for granted that the cause for failure lies within herself. On the contrary, the husband is often partly or wholly responsible. I have several times found a husband contemplating divorce on the grounds of his wife's apparent sterility when, to his surprise and chagrin, the inefficiency was proved to be his.

I think most men take it for granted that they are above question. When it develops that they are largely or wholly at fault, the resulting mental problem is sometimes difficult. Women, apparently more conscious of the complexity of their physiological mechanism, accept their failures with more resignation than men and are less likely to develop neuroses.

However, male disability can often be relieved; there are many doctors capable of treating men for such conditions. But it is important to choose a physician of unquestioned standing, because charlatans for years have preyed upon the "pride of manliness."

No doctor can honestly promise a baby to any woman when she comes to him, but if he is prepared to give her the benefit of existing knowledge, he can definitely promise her almost an even chance for one, even though she has waited vainly for years.

Two women came to my office, despairing of ever having babies. The first one, 30 years old, had been married eight years and had been given cursory examinations from time to time without result. Our first examination showed a tightly contracted and sharply curved cervical canal. Simple dilation of the canal, an office procedure taking 15 minutes, corrected the difficulty.

The second patient was an unusually fine specimen of womanhood, and every test was satisfactory. So far as we could find, there was no bar to pregnancy, unless it might be her desire for a baby, which had become an obsession. Every resource at our command failed. We finally reluctantly advised her to adopt a baby, which she did.

She poured out upon this baby all the accumulated love of years, and for the first time since her marriage became completely happy. To her surprise and ours, in three months she found that a baby of her own was on its way—a curious occurrence that happens too often to seem a mere coincidence.

There are in all large cities, and in many smaller ones, doctors who are peculiarly and personally interested in the whole question of sterility and who are equipped to pursue the problem sympathetically and skillfully. They can often be found by asking one's family doctor, or by inquiring at one of the best hospitals.

As a rule, the investigation of sterility is not painful or expensive, but it requires patience and cooperation. The doctor really interested in this question works not only for the fee but also for the happiness of seeing his patient come to him wreathed in smiles, and for the greater joy of putting the baby in its mother's arms.

In our office the average time of successful treatment has been five months. Of those who persevered in the treatment, more than 40 per cent have been successful, although some had histories of 10 to 15 years of futile effort. Yet we have failed many times when we could find no reason for failure.

As the ways of Nature become better known, as our skill increases, our results will improve accordingly. Nearly always there is more than one reason for the delayed hope which sends the patient to her doctor; yet almost every patient of ours had been told that she was "perfectly all right." So perhaps this article will help other women to reach a goal that holds, for them, an enduring happiness.

If a child annoys you, quiet him by brushing his hair . . . If this doesn't work, use the other side of the brush on the other end of the child. —*Shawano* (*Wis.*) *Country Journal*

The Man the Tax-Eaters Hate

by **Tris Coffin**

Don't let his Southern drawl fool you; Comptroller-General Lindsay Warren is *the most independent man in Washington*

THE MOST INDEPENDENT and outspoken figure in Washington is Lindsay Warren, the Comptroller-General of the United States, a husky former Congressman who snorts sulphuric blasts at government extravagance in a soft Southern drawl. Although an employee of Uncle Sam himself, Warren's publicly stated opinion of the way government is run these days is, in part, unprintable. If bureaucrats were as bold as they are wordy, Warren would long ago have been discovered by some sleepy fisherman, floating in the Potomac River.

His independence is largely due to his own rugged character and partly because, although he is appointed by the President for a 15-year term, he cannot be renamed and cannot be removed except by impeachment or a joint resolution of Congress.

Warren is the boss of the General Accounting Office, which is a constant threat to the digestion and sleeping habits of thousands of government executives. As the head of the GAO, Warren has addressed to Congress, the President and the public at large hundreds of complaints of waste, extravagance and unmitigated foolishness in government departments. In one of his mildest statements, Warren said: "The General Accounting Office is the last great bulwark for the protection of the taxpayers against unbridled and illegal expenditure of public funds."

And here is his deliberate judgment of the operations of the Federal Government, as delivered to an awed Senate committee: "The present set-up is a hodgepodge and crazy quilt of duplication, overlapping, inefficiencies and inconsistencies with their attendant extravagances. It is probably an ideal system for the tax-eaters and those who wish to keep themselves perpetually on the public teat, but it is bad for those who have to pay the bill."

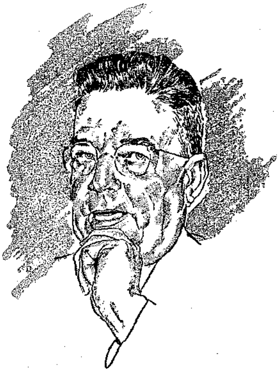
Warren has the physique and gumption to tilt lances against all the whirling windmills of Federal spenders. He is a big man with a rude shock of spiky hair, a plain rugged face that has a tendency to turn pink when he discusses the "reckless extravagance" of Washington officials, and shrewd eyes. Even when he is quiet, he gives the impression of turning over in his mind just the right flame-throwing phrase.

In a city where horn-tooting is as accepted as are bathing beauty contests at Atlantic City, Warren is something of an oddity. He makes no speeches, rarely sees reporters, and does not have a single press agent among his 14,000 employees. Not even a ghost-writer hidden away under the title of "Senior Administrative Assistant."

Warren's office is a corner of an ancient red-brick building not far from the Capitol. His quarters are purposely austere. The only decorations are scores of autographed pictures on the walls. Warren is a shrewd enough politician to know that if he—the evangelist of simplicity in government—had an office decked out with murals, thick carpets and handmade furniture, his vengeful enemies would be shouting the description all over Capitol Hill.

President Roosevelt in 1940 chose Warren for the tough job because in the rapidly growing, sprawled-out government he needed someone of a higher cut than a retired politician for Comptroller-General. A government that big was going to have scandals unless it had one man in the right place who was smart enough and angry enough to keep the bureaucrats in line.

Warren was his man. He was for 16 years a member of Congress from North Carolina. He was hard working, popular and tough. He became the self-appointed champion of the weak-kneed and bumbling General Accounting Office. But he almost did not stay. The President playfully remarked to Warren that he must be 100 per cent right. Warren glowered at his friend and said, "Then I might just as well walk out right now. I don't want to be in such a place."


LINDSAY WARREN

He is awed by no one. He frequently told President Roosevelt that the way he let his government grow up like Topsy was "miserable." The President cheerfully promised to reform while Warren stood by sternly and skeptically.

WARREN HAS TWO great passions—to stop Federal extravagance and to see the government organized on some sensible basis. Both are enthusiastically resisted by seven-eighths of Washington.

His authority as Comptroller-General is to stop illegal expenditures. He has no club to prevent willful extravagance or waste unless Congress writes prohibitions into the laws. The bureaucrats are constantly doing favors for Congressmen to keep the laws pure of such irritating restrictions.

But, being a man of imagination, Warren has figured out sly schemes to outwit the wily bureaucrats. He surprised the Department of Agriculture, one of the most powerful and entrenched agencies in Washington, by slipping a Senate committee an extravagance report. When a jovial official of the Department came before the committee to ask for many millions, one Senator asked innocently if he had seen the report. The bureaucrat replied haughtily he had not.

The GAO had studied orders the Department had telegraphed out to the field. Some were sent by night rates, some as straight messages by day. If they had all been sent at night, the taxpayers would have been saved $6,000.

The Senate committee made the irritated official promise he would have this changed before the Department could get its millions. Warren does not kid himself that saving $6,000 is going to make him anyone's champion. But he figures it gives his office an air of omnipotence. If the bureaucrats think his snoopers are worrying about such little things as telegraph bills, perhaps they will think twice before they throw away $100,000 on a bad contract.

Warren has turned out hundreds of extravagance reports, involving sums ranging from a few dollars to close to a million. Most of them have only nuisance value. His biggest single auditing job was "Manhattan Project," which spent two billion dollars manufacturing atomic bombs.

After the bomb was exploded on Hiroshima, a special Senate committee was created to work out some method for control. Experts in government, as well as in science, military tactics and foreign policy, were interviewed. One section of the bill taking shape in the committee was the answer to a bureaucrat's prayer. No audit control by the GAO—only a general report on expenditures.

Warren was invited to testify. He had not been in the witness chair more than five seconds before he exploded into a giant rage. He said in his Carolina drawl, "This breaks all the rules. It doesn't even provide for a report to Congress on how the money is spent."

Warren looked belligerently at Senator Brien McMahon, handsome young committee chairman, and asked, "Do you want me to be frank?"

McMahon nodded without enthusiasm.

The Comptroller-General snorted, "We are very discouraged about the reports we send to Congress. No matter how flagrant things are, we don't get results. Last year we sent 300 to 400 reports to Congress on extravagance. And that was the end of it!

"So when you say we may audit a two-billion dollar appropriation for atomic energy and report to Congress, that is meaningless. The only power we have is when it is written that we can withhold funds that are spent wastefully. If you think we ought to have nothing to do with this, you ought to state it specifically in the bill."

One of the Senators said boldly, "You have complete power to make an audit. This would not be the first time you were denied authority to withhold funds. I can see no injury in this case."

Warren's face flushed a deep red and he growled, "This is a specious argument advanced by those opposed to any audit. We've heard it before."

He looked suspiciously around the room and said darkly, "I know some War Department people who are opposed to audits."

Senator McMahon asked blandly, "Are you in favor of competitive bids?"

Warren was too smart to get caught on that one. He answered smoothly, "I can see where you ought to have the right to waive advertised bids on secret work." He held up the printed bill. "But now, here's a section that will give 'em the right to set up a recreation project right here in Washington, anywhere. I'm in full accord with having recreation facilities at isolated places, but I think you ought to say that in the bill."

McMahon said with some irritation, "I don't think there is any desire to set up a dance hall in Washington. We have to realize this is very unusual. This is not the Post Office Department. Have you thought of security?"

Warren bounced back, "The best evidence we are not a straitjacket is that we passed on two billion dollars without a quibble. We were in on this from the beginning. I had the memo in a safe in my office. We audited every dollar and kept it current. That had a salutary effect." He paused, then said, "You know, this commission you are setting up might be the most capricious in the world."

McMahon slipped in, "You might be capricious, too."

Warren then uttered what has become famous as his official motto: "I have no axe to grind. I'm independent. I report to Congress. I belong to you. They would have the power to cover up. But I have no friends to reward in government, no enemies to punish. I call 'em as I see 'em."

Warren has developed a special foaming rage for the way bureaucrats tossed money around during the war. He splutters: "The tragic thing about the whole situation is that there does not seem to be anyone who cares or gives a hang about the reckless, improvident and shocking extravagances made under the guise of war."

The GAO, spurred by the spirit of its chief, recaptured for the U.S. Treasury some $44,000,000 from cost-plus fixed-fee contracts last year. Another $9,000,000 was collected by Warren's sleuths who prowl around looking for skulduggery and suspect the worst. In fact, by snapping and growling at the right time and place, Warren managed to recapture a total of $90,000,000 in 1945.

LIKE ALL GOOD public servants, Warren is a clever actor. The noise he makes before Congressional committees diverts attention away from a shrewd, hard mind. He knows that survival in the jungle of Washington requires a constant outwitting and attacking of the enemy.

His enemies are the officials all the way from the $1,765-a-year clerk to the $15,000-a-year Cabinet member. Throughout all government offices there is constant competition. Bill Jones in the Justice Department can't let Fred Smith in the Census Bureau, with whom he went to law school, get a bigger staff or a larger office. Each one is scheming just how he can get a chromium water jug on his desk and a blonde receptionist outside.

Lindsay Warren, as a Washington old-timer, knows all about the vanities of the bureaucrat. He has even permitted himself the luxury of a modest expansion. The GAO payroll has swelled from 5,300 employees in 1940 to 14,000 now. He mentions this proudly. A branch office doing a 25-million-dollar business auditing postal accounts is set up in his home state of North Carolina, at Asheville.

Warren has pulled more business and authority into the GAO. He put on a spectacular campaign in Congress and won a bitter tug of war. He was given the right to audit the accounts of the 101 government corporations, such as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. They had managed to resist the GAO before.

Just to show Congress how wise it was, Warren went to work quickly on the corporations. He came out waving a plum of $11,000,000, which the Federal Prison Industries had salted away in its general fund for a rainy day. Promptly it was returned to the Treasury.

All this, however, is really just peanuts to Warren. His grand passion is reorganization of the government. He practically wrote the 1939 Reorganization Bill and was prevented from tossing all the agencies up in the air and starting from scratch only by the political caution of Franklin Roosevelt.

When the fervor for reorganization came over Congress in 1945, Warren went to the White House and sternly asked President Truman if he meant business. The President swore up and down that he did. Warren beamed, wrote into the bill broad powers, and talked his old friends in Congress into voting for it. The bill was passed and signed by President Truman.

His words on the subject of streamlining government have become a model for straight talking in a city where statesmen speak in polite phrases. Warren said, "The most necessary thing I know of today is a thoroughgoing reorganization of the executive branch of government. It should be done scientifically, but once the decision is made, then a meat axe or a cleaver should be used."

The big restless man sits at his desk with a fistful of blueprints on how government ought to be run. His eyes miss nothing. At the first sign of a serious weakness, he will be drawling out his plans to an attentive Congressional committee.

It is a good bet that before Lindsay Warren completes his 15-year term, the Comptroller-General will be one of the most powerful men in Washington. If this comes to pass, as both his friends and enemies admit, the day is not far distant when tamed Cabinet members will be eating out of his hand.

Taking No Chances

THE CURRENT HORROR story is of an ogre who brought a cocker spaniel to a veterinarian and ordered him to cut off the dog's tail. "I want it all off," he said, "so that not even a hair of the tail remains."

"Sorry, but I couldn't do that to a dog," the vet replied. "Why should you want to do it—cut the tail from an innocent little dog?"

"My mother-in-law is visiting us next month," the man replied, "and I want to eliminate any possible indication of welcome."

—LEONARD LYONS

The Truth About
Installment Buying

There are advantages—and hazards—in "easy payments"; it depends largely on you

by RAY GILES

WHEN YOUR ANCIENT PRE-WAR furnace collapses and you buy a new one for $325—$25 down and the rest on 24 monthly payments of $13.76—exactly how much extra do you pay for getting credit?

If you purchase a baby carriage and add its cost to a contract you already hold for buying furniture on time, are you taking a chance on being gypped?

Should you encourage your young son to buy a $35 bicycle for time payments totaling $38 so that he can extend his newspaper route *now*, without waiting to save the cash purchase price?

The answers to these questions are important to you and your pocketbook. Before the war installment buying was a large and legitimate part of the American way of life. More than 90 per cent of all household appliances, furniture and materials for home improvement were bought on time. Two-thirds of all automobiles were sold that way. In fact you could buy almost anything from a cradle to a grave on "easy" payments.

During the war installment buying fell off to almost nothing, mainly because there were no civilian goods available, but also because of special limitations decreed by the Federal Reserve Board. Designed to halt inflation, these rules are still in force for most installment purchases.

The government, for example, won't let you buy a refrigerator without a down payment of at least one-third. And nobody is allowed to lend you the money to cover the balance unless you pledge to pay it off within 12 months. Despite these restrictions, buying on time is booming again, with a new high predicted within two years. So householders should ask themselves the question: is buying on time too expensive?

Generally speaking, the answer is no. Even critics admit that the credit charge on 80 to 90 per cent of installment sales is reasonable, when you consider the seller's risks and the extra costs of bookkeeping, credit investigation and collection which do not exist when goods are bought for cash. Yet at the same time the credit charge is often higher than you would think after listening to a glib salesman.

Take that new furnace. Since its installation will mean permanent improvement of your home, it is one of the items you may buy on time without worrying about Federal regulations. But how much do you actually pay extra for the privilege of buying on time? The following figures represent a real transaction, as will the other examples given here:

You must begin by asking: "How much would the heating plant cost if I paid cash, all at one time?" On a $325 furnace you would probably get a two per cent discount for cash, making the price $318.50. But when buying on time, your down payment is only $25, if any. Then come monthly installments of $13.76 for 24 months. Add everything up and your heater costs $355.24—or $36.74 more than if you had bought for cash.

Now that $36.74 might buy a new suit or a piece of furniture. Yet on the other hand you may have saved much more than $36 worth of fuel over the two years by getting a new heating plant, to say nothing of comfort and convenience. So even when you figure that your real interest charge on this transaction was about 10 per cent, it doesn't seem too high.

But only a mathematical wizard could calculate the interest charges in some installment contracts. Terms vary widely. Some sellers collect a flat carrying charge on the cash price before deducting the down payment. Others charge so much a month on the unpaid balance. Still others make an arbitrary carrying charge, giving you no clue as to how it's arrived at.

One survey of 60 Midwestern department stores disclosed 24 different methods of charging. No wonder a national survey showed that nearly two-thirds of installment buyers have no idea what they pay for credit!

Ray Giles has successfully combined the careers of businessman and author. He sold his first magazine article at 21 and has been writing ever since; today he has ten books to his credit, including *Turn Your Imagination into Money*. Giles is a former officer of the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Sales Executives' Club in New York. Since retiring from business he has made a special study of the pros and cons of installment buying. This article is based on the results of that research.

ONE SIMPLE FACT will explain why easy payments cost more than they seem to. You think of interest as a yearly charge on the *total* debt you incur. That is, if you borrow $100 at a bank and $3.83 is deducted from the loan before you get the money, you assume you pay 3.83 per cent interest. In fact, you do. But this is the rate paid on your total debt at the *start*.

Next month, you begin to reduce the debt, until after 12 months you have settled it. In other words you didn't owe the entire $100 for one year. Therefore the actual interest rate works out to 7.36 per cent. This rate—almost twice the starting rate of 3.83—is called "simple interest."

Hence, your first rule about installment buying should be to ask: "Interest on *what*?" Carrying charges have a meaning only when calculated in "simple interest." And no reputable bank or finance company will refuse to give you this figure, even though it may not appear in booklets or advertisements.

To illustrate, let's oversimplify. Suppose you buy a $200 mechanical refrigerator, paying half down. A finance charge of $6 is added to the balance of $100, and every ensuing monthly payment includes part of this charge. In the end you've paid nearly 12 per cent "simple interest," and that was the real cost of your loan.

Well, what of it? Why wait and save for a year to enjoy the convenience of a new ice box when you can buy it tomorrow for only a little more than the cash price?

Shopping around for credit, however, you may save money. Suppose you're buying an automobile. Here is a typical example, based on the rates of a leading finance company:

Sale price of automobile . .	$1,200.00
Down payment, one-third cash	400.00
Unpaid balance	800.00
Insurance for 15 months* . .	89.00
Carrying charge	55.56
Terms per month, for 15 months	62.97

The actual cost of this loan to you ("simple interest") is 9.2 per cent a year. And that is your dealer's proposal. But would it be better for you to borrow the money from a bank instead of the finance company?

When you call at the bank you are asked about your job, whether you own your home, and other questions to establish your credit. If you qualify as a risk, the banker makes his offer at a certain interest charge which is usually deducted when you get the money. A typical proposal would be:

"We'll lend you the $800 balance owed on your car for the 15 months the law permits. We'll also lend you the $89 for insurance. That makes the loan $889. Our charge for a 15-month loan is 3.25 per cent a year. On this basis, the cost of your loan will be $37.40. Add this to the $889, and your total contract will be $926.40.

"On the first of each month you will pay us back $61.76, until at the end of 15 months the loan is paid up. The discount charge of 3.25 per cent is equivalent to simple interest at the rate of 6.36 per cent a year."

You now have two offers: one at 9.2 per cent from the finance company, one at 6.36 per cent from the bank. Does the finance company give you more for the higher price? Yes, it offers certain extra services, such as a "travel emergency" certificate to finance repair bills; a bail bond certificate; a policy relieving your family of future payments in case of your death; a certain amount of personal accident insurance. Whether these extra services and the convenience of one single contract are worth the difference in cost is a question you will have to decide for yourself.

Can you do still better? Perhaps. But only generalities can be offered because interest rates on loans differ, depending on the type of lending institution and the size of the loan. A loan secured by your savings bank account or your insurance policy may cost only 3 to 6 percent. Credit unions also may offer other cheap sources of credit. Why? Because you are putting up first-rate cash security for the loan.

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*Law requires minimum down payment of one-third; but "cash" may include your traded-in car. Fifteen months is the maximum loan period the law permits, except for highest-priced cars.

Contrary to popular belief, reputable sellers rarely repossess articles bought on time. Insiders declare that 95 per cent of installment buyers are careful about taking on obligations they cannot meet. Even in the depressed 1930s, losses on installment sales were only 1½ per cent; in good times they are less.

Would-be defrauders are often surprised at the prompt way in which finance companies and commercial banks catch up with them. A car bought in New York may be sneaked off to California where the owner thinks he can escape further payments. But the "skip-tracer" bureaus of the finance companies get to work, and no sooner has the buyer settled in his new home than he gets a call from the local office of the financing agent.

This kind of sleuthing is all to the good, for the elimination of bad risks means lower financing costs for the honest buyer.

SINCE TRICKY practices exist in the financing field, and only a few states regulate installment buying by law, you must protect yourself against fraud. Banks, finance companies and Better Business Bureaus urge you to demand a plainly worded contract in which all elements making up the extra charges are plainly stated. If you have any doubt about the honesty of the seller, consult your local bank, Chamber of Commerce or Better Business Bureau.

Fortunately, as post-war installment buying increases, the bulk of it is being financed by responsible companies and banks. In fact, there is now considerable competition for the consumer's borrowed dollar, tending to force carrying charges down. Probably up to 90 per cent of today's time purchases carry extra charges totaling less than 15 per cent simple interest. The tricky sellers are in back alleys, peddling articles like furs and luxury clothing where carrying charges must be high because repossessed personal articles have little resale value.

Beware of "add-on" sales unless you are sure you are dealing with a reputable firm. Remember the baby carriage added to an installment contract for household furniture? Well, when the buyer couldn't make the final payment, a dishonest seller, under the terms of the contract, repossessed not only the baby carriage but all the furniture! If the buyer in the beginning had read a couple of paragraphs in small type, he would have known better than to add any other purchases to his original contract.

Avoid big ("balloon") final payments. Today, government regulations prohibit them on most articles. But where they are permissible, they increase the chance that you won't be able to complete the transaction and thus may lose the article you purchased, plus all payments made up to the final date. Only a few states protect you against such loss —once you have paid back half the loan.

Don't let a seller rush you. Take your time in time-buying. Find out what penalties you face if you're tardy in making payments. What bonus do you earn if you pay off your balance *before* the end of the specified term? If insurance is involved, read the policy and be certain it offers real protection.

Don't let the seller overprotect himself by demanding too much security. For instance, some contracts permit the seller to repossess an automobile in which he may have installed only a radio, if the buyer fails to pay on time.

Never sign a contract containing blank spaces which the dealer airily says he'll fill in later. An unpleasant surprise party may result.

If you do buy on time and unexpected financial trouble overtakes you, be quick to tell the seller, before the date for the next payment. In most cases he will be glad to work out some new arrangement, for despite popular belief, dealers don't like to repossess merchandise. They much prefer to complete the original deal, as long as they are certain the buyer is honest.

On the plus side, remember that installment buying has become a national benefactor, making possible the mass production of many articles which, if they were sold only for cash, would have to be produced in smaller quantity at higher prices. The automobile is the prime example of the extent to which time-buying has helped to make the American standard of living the highest in the world.

Today, the required *down* payment tends to be higher than in the past, largely because of Federal regulations. This helps to squeeze out irresponsible buying. But as always, some buyers will be tempted to bite off more than they can chew.

However, if you have a steady job, a salary that allows for reasonable luxuries, and are good at budgeting, there's no need of postponing legitimate enjoyments and comforts which, for a few dollars extra, can be yours immediately.

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One-Man Diploma Mill

by JACK STENBUCK

For 31 years a Boston artist practicing an almost-lost art has been "writing" degrees for America's college graduates

YEARS AGO, WHEN J. R. Rosen's daughter was in the second grade, her teacher asked the youngsters to give the occupations of their fathers. Little Enid Rosen solemnly answered: "An engrosser."

The teacher, smiling at the queer way youngsters have of twisting simple words, wrote "grocer" and went on with her list. Rosen, hearing about it later, wasn't surprised. Among America's 140 millions, there are probably fewer than 100 first-class engrossers.

Undoubtedly the teacher would have felt badly had she realized her error, but Rosen chuckles when he thinks how much greater her embarrassment would have been had she known that an engrosser—perhaps Rosen himself—had helped to fashion the very degree which designated her as a teacher. For 31 years, this 49-year-old Boston artist has been "writing" diplomas for high-school and college graduates and, as one of the outstanding practitioners of an almost lost art, samples of his handiwork occupy positions of honor in homes and offices all over America. With an output running to about 40,000 a year, he easily qualifies as a veritable one-man diploma mill.

Since 1918, when he was still an employee of the Martin Diploma Company, every Harvard sheepskin has carried his educated penmanship—graduate's name, degree and date. Normally he handles about 2,300 Harvard diplomas a year and in the 28 years of association with the school has also prepared some 400 honorary degrees, bearing many of the world's most distinguished names.

For almost the same length of time Rosen has engrossed every high-school diploma for the City of Boston and all degrees awarded by Northeastern University. There is hardly an important college or a private school in America whose work he hasn't handled at one time.

In addition he engrosses Shrine membership certificates for Canada, Mexico and this country—about 30,000 a year—and illuminates beautiful testimonials.

When baseball fans wanted to honor "Lefty" Grove, when Boston wanted to pay tribute to the late

William Cardinal O'Connell, when radio fans wanted a gift for Jerry Colonna, Rosen prepared the testimonials. And when the Roosevelt family wanted something special for the 80th birthday of the late President's mother, James Roosevelt commissioned the Boston artist to do one of his best illumination jobs.

A Harvard honorary degree, up to the moment it is conferred on some such notable as Winston Churchill, is one of the world's best-kept secrets, but for years Rosen has been the one outsider who has shared it in advance with the university president, the secretary and the trustees who make the selections. As for degrees for graduates, Harvard has such faith in its engrosser that it turns an uncounted batch of blanks over to Rosen and he uses them as he needs, with no accounting at all.

In the early years, each spring would find Rosen moving into University Hall, alongside the president's office. There he could roll up his sleeves and work at a large table, with President Lowell sitting opposite, ready to affix his signature on each sheepskin as Rosen finished it. Between signatures, Lowell would comment with learned wisdom on a wide variety of subjects so that Rosen had the benefit of a free lecture course probably surpassing anything enjoyed by the recipients of the degrees themselves.

This arrangement came to an end, however, when Rosen began to get countless phone calls at Harvard about other assignments. At the risk of losing the university's business he insisted on being trusted to do the job in his own office. Harvard authorities called a meeting and agreed to Rosen's request.

Working alone today in a small downtown office overlooking Boston Commons, Rosen spreads the blanks on an oversize desk and goes into production. His rate on Harvard degrees is about eight an hour, on high-school diplomas about 40 an hour, and on honorary degrees he slows down to one finished job every three or four hours.

For three months prior to the graduation season, his working day starts at 4 o'clock in the morning and extends to 10 P.M. To save his eyes he uses three different pairs of glasses—one when he's fresh, the second when he begins to feel a strain, the third when he's dog-tired.

When he first started in business, Rosen would visit the markets after Thanksgiving and buy up enough turkey feathers to make quills for the coming season. He also ground his own Chinese ink. Now he does neither. The quills, while being very flexible, required too much care and Rosen discovered that two-for-a-nickel imported steel pens would do about as well.

It was the same with ink. Whereas it used to cost him $5 a stick and require a half-hour of grinding, he learned that bottled waterproof ink will outlast the sheepskin. In fact, even the storied sheepskin is fast disappearing, giving way to a 100 per cent rag paper which lasts just as well, is more uniform than the sheepskin imported from England and retains the ink longer.

WHEN THERE'S WORK to be done on honorary degrees, Rosen barricades the door of his office and stows the current job in a safe before admitting a caller. When

Harvard decided to award a degree to Winston Churchill, no ordinary messenger was entrusted with the task of carrying instructions to Rosen. Instead, an official of the Harvard Corporation conveyed the 29-word citation.

Rosen locked his door, spent half an hour ruling pencil lines that he uses only when preparing honorary degrees, and then began writing "Winston Leonardum Spencer Churchill." After spending three hours on the citation he tucked one of the most important jobs of his career into the safe.

Just once has advance knowledge been almost more than Rosen could bear. That was when Harvard asked him to prepare a sheepskin for James J. Storrow, late philanthropist of Boston. Anyone familiar with Joe Rosen's background would have readily understood why his hand trembled as he started to write the name.

"It was Mr. Storrow's interest in me as a youngster, plus $20 that he loaned me," he explains, "which made it possible for me to study engrossing. You can imagine how I felt when I knew even before he did that he had been chosen for this honor."

Today, Rosen can probably write the letter "A" in at least a thousand different ways in freehand fashion, but no matter how he writes it other engrossers can pick out his work because of his special style. For his own amusement he turns out illuminated pieces for the walls of his home and office. Several years ago he decided to do Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, but destroyed ten attempts before he succeeded in designing one that suited his critical eye.

The first letter alone took him two days, and he worked three months in all on the illumination. It is done in 15th-century design, requiring a patience that only a first-rate artist possesses. When it was completed Rosen liked it so well he hung it up in the office and has yet to take it home. It is, he says, his greatest masterpiece.

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Democracy's Children

PRIMARILY, democracy is the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people, and that if we throw wide the doors of opportunity so that all boys and girls can bring out the best that is in them, we will get amazing results from unlikely sources. Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butcher and a woman who could not write her name. Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother, herself daughter of a cook and a drunken father. Schubert was the son of a peasant father and a mother who had been in domestic service. Faraday, one of the greatest scientific experimenters of all time, was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith and his mother a common drudge. Such facts as these underlie democracy. That is why, with all its discouraging blunders, we must everlastingly believe in it.

—THE REV. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

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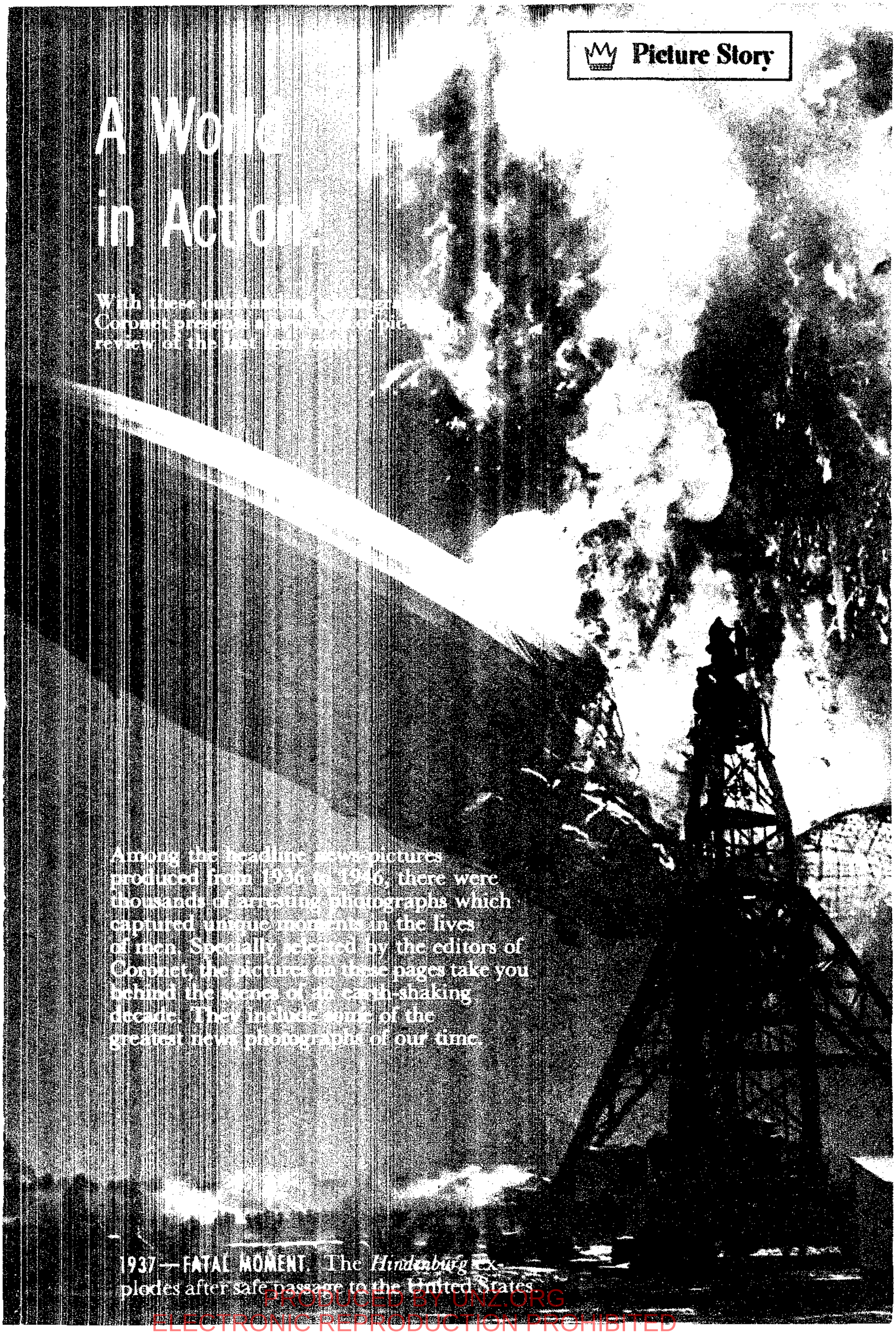
A World in Action

With these outstanding photographs, Coronet presents a [illegible] of pictorial review of the last ten years.

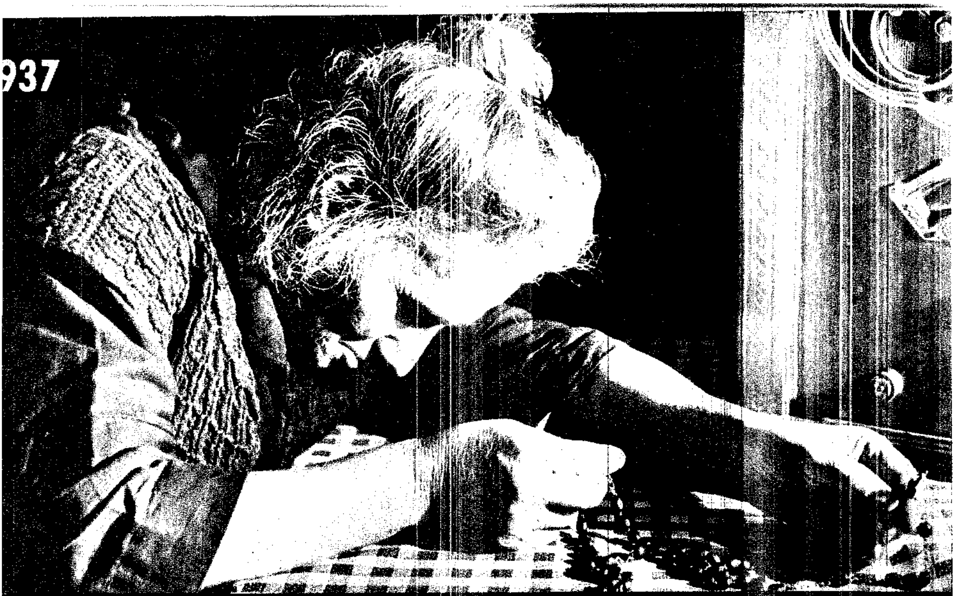


Among the headline news-pictures produced from 1936 to 1946, there were thousands of arresting photographs which captured unique moments in the lives of men. Specially selected by the editors of Coronet, the pictures on these pages take you behind the scenes of an earth-shaking decade. They include some of the greatest news photographs of our time.

1937—FATAL MOMENT. The *Hindenburg* explodes after safe passage to the United States.

JUSTICE. Mrs. Bruno Hauptmann made the picture of despair as her husband died for murdering a child.

GOLDEN GRAVE. Buried 11 days in a gold mine, under 140 feet of earth, this man found new meaning in life.



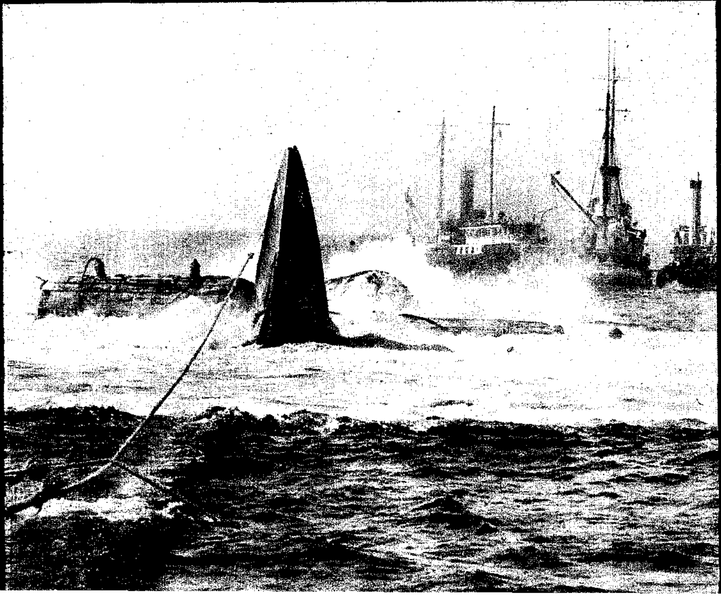
MOTHER. Her head bowed down with sorrow, her hands clutching a rosary, this innocent mother waited for the miracle of radio to announce a reprieve for her son. And as she waited, her boy died in the electric chair—for murder.

SMILING MAN. By 1938 FDR's smile was known around the world—for it belonged to a man destined for fame.

WRONG-WAY HERO. The na with "Wrong-way" C flew the Atlantic—but

RON MAN'S TEARS. Baseball's biggest moment was its saddest one, as fatally stricken Lou Gehrig said good-bye.

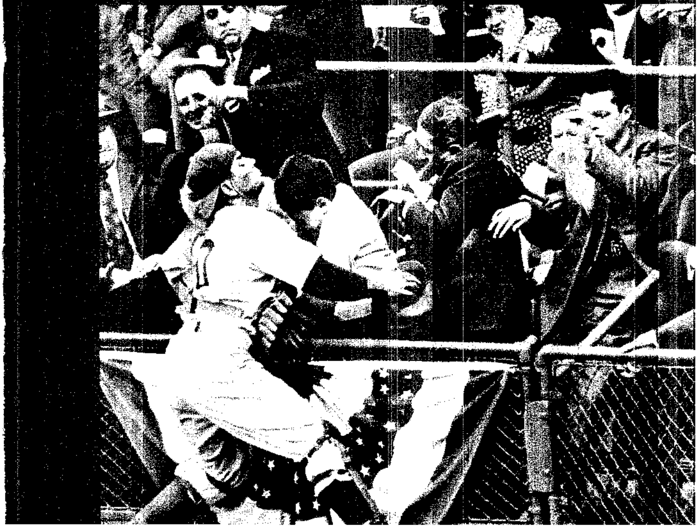
NEW POPE. To the world's Catholics, this picture of newly ascended Pope Pius XII was a solemn inspiration.



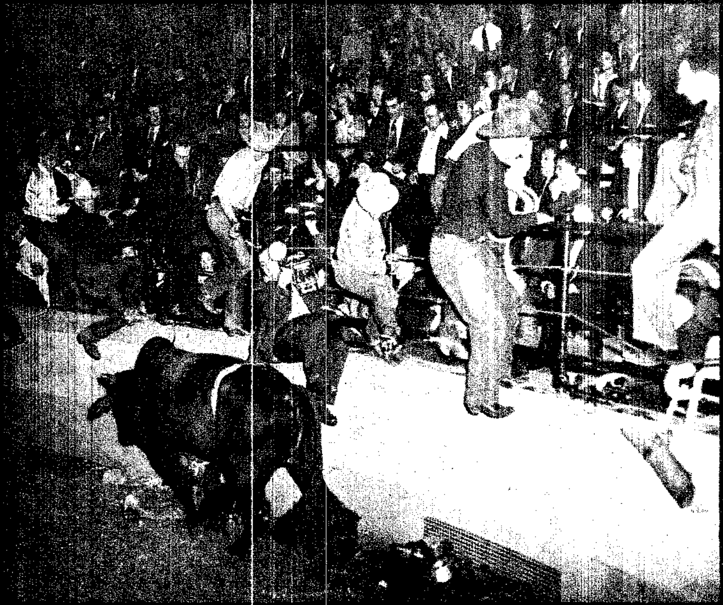
KITTEN CHUCKLES. As the repetitious thud of disastrous events grew louder, Americans stormed the paper which published this picture, with thousands of requests for copies of the "laughing cat" and her pensive friends.

GRIEF. A conquered Frenchman's tears won our sympathy, but on December 7 we became his source of hope.

GLAMOUR. Before Japa
raphers still found
antics of glamorous

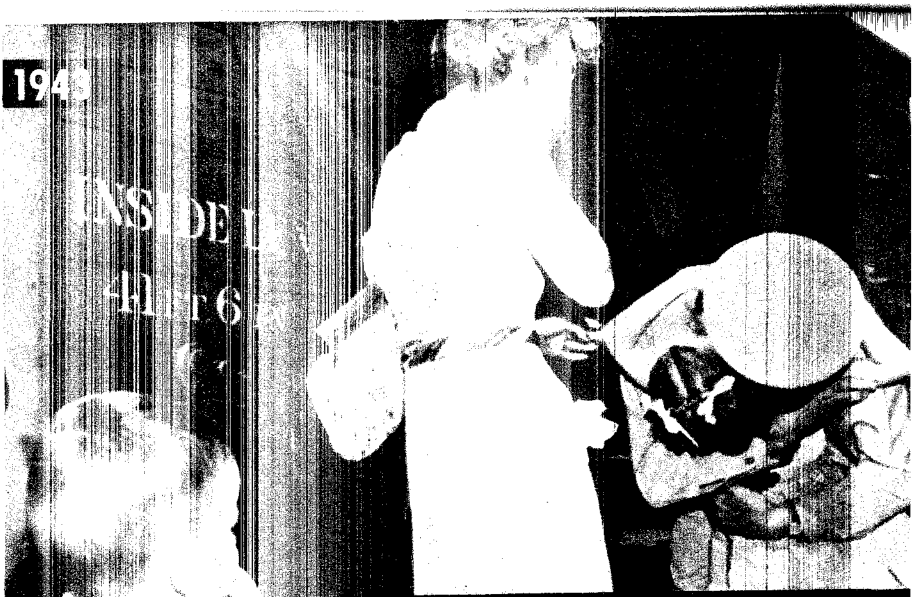


MIRACLE. For 24 days young and old alike waited anxiously for news of one man—Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, lost in the Pacific. And "Captain Eddie" came back, weak but cheerful, saved by prayer and patience.



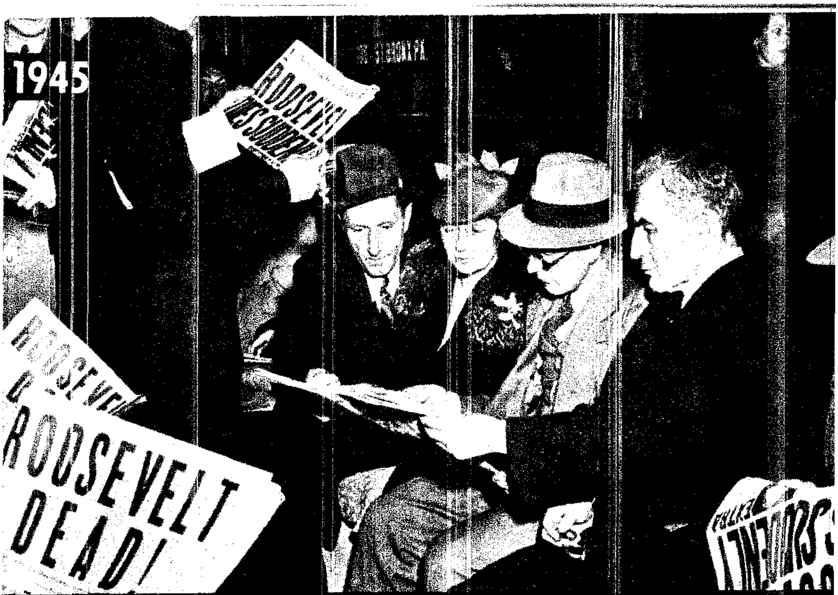
RAMPAGE. Cowpunchers and photographers scrambled out of death's path when a maddened bull turned the tables on his pursuers to declare himself "champ" of New York's annual rodeo.

1943



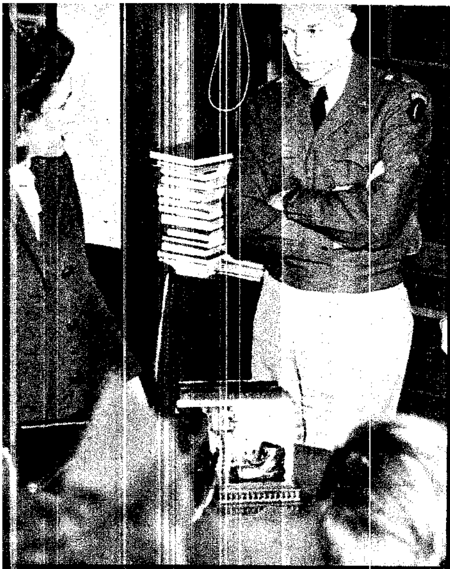
HOME. Thousands of Americans were shocked out of loneliness by surprise furloughs at the height of the war. Because this heart-warming picture expressed their deepest emotions, it was awarded the Pulitzer prize.

1944


1945
ROOSEVELT DIES SUDDEN
ROOSEVELT DEAD!

FACES OF SORROW. On the faces of these people is the crushing disbelief i
by the death of their President. This is a rare picture, an eloquent po
of Americans sharing the sudden loss of a common friend.

AIR TRANSPORT



RETREAT. Pinned down by GI-wives, General Ike regretted his inability to bring their men back home.

SUMMER CRIME. Clad only in ch
young lady was charged w
something about the weath

Grin and share it

Edited by **Irving Hoffman**

In the midst of a luncheon party, the young matron heard an ominous crash in the kitchen.

"More dishes, Mary?" she called out.

"No, ma'am," came the reply, "less."

—Florence Steingut

Two beautiful young ladies, a pair of twins, were so much alike that no one knew which was which. One was engaged to be married.

"How do you tell them apart?" a friend asked the groom-to-be.

"Don't be silly," was the retort. "What fun would that be?"

A schoolteacher was stopped by police for driving through a red light and was immediately brought before the judge.

"So," said the judge, "you're a schoolteacher. That's fine. Madame, your presence here fulfills a long-standing desire. For years I've hoped to have a schoolteacher standing there.

"Now," he thundered, "sit down at that table and write 'I went through a red light' 500 times!"

—Louisville Courier Journal

It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn. "You go right in, remove those pants and start mending them yourself," she ordered.

Some time later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying across a chair, and the door to the cellar, usually kept closed, was open. She called down the stairs, loudly and sternly:

"Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, ma'am," was the deep-voiced reply. "I'm just down here reading your gas meter."

—Ted Nathan

She was trying hard to impress her suave companion of the evening. "I'm looking forward," she said, "to my 24th birthday."

"Aren't you," suggested her date, "facing in the wrong direction?"

The District Attorney was clinching his case in a packed, expectant courtroom.

"Where did you find this money?" he demanded of the accused.

"At the corner of Fifth and Market," answered the prisoner wearily.

"You saw the messenger drop it, and then you went and picked it up?" pursued the D.A.

"That's right."

"And after you found this $50,000, why didn't you call the messenger and give it back to him?"

The defendant shrugged.

"Because," he explained, "I was hungry!"

A young man dashed breathlessly into the office at 9:05 in the morning. "Sorry I'm late," he told the boss. "I just met my old commanding officer, and he let me off at the wrong floor!"

"But it's so small," protested a prospective tenant who was inspecting an apartment.

"Never mind," said the landlord. "We'll make it larger for you; we'll scrape off the wallpaper."

Ham and Eggs, Georgia Style

by JANE FLOYD BUCK

How a unique food show changed the hit-or-miss method of Georgia farmers and led them up a new road to security

If you were to ask Charlie Whiters, Georgia "dirt" farmer, whether he is prouder of his young college-graduate daughter or of his farm on which he recently made the final payment, he would find it hard to answer. Yet Charlie is just one of many Georgia Negroes whom the annual Fort Valley Ham and Egg Show has detoured up the road to security.

The vision of one man, Otis Samuel O'Neal, Negro agent of the Georgia Agricultural Extension Service and founder of the Ham and Egg Show, led these earnestly ambitious farmers out of the uncertain existence of hit-or-miss hog raising and farming. This year the show, now recognized as an important agricultural event, celebrates its 31st birthday.

The first show in 1916 pathetically failed to live up to the ambitious handbills distributed by the young and enthusiastic O'Neal, for the show made its debut with 27 ragged hams, shoulders and sides of bacon, plus 17 dozen dirty eggs. From that disappointing beginning, the show grew steadily until in 1945 there were a thousand pieces of meat and 250 dozen eggs on display in the Fort Valley State College auditorium, transformed into a huge "smokehouse" for the event.

The bulging, succulent hams bore little resemblance to their scrawny forebears of 1916. The eggs, sized to the fraction of an ounce and gleaming whitely, were of a quality to interest merchants dealing only in first-class produce. The Ham and Egg Show had arrived, and in the process had become the inspiration for similar events in Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia.

An ambitious lad born in Upson County, O'Neal was graduated from Fort Valley Normal and Industrial School in 1908. In 1913 he finished an agricultural course at Tuskegee Institute. But when he set out as county agent to visit farms in his area, O'Neal was shocked by conditions. Few Negro farmers cured meat to last through the summer, while others had scarcely two months' reserve.

One farmer was typical. With 14 children to feed, he had one ham bone hanging in his crib. When young O'Neal asked where he was going to get meat for the rest of the season, the farmer said, "Ah reckon ah'm goin' to buy it." O'Neal looked at the wretched house and farm and asked himself: "With what?"

On one farm, however, O'Neal

found a man who had enough meat stored to last for eight months. The county agent wondered how he could bring other farmers to see the results of this one man's industry. When the farmer was asked if he would cooperate to educate others, he replied, "No, I don't want to be bothered with those triflin' folks. They'll be sneakin' back later to steal my meat."

THE VISION of a Ham and Egg Show taking shape in his mind, O'Neal used persuasion and the farmer agreed to help. Since then, the show has become not only a teaching center for local farmers and for agricultural experts throughout the South but also one of the few remaining authentic festivals of the best in Negro folklore and tradition.

Each show is planned a year in advance, when Agent O'Neal calls together his county agricultural planning board, made up of key farmers from 24 communities in Peach and Houston counties. Present are the farmers and their wives; the Home Demonstration agent, Mrs. Margaret Toomer; President C. V. Troup of Fort Valley State College; and O'Neal.

The year's program is vigorously discussed before being adopted. Reports of progress in each community are made, production quotas for the forthcoming show are set. Sometimes the quotas seem too ambitious. Then Farmer Redding may speak up. He and the "old woman" have it pretty hard—sons still in service, farm help unobtainable—but he thinks maybe they can do it. The other farmers nod assent. The meeting is adjourned and rich voices join in singing *Soldiers of the Cross.*

During the months that follow, Mrs. Toomer and Agent O'Neal travel farm roads in the two counties. They stop at a typical farm. They examine the farmer's work, urge him to plant other crops for hogs, show him how to eliminate hog lice. Mrs. Toomer notices a frizzly chicken. She tells the farmer's wife what to do to cure the ailment.

When hog-killing time arrives in December, Agent O'Neal stages a demonstration in scientific butchering and curing, attended by farmers from all parts of the area. These Negroes, with their awakened consciousness of how to produce good meat and their eyes fixed on the new prosperity the Ham and Egg Show has brought, watch closely, ask intelligent questions.

In March, intensive preparations for the actual show begin. Farmers bring in their meats, eggs and canned produce. The big auditorium at Fort Valley College is turned into a high-ceilinged "smokehouse." Under Mrs. Toomer's direction, final rehearsals are held for the folk pageant, annual feature of the program.

Hogs for the barbecue are killed, and selected volunteer farmers prepare for a traditional Georgia feast. By now the actual program is under way, and at a series of meetings, farmers and their wives discuss practical problems and listen to lectures by nationally famous speakers on every imaginable phase of agriculture.

On the day of the barbecue, the air around Fort Valley Normal School becomes impregnated with the heady aroma of fat pigs browning over coals and of Brunswick stew cooking in huge iron pots over pine-scented fires.

When the last scrap of food has disappeared, the crowd gathers in the school's big auditorium. Then the farm children, pigtails tied with bright ribbons, starched gingham skirts ballooning, display the folk dances of the American Negro to such tunes as *Old Dinah's Dead* or *Just From the Country, Chu-La.* Next, ham and egg prizes are awarded, cameras click, winners beam broadly and tell their neighbors how easy it is to raise prize-winning pigs once you have learned the trick.

On the Sunday following, rural folk from all parts of Georgia stage an old-time song festival. The haunting, minor-noted melodies of Negro spirituals echo beneath the long-leaved pines. This ends the Fort Valley Ham and Egg Show, which has drawn more than 50,000 people since its inception and has provided a pattern of prosperity for thousands of farmers in eight Southern states.

It is a show that must be seen—and heard—to be fully appreciated. It is the expression of a people who cling to old traditions, old customs, old music, but who also reach out for the new science in farming and thus achieve a stable and honorable way of life, gift of Georgia's rich red soil.

It's the Know-How That Counts

A MANUFACTURER, unable to get a machine to run properly although his best mechanics had tried their skill on it, called in an expert to fix the machine. The expert came, looked and listened for about two minutes, tightened a certain screw, and the machine ran smoothly. The expert departed, leaving a bill for $50.

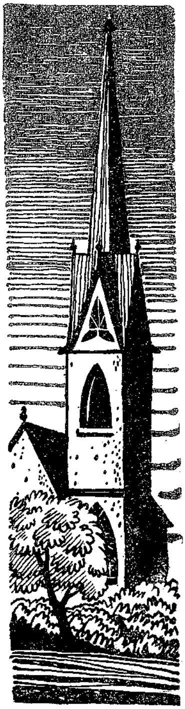
The manufacturer, astonished at such a price for five minutes' work, wrote and demanded an itemized statement. He received the following:

Tightening a screw	$ .25
Knowing which screw to tighten	49.75
TOTAL	$50.00

—KERMIT RAYBORN

For hundreds of years the church has extended a helping hand to the world's unfortunates without fuss or fanfare

Mother of Charity



by **WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT**

THIRTEEN JAGGED holes marred the stained-glass window which portrayed "The Good Shepherd." Pieces of rock were strewn around the sanctuary. Pews and pulpit alike had been scarred by flying debris.

When the police came they found a boy's cap near the pile of stones that had provided "ammunition" for a gang raid on our church. It gave a clue to the vandals and soon they were under arrest.

The congregation rose up in arms. Missiles had been thrown through the ornate windows before, yet this was the first case of wholesale destruction. Hotheads wanted to send the teen-age boys to jail but cooler counsel finally prevailed.

"Let's find out what's behind this raid," urged the pastor. "These boys are more important than windows. Maybe they need help."

The minister and two laymen—a manufacturer and myself—delved into the problem. What we found opened not only our eyes but our hearts. At the police station we discovered that the culprits were three ragged, forlorn youngsters, 13 to 15 years old, who had been baited by the "$10 Reward-for-the-Conviction-of-Anyone-Damaging-This-Property" sign. They decided to break the windows, blame someone else and collect.

One lad hailed from a broken home—the father divorced and married again, the mother a drunkard, the boy practically a waif with only an aged grandmother to care for him. Another boy's father was unemployed, his mother overburdened with children, but both heartbroken because the youngster was in trouble. The third was most pathetic of all: oldest of seven children, his father was in prison and his 32-year-old mother was trying to keep her brood together in a heatless and fuelless basement room, with a bed and a cot for eight people.

The police, the probation officer and the judge cooperated when we said we wanted to rehabilitate these lads. First, we told our church leaders of the plan. Then we visited the boys' homes and pledged friendship and help. Lastly we swore everyone to secrecy.

Soon, three new boys were in our Boy Scout troop; a neglectful parent was dressed down by a probation officer; decent clothing was provided to replace rags; a mothers' club had a new member; a job was found for one father; the struggling woman with seven children was given fuel, beds and food.

A group of young businesswomen took on the auxiliary task of providing playthings for small children in the homes. In the church itself, three men quietly assumed an unofficial "big brother" relationship to three boys who were not waifs any longer but happy, eager, ambitious lads. When we had the church window repaired, its theme of "The Good Shepherd" took on new meaning for everyone.

SOUNDS LIKE a believe-it-or-not story, doesn't it? Actually, it is only proof that the church is the mother of charity. For hundreds of years it has gone its quiet way, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting those in prison, healing the sick. Today it is doing all those things in greater measure than ever.

The church is mankind's original welfare institution. While it does not boast the extensive set-up of organized charity it does serve to keep vast numbers of people out of penitentiaries, mental hospitals and poorhouses. Every community has some unfortunates who are desperately in need of a helping hand.

For instance, there was the wrecked family rebuilt by a small group in our church. The case involved a runaway marriage of a boy and girl; too much installment buying; bickering, frustration, despair, desperation; finally a smash-up, the police called in, a jail sentence; then divorce, father in prison, children on relief. After the man was released, our church group found him.

One member got him a job, another helped reconcile him with his family, a third brought him into our men's fellowship club. He and his wife remarried and established a new home. Today the man earns a good salary, the family are honored members of the church, the children are happy and ambitious.

Not long ago, a woman in desperate need appealed to our church. Her husband was bedridden with paralysis. Occasionally, while a neighbor cared for the husband, she went out scrubbing for a few dollars. A brilliant daughter, on the high-school honor roll, was struggling to finish her education. Each week she worked many hours as a baby-sitter and nursemaid.

Keeping secret the family's identity our pastor told their story one Sunday morning and asked a special offering. In five minutes $100 was given. The money, handed to the mother with a word of cheer, was like a blood transfusion.

It bridged the gap while the deacons arranged for further financial aid and medical service. The daughter, relieved of extra work, was able to graduate at the head of her class. Thus, by a simple but effective device, the church salvaged still another American family.

I know a fine man—a college president and a leader in his community. Handsome, prosperous, buoyant, he is an energetic example of success and self-confidence. He has hundreds of friends in the professional world, in church, in community betterment. Yet when I first saw him, he was a drunken down-and-outer, ragged and dirty.

He was just a nameless bum—known only to himself and to God. For 10 years he had roamed the Bowery, within 20 miles of his family who did not know whether he was alive or dead. Down in the slum district was a little mission. Every night, singers and a preacher would take over the revival meeting, and there would follow a program of old songs, a brief sermon and an altar call summoning wayward men to repent.

Mission workers could differentiate between bogus and genuine penitents, yet they gave counsel and food to all, leaving judgment to a higher power. The "feeders" soon vanished while the suppliants stayed on for prayer and help. The man I am talking about remained.

His desperation was obvious, the drag of years of debauchery was strong, yet his will to reform was even stronger. When he arose from his knees, he had won a victory. From that time on, his climb out of the gutter was steady and unbroken. And since his own redemption he has aided scores of other derelicts to find their own souls.

One of our finest charities today is the Big Brothers organization, composed of busy men who take time out to befriend delinquent or homeless boys. The charity, which flourishes not only in America but in other countries, was born in a New York church, where a speaker at a men's banquet suggested that churchmen should befriend the waifs of a big city.

ANOTHER leader in the field of fostering wholesome activities for boys and girls is the Catholic Youth Organization, founded in Chicago by Bishop Bernard J. Sheil. During the Depression he took over a boarded-up, abandoned mansion for use as a home for parolees. While the boys did the cleaning, Bishop Sheil arranged for furnishings and food, coal and supplies, and provided a roof over hundreds of lads who had been sleeping in hallways and flop houses.

The organization has since expanded into recreational and educational fields, and has enrolled more than 100,000 boys and girls in a program of constructive activities.

For years, a church which I know has maintained "eviction flats," where families whose furniture has been set in the street for non-payment of rent are given emergency care while their problems are worked out. It may be an old couple who have lost everything, or a widow with ten children, yet the treatment is always swift and sure. At least 400 desperate families have been helped by this unique ministry.

I know a pastor who proved a Good Samaritan to hundreds of jobless and homeless men by acquiring the free use of a four-story building from a wealthy Chicago citizen, by borrowing unused cots from an armory, by persuading restaurant owners and bakers to donate left-over food, and by organizing the men to do their own cooking and housekeeping. He succeeded in caring for hundreds of men at a cost of not more than five cents a day each.

MANY OF AMERICA'S hospitals were founded by Christian and Jewish congregations. Then there are innumerable orphanages, homes for the aged, convalescent centers and other institutions of mercy and welfare. In fact, if you were to black out the nation's churches and synagogues, within a generation many essential charities in the land would close their doors. Why? Simply because the same religious impulse that gave birth to organized charity also maintains it by gifts of millions of dollars yearly, plus services of thousands of volunteer workers.

One of Scripture's first commands is that religious people should take care of the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the handicapped and the unfortunate. It is not just a coincidence that the immortal 13th chapter of *I Corinthians* ends with two different translations of the same text. One version reads "Faith, hope and charity" — the other "Faith, hope and love." Yet the two are virtually the same, because charity is love and love is charity, and both are good will.

Charity is world-wide. Missionaries have gone out not only to preach but to heal. Today, less than half of them are pastors or evangelists. The majority are nurses, doctors, agriculturists, sociologists and welfare experts. I know one girl who revolutionized a community of 100,000 Chinese by her instruction in sanitation, child care and housekeeping. I know an American youth who was untrained in farming when he went to India as a preacher. He came back to America, studied scientific agriculture, then returned to that land where he has done more to modernize rural life, abolish famine and poverty, free women from slavery, reduce infant mortality, increase farm production and improve dairy herds than any other living man.

At times every human being has the impulse to help others. The church stimulates this desire, makes it constant and increasing, channels it into widespread fields. As a churchman I find profound satisfaction in practicing, to my limited ability, the appeal to "do unto others." I rejoice that I do not have to go out as a guerrilla, waging my own little war against want, but that the world's greatest army of charity-givers has a place in its ranks for me.

Keep on going and the chances are that you will stumble on something, perhaps when you are least expecting it. I have never heard of anyone stumbling on something sitting down.

—CHARLES F. KETTERING

Game Book

That's Right—You're Wrong!

with FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY as Guest Editors

Fibber McGee makes a lot of mistakes, but people—including Molly—love him for it. Maybe that's why the McGees have selected a most unusual scoring system for their first quiz in this month's Game Book. For each of the statements below, two possible endings are given. One ending makes the statement right; the other makes it wrong. If you pick the right ending you score *zero.* But for each wrong ending you select, score $8\frac{1}{3}$ points. The worst score possible is 100; you're doing well with 75; with 50 or less you're too right to be popular. Look for the incorrect answers on page 87.

1. A firefly is
   (a) a fly
   (b) a beetle

2. Most abundant metal is
   (a) iron
   (b) aluminum

3. The sun is nearest us
   (a) in winter
   (b) in summer

4. Thomas Paine was born in
   (a) England
   (b) United States

5. In summer, in the U.S., days
   (a) grow longer
   (b) grow shorter

6. Our five-cent piece is
   (a) mostly copper
   (b) mostly nickel

7. Nicotine is
   (a) brown in color
   (b) colorless

8. The letters H.R.H. mean
   (a) His (Her) Royal Highness
   (b) Hurry right home

9. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought
   (a) on Breed's Hill
   (b) on Bunker Hill

10. New York City is
    (a) larger than Paris
    (b) smaller than Paris

11. Tin cans are made of
    (a) tin-coated iron
    (b) tin

12. Mother Goose
    (a) was an imaginary character
    (b) really lived

Whose Address Is This?

Some addresses become almost as well known as the people who live at them. How many of these addresses can you identify with one of the three names following? Some names and addresses are fictitious, others are real. Counting 10 points each, score 70 or more and you ought to be Postmaster General; 50 or 60, and you can be a mail carrier. If you score less than 50, let someone else address your letters. Answers on page 87.

1. 10 DOWNING STREET
   (a) Sherlock Holmes
   (b) Robert Browning
   (c) Clement Attlee

2. 79 WISTFUL VISTA
   (a) Fibber McGee
   (b) Sherlock Holmes
   (c) Harry S. Truman

3. 50 WIMPOLE STREET
   (a) Clement Attlee
   (b) Elizabeth Barrett
   (c) Sherlock Holmes

4. TARA
   (a) George VI
   (b) St. Patrick
   (c) Scarlett O'Hara

5. SAN SIMEON
   (a) Simon Bolivar
   (b) Fibber McGee
   (c) William Randolph Hearst

6. 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
   (a) William Randolph Hearst
   (b) Harry S. Truman
   (c) William Penn

7. BUCKINGHAM PALACE
   (a) Tito
   (b) George VI
   (c) Clement Attlee

8. 233 BROADWAY
   (a) F. W. Woolworth
   (b) John D. Rockefeller
   (c) Alfred E. Smith

9. MONTICELLO
   (a) George Washington
   (b) Thomas Jefferson
   (c) Sherlock Holmes

10. 221B BAKER STREET
   (a) Clement Attlee
   (b) Sherlock Holmes
   (c) Alfred E. Smith

Mysterious Traveler

Tom travels 34.58 miles every day. In his travels he doesn't obey traffic lights, for he never passes any streets, roadways, automobiles, trees, fields or houses. He doesn't fly, walk, run, travel on any animal, ride in any vehicle that runs on wheels and seldom is seen on a boat. He is not alone in his travels and has many fellow travelers who do the same as he does. How does Tom do this? See P. 87.

The Animal Kingdom

To answer each question below you must supply two words. If your answer is correct, the two words will be pronounced the same but spelled differently; one word will fit the definition given, and the other will be an animal, bird or insect. For example, No. 1 may be answered "bare" (barren) and "bear" (animal). Count 5 points for each correct answer; 55 is fair, 70 to 80 good, 85 or more exceptional. Answers on page 87.

1. Barren: B__________ and B__________
2. To exist: B__________ and B__________
3. Paste for bread: D__________ and D__________
4. Expensive: D__________ and D__________
5. To fly away: F__________ and F__________
6. Husky: H__________ and H__________
7. Did know: K__________ and G__________
8. Long, thin candle: T__________ and T__________
9. A furrow: R__________ and R__________
10. Second person: Y__________ and E__________
11. They make a chain: L__________ and L__________
12. Part of the head: H__________ and H__________
13. Roughened: B__________ and B__________
14. To gain by work: E__________ and E__________
15. To make a hole: B__________ and B__________
16. A child's cry: M__________ and M__________
17. Atmospheric state: W__________ and W__________
18. Cover: C__________ and S__________
19. God of the fields: F__________ and F__________
20. Rougher: C__________ and C__________

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with A at the top of the second column and spell *anvil.* Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words. Par on this one is 20 words in 25 minutes. Our word-list (page 87) has a total of 29 words; can you get more?

C	A	Q	H	S
B	N	R	U	K
S	G	V	L	O
W	T	M	I	P
Z	Y	E	D	J

Brush Up on Your Etiquette

If you're up on your etiquette, you'll sail through the quiz on this page. If you haven't looked into the matter thoroughly, see if you "do the right thing instinctively." Pick the correct answer to each of the questions; only one of the three choices is both correct and "correct." Score 10 for each correct answer; you need at least 60 to pass. Answers on page 87.

1. The proper introduction is
  (a) "Miss Roe, meet Mr. Doe."
  (b) "This is Mr. Doe, Jane."
  (c) "Miss Roe, may I present Mr. Doe?"

2. And Miss Roe says,
  (a) "How do you do."
  (b) "Pleased to meet you."
  (c) "Any friend of Bill's . . . "

3. So they get engaged, and
  (a) They both announce it.
  (b) Jane's parents announce it.
  (c) John's parents announce it.

4. Their friends all
  (a) Congratulate John.
  (b) Congratulate Jane.
  (c) Congratulate both.

5. When they marry, John pays
  (a) For the ring and bouquet.
  (b) All the wedding costs.
  (c) For Jane's trousseau.

6. On their honeymoon they register as
  (a) John B. and Jane R. Doe
  (b) The John B. Does
  (c) Mr. and Mrs. John B. Doe

7. Jane's calling cards read
  (a) Jane R. Doe
  (b) Mrs. John Barclay Doe
  (c) Mrs. Jane R. Doe

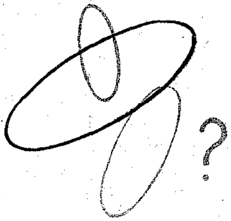
8. And Jane signs her letters
  (a) Jane R. Doe
  (b) Mrs. John B. Doe
  (c) Jane R. Doe (Mrs. J. B.)

9. Jane tells the cook
  (a) "John dines early"
  (b) "Mr. Doe dines early."
  (c) "Your boss dines early."

10. "Drop in," John says,
  (a) ". . . and meet the missus."
  (b) ". . . and meet Mrs. Doe."
  (c) ". . . and meet my wife."

Fibber McGee's Favorite Ice-Breaker

Take the number 142857 and multiply it by any number from 1 to 7. Don't tell me the number by which you multiplied it; just tell me any figure in the result; for example, that your fourth number is 5. I'll immediately write down your whole result, and tell you the figure by which you multiplied. I haven't memorized anything, either. (See page 87.)



ANSWERS

That's Right—You're Wrong!

1. (a) is wrong
2. (a) is wrong
3. (b) is wrong
4. (a) is wrong
5. (a) is wrong
6. (b) is wrong
7. (a) is wrong
8. (a) is wrong
9. (b) is wrong
10. (a) is wrong
11. (a) is wrong
12. (a) is wrong

Whose Address Is This?

1. (c) Clement Attlee, British Prime Minister
2. (a) Fibber McGee (and Molly, too)
3. (b) Elizabeth Barrett
4. (c) Scarlett O'Hara of *Gone With the Wind*
5. (c) William Randolph Hearst, often called "The lord of San Simeon."
6. (b) Harry S. Truman; it is the White House.
7. (b) George VI; it is a British royal palace.
8. (a) F. W. Woolworth; it is the Woolworth Building.
9. (b) Thomas Jefferson
10. (b) Sherlock Holmes

Mysterious Traveler

Tom is an elevator operator in the Empire State Building in New York. He makes two trips every 4 minutes to the 80th floor and back—a distance of 2000 feet. In a 6-hour day this comes out to 180,000 feet or 34.58 miles.

The Animal Kingdom

1. bare, bear
2. be, bee
3. dough, doe
4. dear, deer
5. flee, flea
6. hoarse, horse
7. knew, gnu
8. taper, tapir
9. row, roe
10. you, ewe
11. links, lynx
12. hair, hare
13. burred, bird
14. earn, erne
15. burrow, burro
16. mewl, mule
17. weather, wether
18. ceil, seal
19. faun, fawn
20. coarser, courser

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

abstemious
anvil
bang
barn
canst
diet
dime
gnarl
grab
hulk
hurl
husk
lied
lime
lush
pied
piety
plied
plush
pour
rang
rush
rusk
snarl
stem
stye
stymie
vied
zyme

Brush Up on Your Etiquette

1. (c)
2. (a)
3. (b)
4. (a)
5. (a)
6. (c)
7. (b)
8. (c)
9. (b)
10. (c)

Fibber McGee's Favorite Ice-Breaker

Multiply 142857 by any small number and you'll get the same series of numbers all over again; thus 142857 × 2 is 285714; times 3 it's 428571, etc. So tell me, for example, that the third series of the result is 4, and by writing down the 4 and filling in the series before and after it I get 714285. I know you multiplied by 5 because 5x7 is 35, to give you your extreme right-hand figure. The only exception is when you multiply by 7; but that gives you 999999, which is easy to remember.

Behind the Scenes with the BANK EXAMINER

by **Harry Edward Neal**

Shrewd, proficient and tactful, he plays an important part in preventing crime and protecting savings of bank depositors

THE NATIONAL BANK examiner put down his prying pencil and smiled as the woman came to his desk. She was a veteran employee of the bank, a middle-aged lady with a friendly manner and an enviable reputation for hard work.

"Are you going to work here tonight?" she asked. "Perhaps I could help in looking over my books."

"No, indeed," the examiner said. "Thanks, but there's no need to put in extra time."

"But I don't mind," she insisted. "I'm used to work. After all, I haven't had a vacation since 1932 and—"

"What? You're kidding!"

"No, I'm not," she smiled. "You see, we're always busy, so I've stayed at work."

When the examiner finished his inspection and reported to the bank's board of directors, he urged that this conscientious and loyal woman be forced to take a vacation. The board complied and after several protests she left reluctantly.

In her absence the officers decided on an immediate audit of the bank. They got the shock of their lives! The audit revealed a shortage of $150,000 in the accounts supervised by the industrious lady. Always during past audits she had been on hand to "explain" her entries, and if the examiner had not convinced the bankers that the woman needed a vacation, she might still be smiling sweetly, with one hand in the till.

The bank examiner is one big reason why there is less crime in banks today than in most lines of business. None of us may engage in a banking business, using depositors' funds, unless our doings are supervised by the State or Federal government. Watchdog of our national banks is the Comptroller of the Currency, who heads perhaps the least-publicized and certainly one of the most powerful agencies of government. Quietly, without fanfare, he directs the activities of his corps of security guardians, the national bank examiners.

The examiner is really crime prevention in action. Shrewd, proficient, tactful, he descends upon banks without warning to do one job—to determine whether they are sound and safely managed. This element of surprise, plus the thoroughness with which the examiner works, is a formidable obstacle to the bank employee who may have a refined Jesse James tendency. Yet now and again the tendency gets the upper hand and the culprit isn't always the little fellow with the shifty look and the green eyeshade. In one case it turned out to be the boss himself.

At 2:45 one morning, fire engines roared down the streets, bells clanging. They squealed to a stop in front of a national bank building which was burning like a bonfire. The firemen went into action but in spite of them the bank burned to the ground. In daylight it was discovered that both the vault doors were open. Close examination revealed that the locks had not been tampered with. Someone who knew the combinations had opened the vaults and started the fire.

The arsonist had done his job well. Ledgers, records of investments, of bonds—everything was burned. But a receiver was appointed and the bank's affairs were taken over by the Comptroller of the Currency. His men called in passbooks of depositors, probed the memories of employees and customers, held conferences, and piece by piece reconstructed the bank's records.

Thefts were traced to the president himself, who had set fire to the records to destroy evidence of his offenses. He was sent to a Federal penitentiary. The reconstructed bank records permitted the receiver to pay off depositors at the rate of 90 per cent.

A receiver is appointed by the Comptroller whenever examiners find a national bank insolvent. Nowadays the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation acts as a receiver, where formerly the post was held by an individual. Congressional legislation has given the Comptroller authority so absolute that it borders on authoritarianism, yet no Comptroller has ever abused it. Only when a bank "goes bust" does he slip the velvet glove from the silver hand to slam shut the doors and do what he can to salvage the leavings. He reaches out to collect money owned by thousands of the bank's debtors. He sets up shop to sell real estate, stocks, bonds and any other holdings which will help to pay off depositors and creditors.

In all banks that are members of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation—and national banks must be members—all deposits are legally protected to the extent of $5,000 and in actual practice now to the limit of the account.

The average cost of liquidation is amazingly low—about 6½ cents on the dollar. Even more surprising is the fact that depositors and others with claims against closed national banks have recovered an average of about 80 per cent of their claims. And in one case in the South, an oversight in the liquidation routine worked a financial miracle for depositors and shareholders.

The bank was declared insolvent, the Comptroller disposed of the assets and paid off a small percentage. A few months later a Southerner visited the Comptroller's office, saying he represented a client who had bought property in the liquidation proceedings. The purchase, he said, included a tract of 48 acres to which the Comptroller had neglected to furnish a deed. The Southerner offered $500 for a deed, but the Comptroller refused until he investigated further. A check-up showed the land had been included in the closed bank's holdings, and the reason why the deed hadn't been granted was not apparent. While the investigation went on, the man came in again and raised the ante, offering $1,000. The Comptroller still held off, wanting to be sure that any action he took would be legal and proper. The Southerner's temperature rose and so did his price—this time to $5,000!

The Comptroller then saw hopes of paying more to the bank's depositors. He turned down the $5,000 and the price began to skyrocket—10, 20, 30, 50 thousand dollars! Land that boomed like this certainly meant more than plain dirt. Sure enough, there were indications of oil. But the Comptroller wanted to be sure of the title. Suddenly a third man appeared, claiming he had paid taxes on the land and held a tax title.

Frantically the Southerner appealed to the Comptroller to issue a quit-claim deed. Finally the Comptroller sold such a deed for $75,000, retaining a one-eighth royalty interest in the potential liquid gold. And the bank depositors got a 20 per cent dividend.

THE COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE has almost as much difficulty in finding people to whom money is due as it does in uncovering embezzlements. The files of the Insolvent Division hold more than a million checks representing cash belonging to depositors of closed national banks who can't be located. About 5,000 letters are mailed every month to depositors who neglected to ask for payments while insolvent banks were in receivership.

Despite such efforts, the unmailed checks, the letters returned "Addressee Unknown" continue to pack the filing cabinets. If you had an account in a *national* bank which closed its doors, and if you have never applied for a refund, write to the Comptroller of the Currency, Treasury Department, Washington 25, D. C. He may be holding what, for you, is "found money."

A *national* bank, incidentally, must have the word "NATIONAL" in its name. If it isn't a national bank it can't include that word. Although many of the largest banks in the country, such as the Chase National and the National City, are national banks, a greater portion are in small towns, with resources of anywhere from 5 to 50 million dollars. But whether on Main Street or Broadway, in Nome or Honolulu, the examiner walks in at least twice each year to see whether the banks are solvent and under safe management.

A bank examination doesn't include a full audit, for this might require two or three months. It is the examiner's job to see that a bank's resources and liabilities are correctly entered and that every penny received, paid out or loaned is accounted for.

In rare cases, banks have failed as the result of large-scale embezzlements undetected for months or years. But the examiner shouldn't be criticized. He is merely a one-man bank staff: he has no X-ray vision. Once he is satisfied that the book entries are correct and the bank's assets properly recorded, he must consider that the individual credits are accurate.

Yet, the respect which bank officers have for examiners' efficiency has been demonstrated by self-betrayal of embezzlers who feared disclosure. In more than one bank, officers have nervously confessed irregularities before the examiners even began to look at the books. In one case, an official whose records were under examination left his desk, went to another room in the bank and shot himself.

Perhaps the most unusual detection of embezzlement was one in which a bank's records were recovered from a lake. An examiner found the bank in failing condition. The doors were closed and he remained on the job until the Comptroller could appoint a receiver. Entering the closed bank one morning, he found the vault had been opened during the night and most of the records removed. In addition, the examiner's brief case, with a report of his examination, was gone!

There were no clues to the thief. But a month later, while the examiner was working in a near-by town, a young boy came in with a bank draft.

"Is this any good?" he asked.

The examiner saw it was a draft on the bank from which the records had been stolen. "Where did you get this?" he asked.

"I fished it out of a lake," the youngster said.

They went to the lake, seven miles from the closed bank. There in the water the examiner saw a few ledger sheets. Then he had the lake dragged until all the missing papers were recovered. Examination disclosed that the assistant cashier of the bank had stolen $6,000. He became so fearful of exposure that he emptied the vault, grabbed the examiner's brief case and tossed everything into the lake without realizing that loose papers might float to the surface.

WHILE SUPERVISION of the national banks is the prime job of the Comptroller of the Currency, he lives up to his title by actually controlling some of our money. Our government prints three kinds of paper bills—silver certificates (blue numbers), United States notes (red numbers), and Federal Reserve notes (green numbers). The Comptroller controls the Federal Reserve notes thusly:

Upon request of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, he authorizes our money factory, the U.S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing, to deliver certain quantities of money to certain Reserve banks. But before the notes are issued the banks must furnish collateral to cover the full face value of the bills.

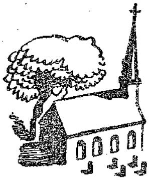
Banks which belong to the Reserve System get their cash from Reserve banks. Others usually get their supplies from member banks. The banks pay out the money to you and me, and we carry it around until it wears out. When that happens the Comptroller takes the bills out of circulation, permanently.

The average life of your dollar bill is nine months. When it is worn to a frazzle your bank ships it back to Washington. There, old bills are bundled and punched with pea-sized holes. Then they are cut in half, lengthwise. The upper halves are sent to the Treasury, where they are checked against a list of serial numbers also sent by the bank. If the check is satisfactory, the Comptroller gives the word to ship the lower halves, which get the same treatment. Finally the mutilated money is burned. In this way, it is impossible for two halves of a bill to be out at the same time, or for even one half to get back into circulation. Thus the Comptroller controls the currency to the very end of the road.

The Comptroller's office is one of the oldest Federal administrative agencies. The gentle dictator who now directs the bureau's 1,000 employees is courtly, Michigan-born Preston Delano. Educated at Harvard and Stanford, he is a veteran of World War I. He was formerly an investment banker; was governor of the Federal Home Loan Bank System.

In addition to three deputy comptrollers, Delano has another aide in the person of W. P. (Gus) Folger, chief examiner. The somber face of this old-timer hides the secrets of hundreds of banks, but these secrets will remain as secure as the confidential reports and other documents which the Comptroller so zealously keeps from curious eyes.

Nobody hears much about these five men, but they play an important role in America's economic drama. Day in and day out they are on the job to protect our bank savings by tempering might with right.



From Small Beginnings . . .

George Holland, an actor, was dead. His friend, the great Joseph Jefferson, went to a church on Madison Avenue, New York, to arrange for the funeral.

"What! I wouldn't dream of conducting a funeral service for an actor in this church, sir!" said the pastor indignantly. "However, I know a church where they are not so exclusive. Of course, it's just a small church. But the pastor there might be willing to bury your actor friend."

"Just around the corner," said the pastor directing Jefferson down 29th Street to the Church of Transfiguration.

Jefferson entered the modest building and made arrangements for his friend's funeral. Then, gradually, the story leaked out and sentiment was stirred up. A lot of sentiment . . . influential sentiment. Maurice Barrymore, Edwin Booth and Richard Mansfield were among the many actors who deserted their own churches to become parishioners of this church which had given its facilities to funeral services for one of their kind. Wealthy families began donating generously and soon there were expensive pictures and costly windows. As its reputation spread, the church became more and more popular. Today it is known the world over as "The Little Church Around the Corner."

—Kermit Rayborn

Meet Hollywood's Quizmasters

by **Cameron Shipp**

In spite of the occasional boner that gets by, the tireless know-it-alls of the movies are sticklers for accuracy

Ann Harris, a knowledgeable girl who works for David O. Selznick, can prove that men in West Texas wore nightshirts, not pajamas, in 1880. She also knows that it is very difficult to corral a wild horse if somebody is sitting on the fence.

Across town, in Burbank, California, is her opposite number, Herman Lissauer, Ph.D., an ex-rabbi who works for Warner Bros. He knows that a bullet fired from a long-barreled revolver against a wall will stay warm for two minutes, that Big Ben's strokes come exactly four and one-third seconds apart, that down can be plucked from a live goose of any age.

Miss Harris and Dr. Lissauer are two of Hollywood's professional quizmasters. They and their fellow research directors at other major studios are dedicated to getting the facts of life right in motion pictures. They know how people should behave, dress, talk, or walk in any period of history, from Georgia plantations to Alaskan igloos. They detest unreasonable facsimiles and adore accuracy. Yet they lead frustrated lives.

They are frustrated because it is apparently impossible to make a movie which doesn't inspire a storm of snickers from amateur critics who have found something wrong with it. Actually, the studios try hard to get things right, and they spend hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to that end, but between directors who never hesitate to emasculate a fact on the shrine of entertainment and amateur perfectionists who howl over the slightest deviation from reality, the researchers lead lives of woe.

A few years ago Dr. Lissauer thought he had achieved perfection in *Zola*, which starred Paul Muni as the great French writer. Paris street scenes, studios, personalities and wearing apparel at the turn of the century were difficult to document, but by painstaking research, lasting more than a year and involving thousands of periodicals, books, clippings and photographs, Lissauer wrapped that picture in what he fondly believed was impeccable scholarship.

But, disastrously, he had forgotten

about lobsters. One lobster, broiled, appeared in one brief scene. The studio was inundated by letters from angry moviegoers denouncing the brothers Warner as dunderheads for not knowing a French lobster from an American lobster. A French lobster has no claws—everybody knows that!

Locomotive whistles are a source of embarrassment to Dr. Lissauer. He has been called a jackanapes, and worse, by scores of affronted trainmen who apparently writhe with anger when they hear a Southern Pacific whistle tooting on all Warner Bros.' engines, whether they be New York Central or Santa Fe. Warner Bros. claims to be the biggest studio in the world from the standpoint of space, but it has only one whistle and is tone deaf to Lissauer's plea that there are 336 major railroads besides the S.P.

Schoolteachers are Hollywood's best critics and severest friends. They will stand for no nonsense with history and are easily incensed by geographical liberties. They know how many stars there were in the U.S. flag in 1812 and write firm letters to studios that err in this respect. The picture that annoyed them most in recent years was *They Died with Their Boots On*, a freehand study of Custer in which Director Michael Curtiz ignored chronology as if it were a stopped clock. The research department knew all the time that Generals Grant, Lee, Sherman and Custer were not classmates at West Point, but bowed to the exigencies of drama and took the consequences from the public.

Next to teachers, doctors are regarded as Hollywood's sternest faultfinders. The doctors are taciturn, but when they do write they are bitterly derisive of Hollywood's efforts to portray them and their profession. Newspapermen, writers and magazine editors are long-suffering and have never been known to complain of inaccuracies, possibly because they enjoy seeing their trade presented as gaudier than it actually is.

SURPRISING AS IT may seem for Hollywood to support scholarship so handsomely, although ignoring it when convenient, the fact is that all the major studios maintain research departments staffed with 10 to 15 experts each, equipped with libraries of as many as 15,000 volumes, and endowed with facilities which make the world's knowledge available to them a good deal faster than it is available at most libraries and universities.

Members of Dr. Lissauer's staff of 13, which is typical, speak seven languages between them. They not only know precisely which university, endowment or individual scientist to wire or phone for a fast technical answer, but have card-indexed the names of experts in hundreds of peculiar lores. In a matter of minutes they can produce a graphologist, a waiter who worked at Delmonico's in 1890, a Canadian Mounted Policeman, a psychoanalyst, a botanist familiar with New Zealand or an expert on Japanese court documents and street signs.

They have compiled their own glossaries of slang, including colloquialisms, period slang and prison argot from chain gangs to Alcatraz. "Twenty-three skiddoo" and "Hubba hubba" are both covered, with notes on their proper usage. Like a bird after thread, a good research director feathers his nest with oddments of information.

They believe that a picture is worth more than many times 10,000 words. A fact has to be explained. A picture can be duplicated. For example, Dr. Lissauer's staff probably knows more about the White House than its housekeeper. The information and photographs are contained in four leather-bound volumes the size of suitcases.

When the studio made a Mark Twain film, the researchers started a year ahead of production and compiled a *dossier*—called a "Bible" by the studio—on the Mississippi, on steamboating and on river dialects, that is fascinating both for content and for heft. Research heads modestly admit they go further and faster than most Ph.D.s preparing a thesis—often several million words further.

As a result of this greedy scholarship, which is backed with financial resources rarely available save to governments and great endowments, the astonishing fact is that Hollywood is the repository for a challenging amount of folklore and history, top-heavy with Americana of course, but thoroughly equipped as to foreign matter. There is scarcely an American subject that is not already meticulously covered, but to help keep their files up to date the researchers examine and clip 150 magazines a month and the leading newspapers of all countries.

Miss Harris, the girl who knows about nightshirts, unearthed that information because Selznick had to know how to attire Joseph Cotten for slumber in his Western epic, *Duel in the Sun.* Miss Harris also examined 441 books and provided more than 2,000 photographs of Southwest Texas, *circa* 1880. In addition, she answered 12,342 questions, turned up 400 songs of the period, and provided 26 authentic epitaphs suitable for Lillian Gish, whose demise was ordained by the script, then buried her without a tombstone.

There were actually 18 technical advisers on this film, including experts on barbecuing, square-dancing, railroad construction, bartending, ballistics, West Texas dialogue, livestock, Louisiana dialect, 20-mule-team driving and wood-burning locomotives. But be not dismayed. This fine display of erudition is wonderful, but Hollywood is still Hollywood. *Duel in the Sun* is about Texas, but it was filmed in Arizona.

VAST RESEARCH chores like the Selznick job are not unusual. Helen Gladys Percy of Paramount had her staff annotate 400 books, assemble 6,885 photographs and answer 10,000 questions for *Two Years Before the Mast.* When the picture finally started she relaxed under the impression that every possible angle had been covered. But her woes started all over again on the day the cameras began to grind. Here are a few of the queries she was expected to answer—and did answer—over the telephone:

"What was the price of prime California hides on the Boston Exchange in 1835?"

"How deep was the harbor at

Pernambuco when Dana made his voyage around the Horn?"

Research departments are expected to supply exact information almost as fast as a quick reader can look up a phone number. Here are some queries recently asked and answered. Don't berate yourself if you make a poor score. Only a genius with an encyclopedic mind would know more than a few of the answers. The trick is, how would *you* get the information in a hurry if an executive upon whose whim your job depended were to call up and ask:

"Where did members of the House of Commons invite guests to take tea in 1890?"

"Did London policemen use bull's-eye lanterns in 1938?"

"Was there a woman doctor in the U.S. in 1900?"

"When were cutaway coats first worn in the 19th century?"

"Would $90 be a reasonable price for 3,000 feet of oak in 1900?"

"Was there phone communication between Scotland Yard and the Paris Surété in 1901?"

"Could a man take an antidote for poison first and then be unaffected by the poison?"

"Were there dial phones in Miami in 1932?"

"What was the full name of Titian?"

"What year did the acetylene torch come into use?"

"Did Cordell Hull's name appear on the door of his office?"

RKO has made a picture about Sister Elizabeth Kenny and her methods of treating infantile paralysis. Capt. C. F. Cook, in charge of research, had Sister Kenny herself to rely on for proper methods, but this is the query he got from the set designers just as the picture was about to start:

"What did the railroad station and town of Toowoomba, Australia, look like in 1912?"

How would you get the answer to that one? This is what Cook did: he called the Australian War Supply Office in Los Angeles, which sent a cable to a Sydney newspaper. The newspaper had its Brisbane representative look through old files. He found a photograph, including the station, which was flown back with official government mail. If you know how to get the answer to this one in less than 11 days, you are ahead of Captain Cook.

Universal's research director had less trouble with a query fired at him by the director of *Night in Paradise,* who wanted to show Miss Merle Oberon in a fashionable nightie, period 580 B.C.

A preponderance of questions comes from scenario writers seeking substantiation for situations they have cooked up. The research department always knows when a writer is stuck for an idea when he clamors to know what drug a character might take which would make him behave exactly the way the writers want him to behave.

The Columbia research department knows how to make counterfeit money. A request to the U.S. Treasury fetched the information and the research department fully expected an FBI man to accompany it to see that no funny business went on.

If John J. Montgomery did not pilot the first heavier-than-air craft in controlled flight, ahead of the

Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, the Columbia doctrinaires will be in very warm soup indeed. Columbia is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to prove in a film called *Gallant Journey* that Montgomery's flight took place in August 1883, at Otay Mesa, near San Diego, 20 years before the Wright boys flew, and has the assurances of research that this is a fact.

Miss Frances Richardson, head pundit at Twentieth Century-Fox, who brought *Wilson* in without taking more than the usual license with history, says she thinks she did a good job for *Anna and the King of Siam*, but she has sent word around that she is not responsible for the betel nuts.

The chief characters chew these nuts, of course, as all Siamese do, but their teeth do not turn black, as all Siamese's do. Miss Richardson was gently snubbed when she pointed this out to her producer. He reminded her that movie stars' teeth never turn black under any circumstances, no matter how many letters the studio receives.

In addition to the unintentional boners which creep into motion pictures, there are many such purposeful errors which the studio knows in advance will inspire criticism. For instance, *Robin Hood* showed King John of England signing a decree. This was a simple, brief scene, and the King used the correct pen and parchment, but it fetched several thousand indignant letters, mostly from high-school students. They were studying British history, knew that King John was illiterate, and suggested that Hollywood was, too.

Boners in which a character is shown wearing a bow tie in one scene and a four-in-hand in the next, or in which other radical costume or hair-do phenomena appear without explanation, are not the fault of the research departments. These errors occur because sometimes weeks elapse between scenes, although the sequences flow into each other on the screen. The classic error in this category occurred in an early version of *The Sea Wolf*, starring the late Milton Sills. Mr. Sills appeared on one side of a door wearing a full beard. He opened the door and appeared on the other side completely bereft of whiskers.

If the Hollywood research departments were compelled to rely on one set of books only for all their delving, their choice might surprise you. They would choose, they tell me, the 124 volumes published under the title of *Espasa*. The fact that this set of books is entirely in Spanish is of no consequence to them. They would just as soon have it in Latin. They prefer *Espasa* because it has more pictures in it than any other encyclopedia.

Sign Language

SIGN IN A DES MOINES CAFE: "If you want to put your ashes and cigarette butts in your cup and saucer let the waitress know and she will serve the coffee in the ash tray."

MEMO to Myself—at 50

ANONYMOUS

It's easy to keep from growing old; here are some pointers from one who has discovered that it can be accomplished

A YEAR AND A half ago, as my fiftieth birthday neared, I began to feel the force of a remark I once read in a novel: "As we go along in life, little bits of us get lost." An occasional lapse of memory, a growing willingness to let the mind wander and the realization that some of my enthusiasms were dwindling brought me face to face with the question which confronts all of us at 50: How shall I make myself, for the rest of my life, the best possible person to live with?

One evening I got out pad and pencil and began writing down the characteristics of the most attractive old men and women I have known. Then, before I went to bed, I drafted a personal message to myself. Every month since, I have brought it out for improvement and as a stimulus to my continued fight against certain old-age changes which psychologists and physicians warn us against.

My experiments are encouraging, for during the past 18 months I have recaptured dying enthusiasms and achieved new ones. I have revived emotional responsiveness to worth-while activities and people. And best of all, my technique is so simple I am sure it will be as practicable 10 or even 20 years from now as it is today.

The fact that it has also improved my health confirms my conviction that too much emphasis is placed on a person's staying *physically* young. Unfortunately, a youthful figure does not guarantee a youthful mind. By putting mental goals ahead of mere physical health, living to a ripe old age has become doubly attractive. It has made me more careful about my living habits: when living into your 80's promises a lively mind, you simply don't gormandize, coddle yourself or otherwise physiologically misbehave!

We all know that mental faculties, like muscles, go stale if not used. So after auditing myself at 50, I issued this command: "In addition to varying general reading, I must take up a fresh subject each year for special study." I began with band instruments!

When my son joined the high-school band and brought home a double-bell euphonium, I found myself fascinated with an instrument I never knew existed. Why not let this new interest dictate my special reading for the year? I began by reading about band instruments in an encyclopedia, then graduated to dictionaries of musical knowledge, then read books which might add to what I had learned. By the end of the year, music had become much more interesting. And I had a new knowledge to share with friends who were music-lovers.

My memo to myself contains this note: "At 50, every flicker of curiosity in the new is precious, for it may be fanned into flaming interest." So my orders are: whenever a new word challenges me I must look it up in the dictionary or the encyclopedia before going to bed that night.

As I obey these commands I find a continuously rewarding universe opening up in the public library. Yet here too we can get into ruts; too often we turn directly to the same old authors, the same old subjects. I have found it pays to go now and then to shelves I hadn't looked at before. There I discover new interests—bee-keeping, the lost island of Atlantis, the history of dress.

The emotions need feeding as well as the mind. Darwin, late in life, lamented his inability to enjoy poetry as he had in his youth. Every man and woman at 50 faces the same danger. In examining myself I found that I had stopped reading novels at 40, and concluded this was a mistake. So last winter I ordered myself to read six novels rich in emotional content. Only through regular exposure to stimulating pictures, music, reading and drama can we save ourselves from the fate that overtook Darwin.

By attending mass meetings, taxpayers' protests and other controversial gatherings we can stir ourselves emotionally to good advantage. And we must not neglect the good impulses that rise within us to help that stray cat or human being in trouble. At the same time we must fight against the negative emotions, especially the irritability over trifles which too often grows with advancing years.

Here again Darwin came to my rescue. Speculating over the irritability peculiar to old age, he decided that as physical energy ebbs, we unconsciously give way to temper for the purpose of energizing ourselves. My remedy is to substitute righteous indignation! In the world at present there are plenty of opportunities. So instead of getting aroused because my coffee is cool or because my daughter didn't get home from a dance until daylight, I switch my temper to something *worth* getting mad at. I can always find plenty of excuses in the morning newspaper. This not only energizes me; it has also led me to contribute to worthy causes.

To keep alive my emotions I also, for the first time in my life, did some real work for a candidate in our last local election. I have accepted a call to help with a local welfare project. And in spite of the aversion I have to public speaking, I manfully agreed to talk recently to 190 women whose club invited me to tell them what I knew about a cause in which they were interested.

Experiences like these enlarge the variety which makes life spicy. Once a week I try to have lunch with a stranger with whom I have something in common. I have telephoned business competitors, expressing my desire to know them personally. I have made new friendships with strangers in other businesses and professions by showing a keen interest in the things they were doing.

My memorandum counsels me to do old things in new ways. Here is how this rule helps me. Fond of walking, I discovered I was "repeating myself" (an old-age danger!) by taking the same walks I'd enjoyed for 15 years. So I set out by car to discover unfamiliar dirt roads, and as I used these up I found still less-familiar walking places on a country real-estate map.

In even the simplest acts of living we can do the old things in a new way. We can shift our furniture and pictures, try new color combinations in clothes, bring together new people in social gatherings. Which, oddly enough, reminds me of soup. One evening I read a list of 21 soups in an advertisement. When I remarked to my wife that I had never tasted mulligatawny, pepper pot, chicken gumbo or Scotch broth, she replied "Neither have I!"

During the next two weeks we had them all. By reviewing her cook books once a week, my wife always finds new dishes to serve—new "pleasures" of the table in eating our vegetables, fruits, eggs and other foods so highly prized by dieticians.

And varying our experiences can enlarge spirit as well as mind and body. In my community there died not long ago a man who led a most unusual religious life. Although he was a member of a Protestant Church, he frequently attended other places of worship. When he died his funeral was attended not only by his own minister but by clergymen of two other Protestant denominations, a Catholic priest, a Quaker and a Christian Scientist, all of whom told how his example had enlarged the religious tolerance of others. This man's practice shows again how opportunities to enlarge our sympathies often lie about us, unrecognized and unused.

AT 50 THE THOUGHT of retiring tempts us to let down in our interest and effort. We need new work-incentives, new spurs to action. In working with youngsters in my business I find it energizing to keep alive the friendly personal interest which existed between masters and apprentices in the old days, when rush and "office politics" did not exist. If a young employee asks a question I can't answer because of the pressure of work, I may invite him or her to lunch, or to come to my office after hours so we can go through it thoroughly.

There are many ways in which older men and women can help those who will some day replace them. An advertising friend of mine teaches advertising in a local Y.M.C.A. A railroad man invites his neighbors' sons to help operate his model railroad as a going enterprise. An artist teaches 18 would-be artists, ranging in age from 8 to 71, without charging a penny. If you want to keep on learning more about your own work, try teaching it to others!

Another weapon in my arsenal is reviewing my childhood for interests which might be revived. Thus I prize my hobby of photography, which I first took up at 10. Between 30 and 50 I dropped it, and when I decided to revive it, times had changed. Amateurs now favored the little 35 mm. camera, and I found myself curiously intolerant of a machine that would only take postage-stamp pictures. But when I tried one and discovered its marvelous characteristics, my love for photography was renewed. Also I had learned something about overcoming aversions, which I could apply to other dislikes.

I liked pictures, but not modern art. I liked music, but not modern compositions. I liked some people, but avoided others. Examining these aversions I discovered they had a common basis. All were based on superficial acquaintance: I had not tried to understand what was behind and inside the subject or person.

So I exposed myself to modern art and music, and although I have not conquered all my aversions I am beginning to enjoy some paintings and symphonies which I never expected to. Likewise I am trying to appraise accurately the person who at first repels me. Mentally I picture myself as opening a door to him, entering and hunting until I find something to admire—even if it's only his notions about brewing tea.

Nearly all of us are critical of many common pleasures. If you think card playing is silly, you shut yourself off from many around you who feel otherwise. You need not take up bridge or pinochle, but for your own happiness learn why these games give enjoyment to millions.

Golf seemed a waste of time to me, but after going around a course with some friends I could honestly say: "I still don't care to take it up, but now I see why you get such a kick out of the game." I have overcome other aversions by a similar process, for I realize we cannot grow mentally if we associate only with people whose likes and dislikes match our own.

ANOTHER FAILING COMMON to advancing age is covered in my memo: talking small talk about my past. I must remember that my children and grandchildren aren't the least interested in that walking trip I took in 1911, or what happened in school when McKinley was assassinated, or about the girls I used to take to dances. Yet, because our past clings to us like our skin, I am not going to deny myself the pleasure of reminiscence, though I shall indulge it only before a sympathetic audience. So I make special effort to keep alive friendships dating from my high-school days.

With these old friends, reminiscences make first-class conversation. I have, by detective-like work, located still other friends from childhood, and correspond with two who live 1,000 miles away, as I do with my first employer who is now retired and living across the continent.

Another experience with old friends may offer a suggestion to others. My wife and I have known each other since we were 17, and have about a dozen mutual friends from those ancient days. Every month we get together for an evening—a mixture of couples, widows and widowers, bachelors and old maids. Ordinarily groups of this sort include only married folks. In consequence the widow and widower live unbalanced social lives, and opportunities for making the best of old friendships are thrown away.

If you're 50, why not arrange a mixed party and include divorced, widowed and unmarried friends? To keep lasting acquaintanceships alive it is a delightful adventure.

To make my own future still more enticing, I am looking actively for some mental goal which can be pursued with enjoyment. It may be a cause: one of the finest old gentlemen I know, at 81, is still fighting for a program of State social legislation. Certain kinds of research—especially historical and scientific—offer mental stimulation to the nonprofessional.

We can also help ourselves by adopting interests which force us to use our hands in new ways. Having decided notions about how applesauce should be seasoned and the ingredients which ought to go into a lobster stew, I go into the kitchen occasionally and have a grand time making them. When I retire, I may even try to become a good amateur cook. Or I may take up china painting at 70.

By asking my children and their friends which traits in old people are most attractive, I have compiled a list which helps to keep me on the right track. It includes neatness, open mindedness, sympathy, activity, modesty, helpfulness to others, interest in the important developments of our times, dignity, gratitude.

And as for my own progress, I detect agreeable sprouts of growth after 18 months, and I am hoping they will soon poke out so far that others may see and admire them!

Improving on the Dictionary

Business—What, when you don't have any, you go out of.

Drunkard—A person who tries to pull himself out of trouble with a corkscrew. —Ed. Baldwin

Girdle—Something that keeps figures from telling the truth.

Golf—An ineffectual endeavor to put an insignificant pellet into an obscure hole with entirely inadequate weapons.

Imagination—Something that stays home with the little woman on her husband's night out.

Laugh—A smile that burst. —John E. Donovan

Lipstick—Something which merely adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Poise—The art of raising the eyebrows instead of the roof.

Refinement—The ability to yawn without opening your mouth.

Unbiased Person—Someone who has the same bias you have. —*The Colonel Says*

Worry—Interest paid on trouble before it falls due. —Dean Inge

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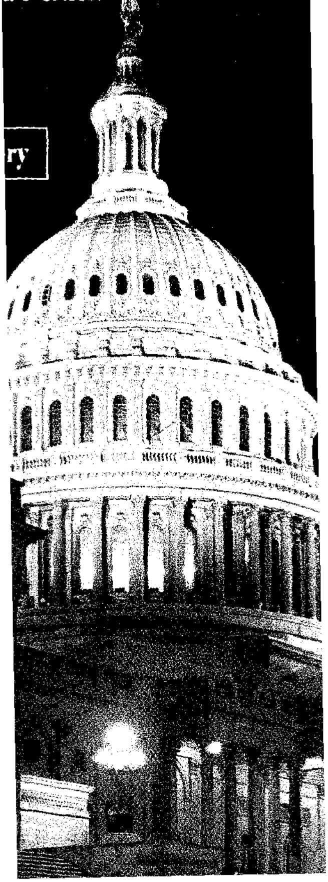
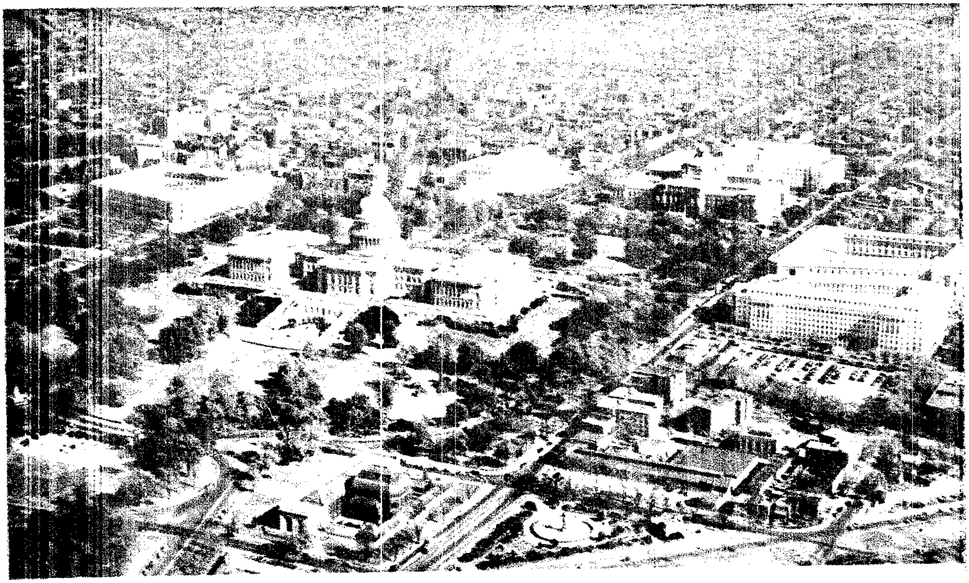
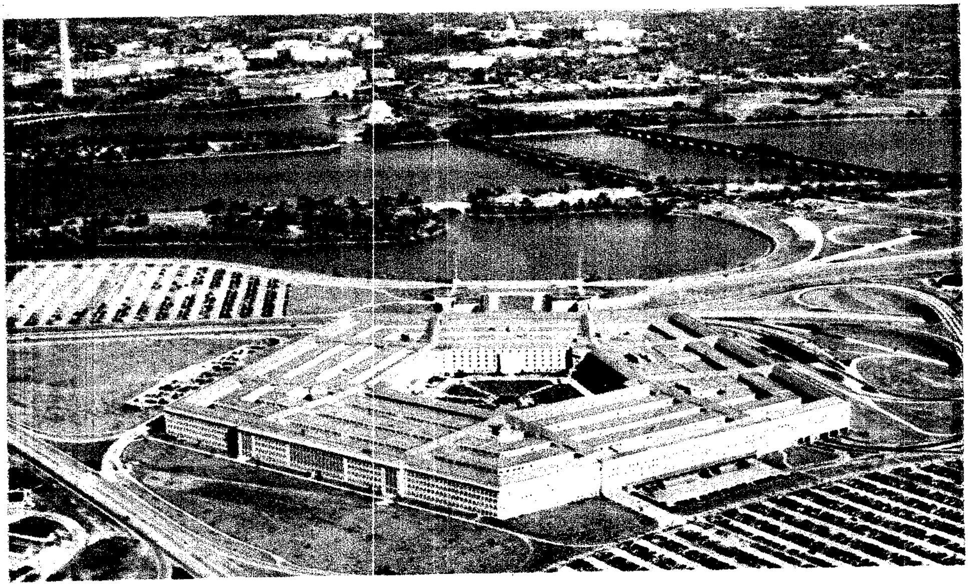


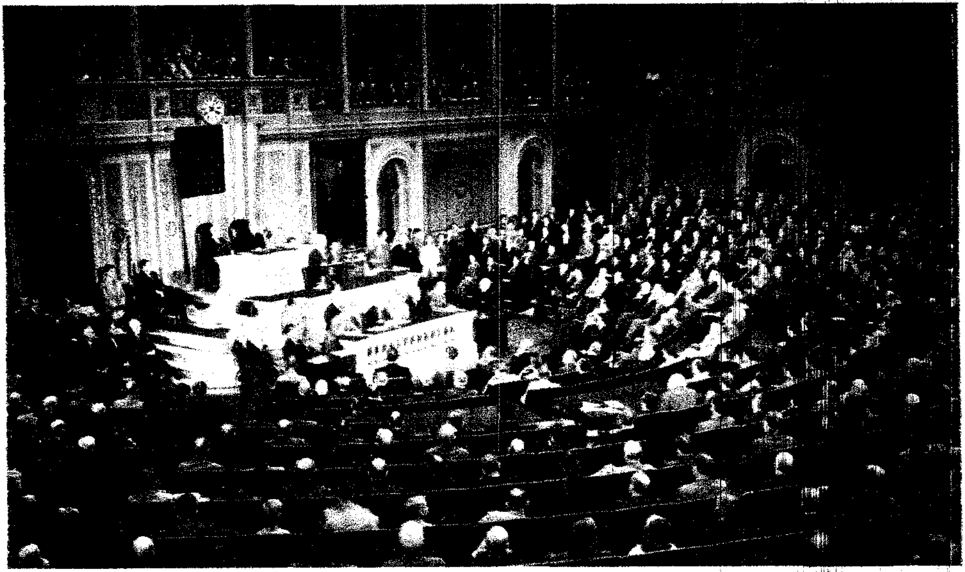


In this airview of Washington, D.C., the Capitol building appears as the center of a governmental semicircle. From left to right around it are the Senate Office Building, the Supreme Court, the Library of Congress, and the office building for the House of Representatives.

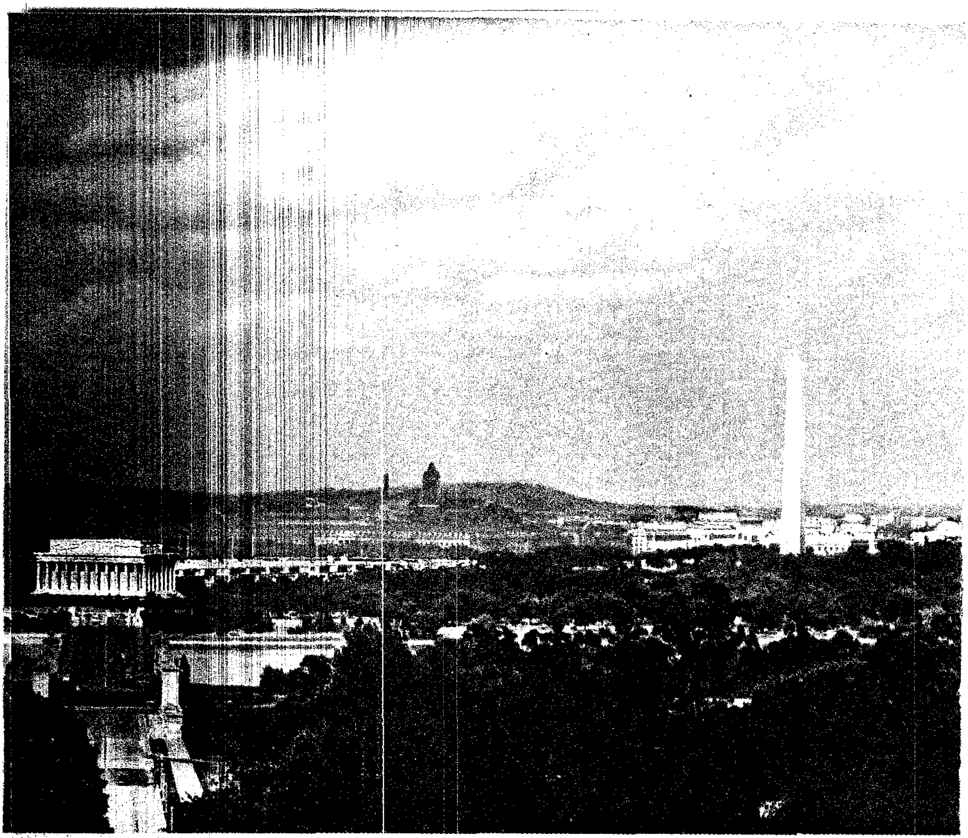


This is an aerial view of the famous Pentagon building, nerve center of the War Department during the War, and one of the largest and most amazing office buildings in the world. Here over 30,000 men and women were employed to handle the War's countless details.

Among Washington's most beautiful buildings is the White House, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Although not gaudy or ornate, it is comparable to the finest houses of state in the world. The home of the first family, it is linked by a corridor to the Executive Office Building.

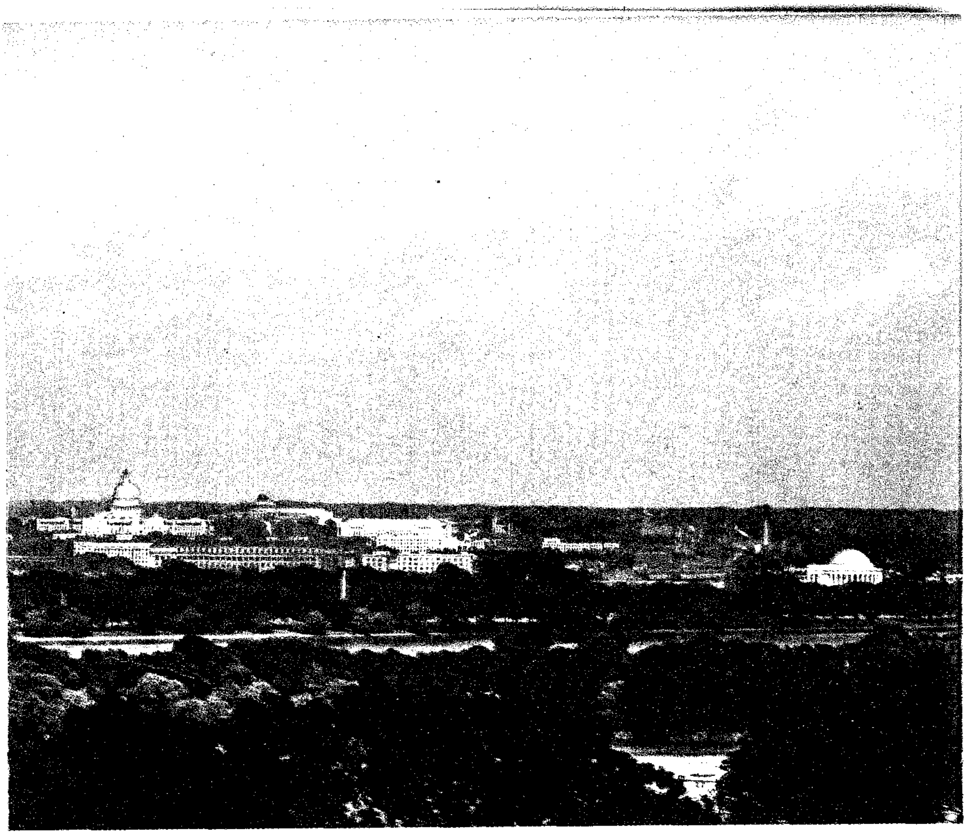


In the time-honored chamber of the House of Representatives, Washington offers its most impressive spectacle—the climax of our government in action. Here the President has come before both houses of Congress to present his annual report on the state of the Union.



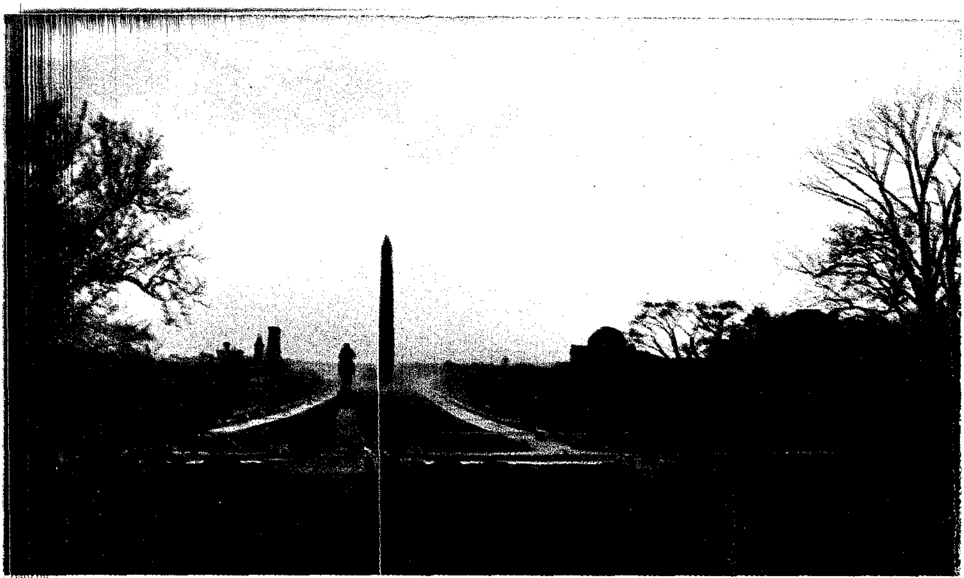
From across the Potomac you can, on a clear day, see the city of Washington spread out in magnificent cross section. Beginning with the shining whiteness of the Lincoln Memorial on your left, your eye travels along the line of the Reflecting Pool to the simple, towering obelisk which is the Washington Monument. From here you look down the river, past the Capitol building, to the domed brilliance of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial.

This cross section view reveals the real personality of Washington. Unlike any other city in the nation, it was built expressly for government and as a shrine to our national heroes. The classic proportions of the government buildings impart to our capital city an air of dignified efficiency. And the many monuments supply an atmosphere of reverence which gives fuller meaning to the history of our country. Together, they add greater reality to the fact that whatever your home State may be, it is inseparable from Washington, D.C., for this is not only a capital city but the meeting place of the entire nation.

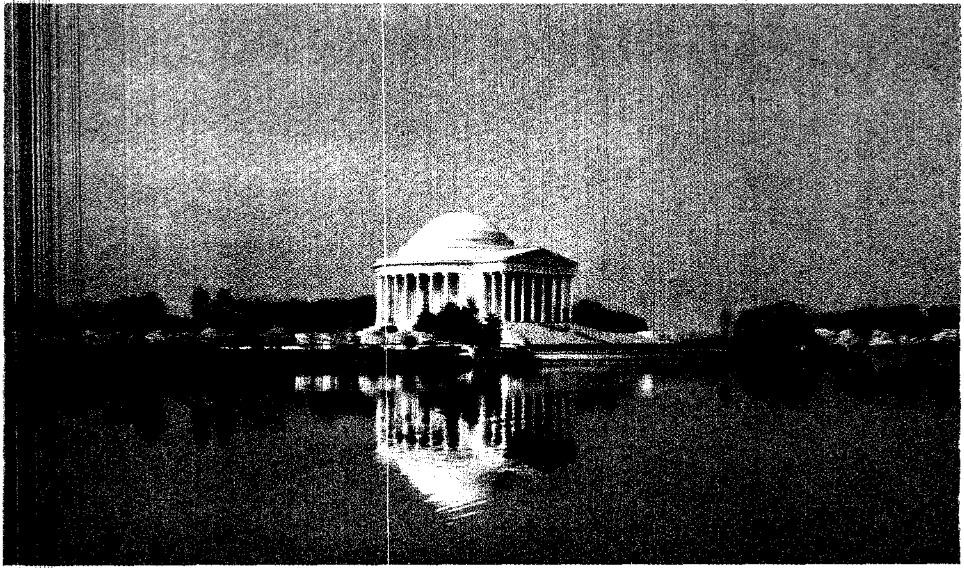


George Washington, himself, selected the main site of our capital city. He chose a Frenchman, Pierre Charles L'Enfant, to design one of the most beautiful and distinctive capital cities in the world. And though the city of Washington has expanded tremendously since its founding, the French engineer's basic plan remains. The Capitol building, from which three main streets and the Mall divide the city into four parts, is still the center of L'Enfant's original rectangle and the core of Washington's present splendor.

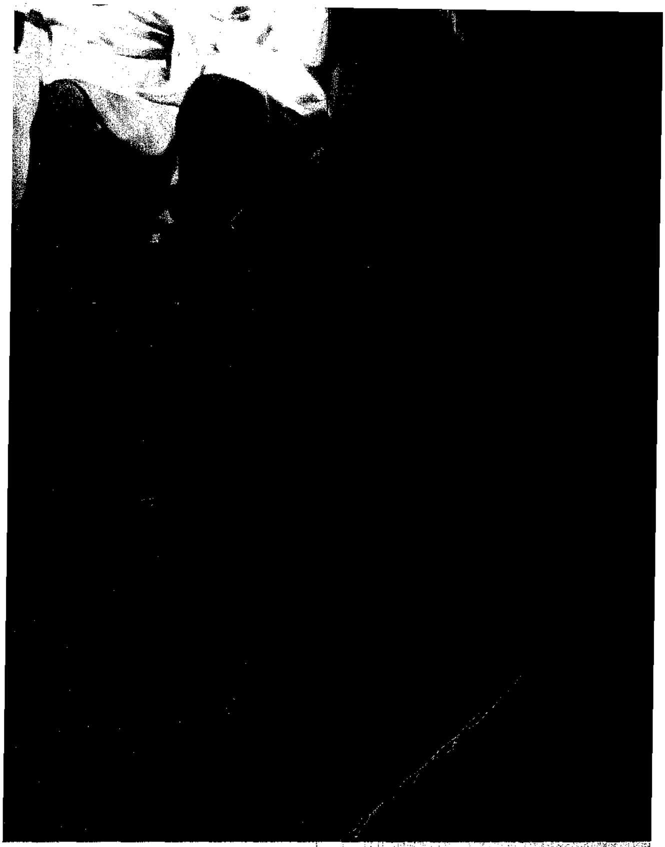
The broad avenues of Washington, the mile after mile of luxuriant trees which border them, the many green and flowered parks, the row upon row of marble-fronted buildings gleaming in the sun, the important-looking crowds, and the colorful flags of the foreign embassies flying in the wind, leave the visitor to Washington with the unmistakable impression that the Capital of the United States is one of the loveliest and most pleasurable spots on earth—the impression which George Washington wished the first city of the country to convey as long as it should endure.



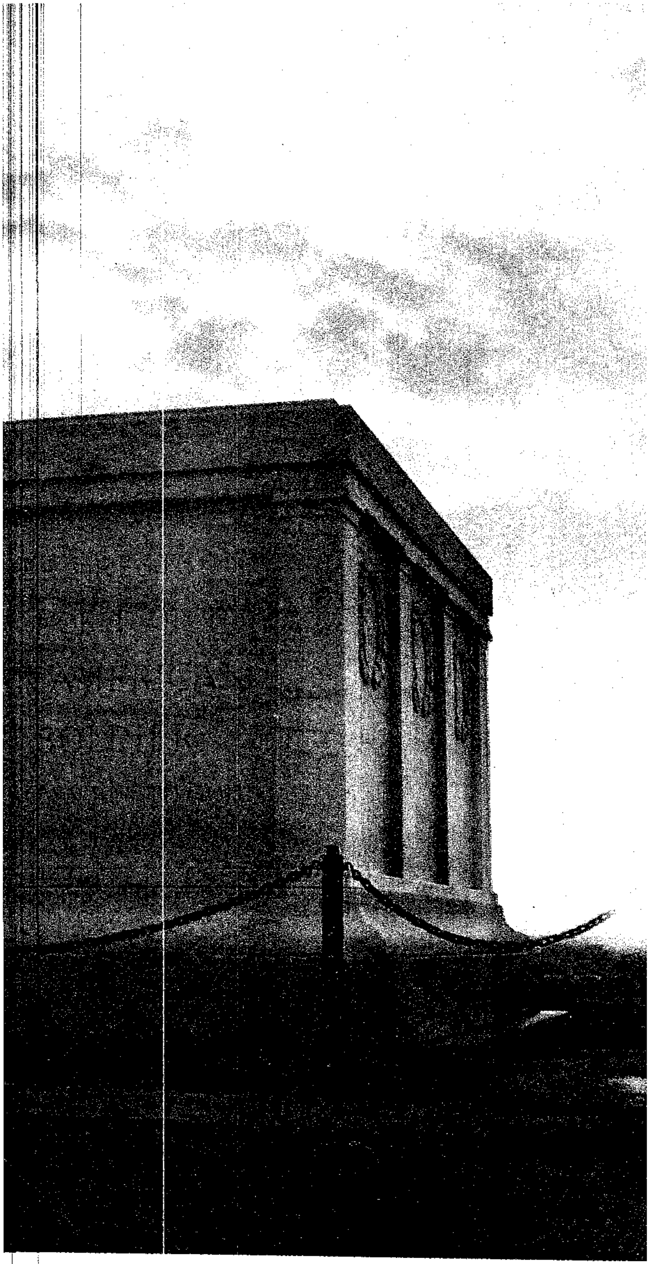
Silhouetted against the early evening sky, the statue of General Grant faces the George Washington Monument across the Mall. Such monuments and tributes as these symbolize the spirit of Washington, D.C., as a national shrine dedicated to the heroes of our history.



The classic memorial to Thomas Jefferson, dedicated in April, 1943, is one of the most recent of these tributes. Inscribed around its walls are the words by which he lived: "I have Sworn upon the Altar of God Hostility against Every Form of Tyranny Over the Mind of Man."



ln Memorial, Abraham Lincoln looks down at you,
f the words of his immortal speeches, carved into the
th to this temple-like place, as you stand here shar-
ntemplation with the other Americans at your side.



, 1946, is the 25th anniversary of the dedication of the Unknown Soldier. Soon to be joined by a nameless hero II, it is one of Washington's most significant memorials, f the men who died that our way of life might live.

NEW HOPE
FOR EPILEPTICS

How Detroit's unfortunate children are finding happiness in a school of their own

by ELIZABETH COULSON

THE BOY HADN'T been in school very long because where his parents came from, epileptics were not allowed in public schools. And his parents had been unwilling to put him in an institution for the feeble-minded.

His intelligence quotient was 138, near the genius line. When he wasn't having a seizure he was bright and tractable. Now he stood before Miss Carlotta Miles, principal of White Special School, Detroit, his big brown eyes filling with tears. "Please, Miss Miles," he asked, "can I be 'cephagraphed? Maybe I'm about to be sick. And I don't want to go home. Please, Miss Miles!"

Miss Miles pulled a folder from the drawer, checked his record. Then she asked: "You're still taking your dilantin?" He nodded. "Well, Johnny, you haven't had but two seizures since you came to us six weeks ago. Go to the clinic and lie down and we'll see."

She paused, then asked: "But why don't you want to go home?"

"Because, Miss Miles, this is the only place I can have fun." Tears spilled over with the words. "You know, I can't go places by myself because I might get sick. And mommy has to look after the baby and keep house. Besides, nobody looks at me like I was funny here."

That is the answer. At Detroit's White Special School, the only public school for epileptics in the world, the therapy of freedom from shame has given more than 1,600 epileptic boys and girls their first chance at happiness. There's laughter on the padded steps that protect children from injury when they do have seizures. There's eagerness in the classroom. Monday is never blue because the school bus picks them up and takes them to their own little world where no one stares.

Probably they've never heard the word psychiatry. They don't know how group psychiatry is healing the minds of many war-weary men and women. They comprehend nothing of the peace of mind that knowledge of a shared weakness has brought to members of Alcoholics Anonymous.

But they do know that at White School nobody draws away in revulsion when epilepsy is mentioned.

Classes are almost unruffled when a child has a convulsion. Seating is at movable desks so arranged that litter bearers can carry the child to the clinic where a trained nurse is always in attendance. At the clinic the electro-encephalograph, which brown-eyed Johnny couldn't pronounce, is an important aid in diagnosis. Then there's dilantin, a drug discovery of the last ten years, which has done much to brighten the lives of epileptics. But it's really the alikeness that heals the children's tortured souls.

THE WORD epilepsy is used freely in school. The victims learn that many of the great men of history have been fellow sufferers—Alexander the Great, Socrates, Handel, Lord Byron, and at least one President of the United States.

Pupils at White Special are also told that there are at least 500,000 epileptics in this country, and additional millions with what the physicians call a predisposition to convulsions. They discover they aren't so alone after all, and this knowledge helps when it's time for them to go into the world and assume their individual responsibilities.

Efforts now are being made to show employers that the epileptic can handle many jobs. At the Ford Motor Company, epileptic employees have at least as good an attendance record as normal workers. Some can't work from a height, lest they fall. Others can't handle automatic machinery nor use sharp instruments. But with dilantin control, they can do practically everything.

All three types of epilepsy are represented at White. There's grand mal, with severe convulsions and deep sleep. There's petit mal, in which sometimes the mental lapse is only for a few seconds. And there's the psychic type, which often reveals itself only in emotional and disciplinary disturbances. This last group, the psychic, is the object of an interesting experiment being conducted at White which may revolutionize the handling of many delinquent children.

The psychic seizure can be recognized only by a diagnostician or through the electro-encephalograph. The best apparatus and experienced interpretation of the records are needed for dependable results, however, and it will be some years before this aid is universally available.

The amnesia may be only of seconds' duration or may continue unnoticed for longer periods. Murders have been committed during these psychomotor disturbances. Teenage boys have confessed to stealing cars upon a sudden urge. "I don't know what possessed me," they say.

At White, problem children are brought in from other schools where their rebellious nature warranted expulsion. Some of the group are "graphed" and, a little later, if their parents consent, are given dilantin. The case records are proving a vital research factor in the study of epilepsy.

Dr. O. P. Kimball has been in charge of White since its inception. In a recent report in the Ohio State *Medical Journal* he sets out some of the school findings. Through his report the word migraine appears with significant frequency. In a hereditary chart of 578 cases, migraine was traceable in 190 cases or 32.8 per cent.

In endorsing educational advantages for the epileptic, Kimball says: "School authorities of many cities, adopting the attitude that epilepsy is a medical problem, assume no responsibility for the education of these children. But we have special schools for the hard-of-hearing, for those with poor vision, for the crippled and the cardiacs. Surely we should have a special school for children with a handicap arising from an unstable nervous system, including seizures."

At White, a number of children have had brain operations in an effort to cure them. Where scar tissue or brain injury has led to seizures, surgery sometimes has been helpful, but in not one case where the epilepsy was hereditary has any improvement been shown. One boy, who had been operated on twice, showed such mental deterioration that he finally had to be removed from school.

White School is the special hobby of Dr. Burt Russell Shurly, a member of Detroit's Board of Education, who more than 50 years ago decided there was need for some other place for epileptics than institutions for the feeble-minded.

When he was an intern at Harper Hospital in the days of horse-drawn ambulances, Dr. Shurly answered the "man down" calls that arrived. Carrying the patient either to his home if he were a known epileptic, or to Harper to be strapped to a bed until he recovered, the young intern made up his mind that some day he would find a way to give the epileptic a break. But like most young physicians he had to become established, so it was not until 1935 that he picked up his ideas again. At that time there were about 400 epileptic children in Detroit.

White School, then unnamed, was first opened in an unused section of a public school. Fifty children were enrolled the first month. Then, as now, they had a school bus with a driver and an attendant. The only known controls for seizures were bromides and phenabarbathol. Yet even with them, victims could have up to eight seizures a day.

Today, with dilantin, many children in the school have not had a seizure for months. Some are starting their second year. But despite dilantin, bodily fitness is emphasized. "Exercise to the point of athletic conditioning is often the difference between success and failure of drug therapy," says one school physician.

IN A WHITE classroom, there is nothing to give an impression of abnormality. Pretty girls wear sweaters and bobby sox. An alert boy acts as the office receptionist. On the walls hang oil paintings done by White's art students. Girls weave table mats, tie tufted rugs, do free-hand sketches. Boys in the craft shops make toys and art objects.

Over each door is a hospital-like light. If a child is ill, has a seizure, or thinks one is coming on, teacher presses a button, a buzzer rings in the clinic and a white-coated attendant comes at once to the glowing red bulb.

The children are in the school, under 24-hour supervision, from

Monday to Friday; they go home week ends. Parents are brought in for consultation and given special training in handling the children. The purpose of this training program is to teach both parents and children the adjustments necessary to prepare for the youngsters' discharge from White Special School after a limited stay.

Many of the children are pitifully disappointed when after a long period of dilantin-controlled freedom they have a seizure. But they are cheerful about it. "Maybe this will be the last," they say. And the others agree.

"The entire attitude of the teaching staff of Detroit's school system has undergone a change since the White project began," says Arthur Dondineau, Superintendent of Schools. "The new tolerance and understanding carries over even into the city's student body.

"Not long ago a pupil in a regular grade-school room had a seizure. His teacher discussed it with her pupils after the youngster had been taken out of the classroom. She explained there was a special school, but that he had been able to reduce the seizures to one every six months with dilantin.

" 'What,' she asked, 'does the room feel about him? Shall he be transferred or shall he remain here with us?'

"The vote was unanimous that he remain, and every child immediately constituted himself a personal guard for the lad."

So it is that the combination of a young intern's dreams, a school board's tolerance and medical research may revise the attitude of a nation to the point where hundreds of thousands of afflicted people, both young and old, can find freedom from shame and have a reasonably complete life in an understanding world.

The Human Thing to Do

A GREAT PSYCHIATRIST was conducting a series of experiments with a beady-eyed chimpanzee as his subject. "With sufficient patience, I am convinced that I can teach the chimp to do anything," the psychiatrist told his colleagues. "This afternoon I am going to try to make him play tennis."

He took the chimp to a squash court, sat it in a corner while he strode onto the court armed with a tennis racket and ball. For twenty minutes he banged the ball against the walls of the court, running madly to retrieve it, tripping a couple of times, and once bashing his forehead with the racket.

The chimp watched without moving. Finally the exhausted psychiatrist put the racket and ball within easy reach of the animal, left the court, and closed the door behind him. Then he knelt and peered through the keyhole to watch developments.

Glued to the other side of the keyhole was a beady little brown eye.

—*The Short Pointer*

Don't Be a ONE-MAN BAND

by **Donald A. Laird**

You'll go farther and get more done once you learn to delegate work and make use of other people's talents

PEOPLE WHO GET things done seldom do it all themselves. You remember Mark Twain's story of how Tom Sawyer whitewashed the fence? He made the job seem so fascinating that some of his playfellows paid for sharing in the chore. Tom Sawyer's successful way of getting things done actually works in real life, both with adults and children.

As a youngster, Andrew Carnegie learned the habit of delegating work to others. There was, for instance, the affair of his pet rabbits. Young Carnegie started with a few rabbits, but they increased so fast he was kept busy building new hutches. Shrewd Andy solved the problem by offering to name a rabbit family after any playmate who would help to take care of the multiplying tribe. The boys volunteered in droves, each one begging for work so that his name could be painted over the hutch for which he was responsible.

Later in life, Carnegie applied this lesson when building up his iron and steel empire. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad became an unpaid salesman when Carnegie named a new steel-rail factory for him. Afterwards, of course, the railroad bought most of its rails from this plant.

Some experts think that Nikola Tesla, the electrical inventor, was more brilliant than Thomas Edison. But Edison accomplished much more, had more inventions patented. The Austrian-born Tesla had a suspicious streak which was intensified after he was cheated on an early invention. Thereafter he insisted upon working in secrecy.

Edison, on the other hand, encouraged young engineers to work for him. Many of them launched amazing new industries. They were proud of cooperating with the Wizard of Menlo Park, and later organized an admiration society called the Edison Pioneers. Edison not only got more done for himself, but developed the first research *group* in the world.

Of course there are mistrustful souls who seem constitutionally opposed to enlisting the aid of others. They fear the others will take credit, beat them out of their jobs, or steal their secrets and compete against them.

The Western Electric Company's plant in Chicago had a complicated piecework method of computing wages. One old-timer discovered a short-cut for figuring the totals in his head, but would not divulge it because he wanted to remain the indispensable man.

Walter Gifford, just out of college, had gone to the factory against his father's advice. Gifford thought if the old-timer could calculate in his head, a college graduate should be able to learn the trick too. So Gifford spent several weeks trying to discover the short-cut, and finally found it. He then divulged it to the payroll clerks. As a result, when a new manager was needed in the Omaha branch, the old-timer did not get the appointment—Gifford did. At 40 he was president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

He Used Imagination and Got the Job

TO REACH their goal, men of vision and imagination—men who get things done—accept help wherever they find it. Sometimes they achieve surprising results through ingenious use of inanimate objects.

Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel the famous astronomer, migrated to England at the age of twenty. He wanted to be an astronomer but was untrained, so he used his musical skill to make a living while studying to become a scientist. Seven men were trying out for a church organist's job. Herschel drew third place, following Dr. Wainwright, famous Manchester organist. What chance did the unknown young musician have against such competition?

"Fingers alone will not be enough," Herschel told himself.

When he sat down at the keyboard, the pipes burst forth in a crescendo of full majestic chords. Then he swung into the rich tones of *Old Hundredth*. The committee had never heard the piece played so movingly before—and the young German got the job.

The organ builder asked Herschel how he had produced such richness from a new organ. The blond winner held up two small pieces of lead.

"I used more than my fingers," he said. "I placed one of these weights on the lowest key of the organ, the other an octave above. By thus accompanying the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two."

When James B. Duke was building the American Tobacco Company, he kept an eye on the man in charge of the Far Eastern market.

"How many men have you in China who could take your place if you were killed?" Duke bluntly asked James A. Thomas on one of his trips to headquarters.

Thomas pulled out a pad and began to write. "There is a list," he said, handing it to Duke. "Any one of them could step into my shoes right now."

"Whew! Twelve men!" the Chief said. "Well, if you've trained a dozen men to do your work for you, you're worth more money to us."

Frank Woolworth had failed in his first attempts to start five-and-ten-cent stores. He was finally beginning to succeed when he was stricken with a serious illness. But to his surprise the illness did not ruin him.

"Until then," he said later, "I thought I must attend to everything myself. But thereafter I indulged in the luxury of a bookkeeper, and at great effort I broke myself of the conceit that I could buy goods, display goods, run stores, and do everything else better than any man associated with me. That marked the beginning of my success."

Alfred Nobel, a bankrupt dreamer's son, was a terrific worker, but his blue eyes were constantly looking for someone to give him a helping hand. "It is my rule never to do myself what another could do better, or even as well," he wrote his brother. "Otherwise I should long ago have been worn out, and probably ruined as well, for if you try to do everything yourself in a large concern, the result will be that nothing will be done properly."

One of the gayest social butterflies I know is a career woman turned housewife. She has five children and no household help, yet she attends—or gives—parties, almost daily. She does it all by getting the children to help her. Each has something definite to do around the house.

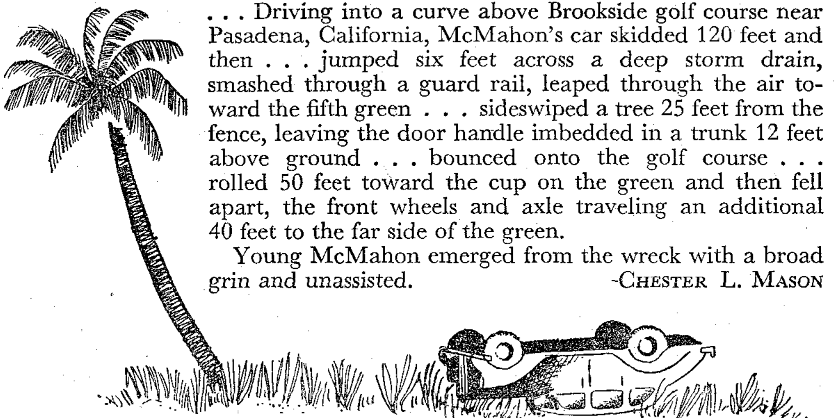
She hasn't neglected the family, nor has she neglected herself. She gets things done because she delegates the managing of the family, just as she delegates her work as a proficient executive. She is not raising a "one-mother family" but a "six-mother" household.

Other busy mothers might adopt her method of delegating daily duties on a schedule. It is even better for the children than for the parent, since a basic part of all education is to learn by doing. By subscribing to the motto of "never do anything if you can get someone else to do it," you will get more things done and at the same time develop responsibility and loyalty in those who help you.

Imagine That!

JAMES E. MCMAHON, 18-year-old Merchant seaman, is alive and well today, but the police are wondering why. . . . Driving into a curve above Brookside golf course near Pasadena, California, McMahon's car skidded 120 feet and then . . . jumped six feet across a deep storm drain, smashed through a guard rail, leaped through the air toward the fifth green . . . sideswiped a tree 25 feet from the fence, leaving the door handle imbedded in a trunk 12 feet above ground . . . bounced onto the golf course . . . rolled 50 feet toward the cup on the green and then fell apart, the front wheels and axle traveling an additional 40 feet to the far side of the green.

Young McMahon emerged from the wreck with a broad grin and unassisted. -CHESTER L. MASON



Education Against Death

by **James D. Woolf**

By using ingenuity and imagination, we can teach our children the all-important lessons of safety *before* accidents occur

Traffic authorities all over America are learning the limitless power of ideas in teaching children how to avoid auto accidents. As a result of recent experiments, these experts are now convinced that education is the only real solution. But a big problem still remains — the problem of making such education as exciting and absorbing as the comics.

Tedious lectures, scolding harangues and constant warnings usually bore the child. And it does no good to say to a torn and bleeding youngster: "I told you so! Why didn't you listen to me!" The only way to safeguard the child is to use imagination and ingenuity in safety education—*before* accidents occur.

Laurence C. Upton, chief of Maine's State Police, puts it this way: "In Maine we're always on the lookout for new ideas to help us in safety work. Street and highway casualties can't be wholly prevented by laws and policemen. Accident prevention begins with the imaginative education of the boy or girl. Whenever other states think up something new and better, we want to hear about it."

In line with Upton's philosophy, let's look at South Carolina. When 149 youngsters between the ages of 5 and 14 were killed or injured in 1944, an intensified safety-teaching program was initiated. W. L. Hardeman, director of the state's motor-vehicle division, describes one highly imaginative feature:

"The most novel approach has been the distribution of more than 25,000 safety lessons in the form of animal cutouts. 'Elmer the Safety Elephant,' first in a series, won such favor that we printed 15,000 more for children in primary grades.

"The cutout bears the motto 'Elephants never forget!' Designed as an upright folder, it carries inside three simple safety rules for the child. Planned to follow in the series are 'Frank the Safety Fox' (Smart as a fox!), 'Oscar the Safety Owl' (Wise as an owl!) and others. Each will contain two or three simply worded rules. We found these lesson reminders were not only used in the school but taken home. Thus teacher, child and parents become safety-conscious."

Rhode Island also has a novel idea in its "Uncle Red's A. B. C. Club," sponsored by the state's automobile club. All publicity matter bears the photograph of Uncle Red, a fascinating character whose eyes are hidden behind a black mask. More than 100,000 children now have a membership card in the A. B. C. ("Always Be Careful") Club, a roster which includes members not only in other states but in Puerto Rico and Scotland.

The inscrutable Uncle Red gives his club all the thrill of a mystic secret order, and his band of youthful followers listen to his preachings about safety with proper awe and respect. Uncle Red's club is only one feature of a safety program that in ten years has almost cut in half Rhode Island's accidents involving children on foot, on sleds and on bicycles.

Cycling hazards are a major problem everywhere. In the District of Columbia, Washington's ingenious approach to the problem is an annual "Bicycle Rodeo," staged by the Child Traffic Safety Council, the D. C. Recreation Department, the American Automobile Association and local police.

This exciting competitive affair is held at recreational centers for 167 schools and thus blankets the city. The objective is threefold: to educate the children in safe bicycle equipment; to teach them safe riding; to provide recreation.

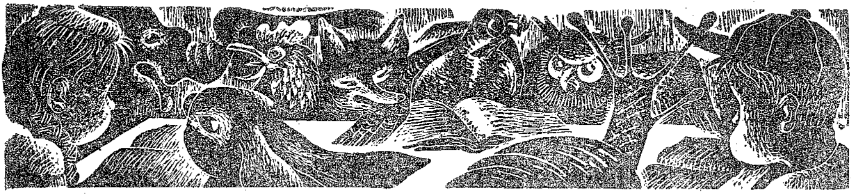
First, the entrant is taught by police-coordinators to be sure about tires, bell or horn, lights or reflectors, seat, handlebars, grips and brakes. This done, the contestants then tackle obstacle courses laid out in each playground, with prizes and certificates awarded to the winners of the contests.

The tests of skill include circling, balancing at slow speed, straight-line riding, weaving, and "U" turns in narrow lanes. The contest is a lot of fun for the youngsters, of course, but it is cleverly designed to drive home vital rules for safe driving. "The results," report the sponsors, "have proved extremely satisfactory."

STATISTICS SHOW that boys and girls under 20 have the highest accident rate of any age-group of drivers. Hence many states are now focusing educational efforts on children approaching legal driving age, and are insisting that an approved course of driver-training be incorporated in the curriculum of every high school.

The State of Washington has undertaken driver-training in its high schools under the direction of the State Department of Public Instruction assisted by the State Patrol. Students are first given "ground training" in the classroom, then must pass the scientific Neyhard psychophysical test in order to determine their physical and psychological ability for driving, such as tendencies toward night blindness, color blindness, muscular and nervous instability.

When a student is unable to meet these tests, the Patrol is finding that corrective measures often prepare him for safe driving by the



time he is old enough to apply for a driver's license.

Following the psychophysical tests comes a period of practical road instruction under the guidance of a Patrol officer or special teacher. While the program is still new, the Patrol is already convinced it "has found a plan which will soon produce a breed of scientifically trained drivers who, by action and example, will be a powerful force in lowering the terrible toll of needless deaths and injuries."

Because millions of teen-agers, many of them younger than legal driving age, are permitted by their parents to drive the family car, the idea today is to catch them while young with an intriguing plan of education that begins in grade school or even kindergarten and ends in high school. For it is well known that the teen-ager, as well as the tot, shows little interest in dull, unimaginative lectures and lurid warnings.

Many states find moving pictures an effective way of reaching the youthful mind. Massachusetts, for example, maintains a squad of seven safety instructors who travel from community to community, staging safety movie shows in public and private schools. The films are entertaining and lively, put ideas over simply, and capture and hold the attention of youngsters from start to finish. This traveling squad of safety showmen expects to show the movies in 1946 to a total audience of 650,000 children and adults, and figures that an additional 1,500,000 people will be indirectly reached.

One or more professional films of the Walt Disney cartoon type, planned and executed by experts in visual education and entertainment, would fill a real need, traffic authorities believe. But such films, done well, would be costly. A. W. Magee, chairman of the national pedestrian committee of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, feels they should be financed by a group of states, thus spreading the unit cost.

MAINE HAS RECENTLY launched a radio drama entitled "It Happened So Quick," in which child education plays an important part. In addition, radio warnings are broadcast daily throughout the state. One purpose of these daily shows is to educate parents and teachers in the art of "selling" safety lessons to children.

Pennsylvania is now promoting child education against death in its teacher-training colleges, so that public schools and kindergartens can be provided with competent instructors. Experimental kindergarten lessons are now being tried out at Slippery Rock. It's an experiment worth watching, for psychologists believe that the first seven years of a child's life are the vital "conditioning" years in which habits are set.

Minnesota is conducting what it calls "panel discussions" in its schools, a competitive affair which is no mere oratorical debate but a contest judged on the merit of the ideas reported in practical safety accomplishments. The scheme is new, but Minnesota is finding that it is catching the imagination of the youngsters and "gratifying results are expected."

Other states are likewise getting

busy. Less than three years ago California was shocked when a survey revealed that only a handful of its 450 junior and senior high schools taught driver education to their students. Now 350 of these schools offer it as a regular course. Ohio has such faith in its high-school driver-training instruction that the State Legislature now has a law on its statute books which allows any boy or girl who has passed the course to obtain a driver's license without the usual tests if the safety inspector agrees.

But the job is far from finished. Effective education against death still has a long way to go. Travel-starved tourists are crowding our streets and highways again, thousands of new bicycles are now available, children are being exposed to traffic tragedies as they never have been before.

The job of safety training is one for bold and imaginative thinkers. In the 48 states and in all cities and towns within them, experts will listen to any man or woman who can suggest better and more stimulating ways to make America's children safety conscious.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The Christmas issue of Coronet, packed from cover to cover with bright, sparkling stories and pictures, will contain three big book features you can't afford to miss:

A Christmas Carol: The immortal characters of Charles Dickens' beloved story will be brought to you in a unique way—in lifelike miniature with delightful full-color illustrations.

So This Is Peace: A condensation of Bob Hope's hilarious new book. The irrepressible Hope surveys the post-war American scene and comes up with a load of uproarious new gags—plus plenty of solid food for thought.

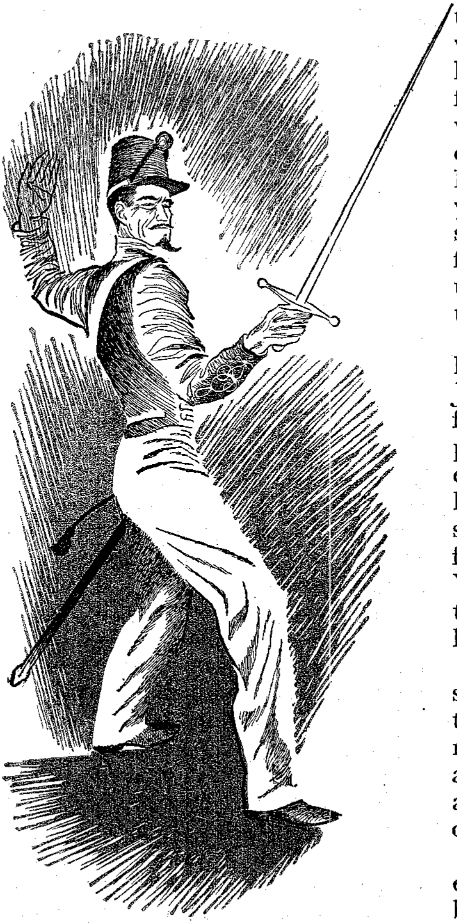
Unlocking Adventure: A condensation of the exciting book by Charles Courtney, world-renowned locksmith, whose fantastic adventures will amaze and thrill you.

Look for these, and scores of other memorable features, in the December issue of Coronet, on sale at all newsstands November 25.

Napoleon's Wizard of Steel

by **John Richard Young**

How the fabulous swordsmanship of a modest young soldier in Bonaparte's army made him the idol of all France



"ON GUARD, GENTLEMEN!" The sergeant, acting as referee, presented his rapier between the two poised duelists. The hushed silence of the regimental *salle d' armes* magnified the slithering of steel against steel as the combatants crossed weapons.

A stranger, startled by the contrast between the two fighters, would have pitied the slim swarthy lad, armed only with a buttoned foil, facing the tall muscular man who held a naked rapier. But the only spectators were non-coms of Napoleon's Grand Army in the year 1804. Skilled swordsmen themselves, fighting was their trade. They felt no pity for the 19-year-old volunteer private; they had gathered to see him butchered.

The regimental fencing master had boasted that this young pupil, Jean-Louis, was the most promising fencer in all France. But to Napoleon's veterans, fencing was mere exercise. One of them, a corporal, had challenged the master's pet, sneering "The sword is not made for your hand, monsieur of the foil." Yet Jean-Louis' answer had been to insist on these terms—a sword for his opponent, a foil for himself.

The referee stepped back. Instantly the corporal lunged for the throat. The boy parried without moving his feet. The blades clashed and whined as the corporal danced around, seeking savagely for an opening.

For a novice the skinny lad was extraordinarily cool. Face calm, black eyes wary, he wheeled smoothly, parrying the big man's offensive. A flick of his wrist, a twist of his elbow, and his opponent's swiftest thrust swerved harmlessly aside.

The scar-faced referee laughed. "What are you afraid of, corporal? The kid has only a foil."

The corporal, cursing, flung himself at the boy recklessly—and as vainly as if he were thrusting at a ghost. He tried every trick he knew, until at last he stood spread-legged, panting, nearly exhausted. Jean-Louis, cool and unruffled, mocked him by lowering his foil, as if it were beneath him to attack so inept an opponent.

The corporal, goaded by humiliation and rage, swung his rapier saber-fashion in an attempt to smash down the boy's guard by sheer strength. The blades rang—and suddenly the rapier went flying through the air. Before it hit the floor Jean-Louis stepped in, struck his first and last blow. With all his power he whipped his foil across his opponent's face, slashing the big man's cheek to the jawbone. The corporal was only half-conscious when he struck the floor.

Of the spectators, only the fencing master realized they had watched the first duel fought by a brown-skinned lad destined to become one of the greatest swordsmen the world has ever known. Yet long after his feats had become legendary and he was the idol of the Grand Army, Jean-Louis' modesty still bordered on humility. Like many geniuses, this wizard of steel dedicated his life to his art. And, astonishingly for a soldier, his art was not the bloody butchery of dueling. It was the sport of fencing.

He never challenged or went out of his way to provoke a duel; he accepted challenges reluctantly. When he had to fight he fought calmly, nonchalantly, without a trace of the killer instinct, content merely to "pink" his man. On the one memorable occasion when he broke this rule, he made blood flow as at a pigsticking spree.

JEAN-LOUIS BEGAN life in 1785 with the cards stacked against him. Born in San Domingo, the illegitimate son of a French colonial officer and a native woman, he was sent to France as a child and at 11 was admitted as a "pupil" to one of Napoleon's crack regiments. His delicate appearance was deceptive; Jean-Louis was as tough as catgut, and had a sharp, receptive mind.

In regimental fencing school he showed his especial talent immediately. He had the grace of a leopard, the reflexes of a cobra. The old fencing master realized that here was a "natural"—a swordsman with greatness bred in his bones.

Instead of trying to fit the boy to a standard mold, the teacher encouraged Jean-Louis to develop his own natural style. Jean-Louis scorned fancy tricks and flourishes; he even regarded cavalier salutes at the beginning of a match as cheap grandstand stuff. He concentrated on developing only two things—a lightning-fast attack and an impassable defense. All superfluous movements he stripped away, until a contemporary said that his fluid actions "followed one another like the links of a chain."

His reputation grew so swiftly that by the time he was 20 Jean-Louis had fought almost a score of duels. All these combats were monotonously alike; the young wizard toyed with each challenger, then politely pinked him. By 1814, Jean-Louis had become fencing master of the 32nd Regiment, stationed in Madrid. He was then 29, a veteran of Napoleon's campaigns, his sword skill known throughout the Grand Army.

Other regiments of the Third Army were drawn from conquered allies, who had no love for Emperor or Frenchmen. Brawls were common, until ill-feeling boiled over one day in an explosive tavern fight between French soldiers of the 32nd and Italians of the 1st. Oaths, mugs and bottles flew through the air; swords and knives flashed. Finally the fighting was quelled, but murderous animosity on both sides remained at white heat.

A council of high officers, deciding that such useless bloodshed must stop, decreed that the senior and assistant fencing masters of both regiments should assume blame for the disorder and fight a duel to a finish. When one of the first two duelists was killed or seriously wounded, another swordsman from the same regiment would carry on, until no more champions of one or the other regiment should be left to fight.

Each regiment picked its 15 best swordsmen. Naturally, Jean-Louis topped the 32nd's list, while a tough Florentine named Giacomo Ferrari had the honor of opening for the Italians. But Jean-Louis did not appear to think highly of the council's decision. As the day neared, his manner became ominously calm.

The combat setting was worthy of Tolstoy. The Third Army in full war panoply was drawn up on an open plain outside Madrid. Guidons and battleflags fluttered in the hot wind; weapons glittered in the sun. Pigtailed hussars, sweating cuirassiers, heavy dragoons, artillery, infantry—all were there. As gold-braided officers rode up, drums rolled, cannon boomed.

The referee called the first combatant. Jean-Louis and his opponent, each stripped to the waist, walked to meet each other. In contrast to the hairy and muscular Ferrari, Jean-Louis looked boyishly frail. The Italian, exuding self-confidence, came forward with a swaggering strut.

"On guard!"

Ferrari flourished his rapier aloft, Jean-Louis merely raised his sword so that the blades touched. At the signal Ferrari attacked savagely. Jean-Louis fell back a step, parrying. The Italian bounded sidewise, lunged and missed. Then, as the blades rang harshly, Ferrari reversed, driving low for the heart.

Jean-Louis' riposte was too swift for eyes to follow. The Italian leaped back, blood spurting from his right shoulder. But he laughed recklessly and sprang back to the attack.

Jean-Louis met him, moving in. Suddenly the point of his rapier disappeared into Ferrari's ribs. Then he jerked it free with one smooth pull. The Italian swayed, blank wonder on his face. He opened his mouth, then crumpled, spitted through the heart.

A savage, mastodonic roar exploded from the assembled army—yells of French delight and Italian fury. Jean-Louis watched as two

Italian soldiers lifted their dead champion, then wiped his dripping blade with a handkerchief. When he turned he saw a burly Italian swordsman beside the referee, glaring hate and rage.

"On guard!"

The big Italian had a wrist of steel, but that was all. For a minute Jean-Louis fenced with him, then as cleanly as he had killed Ferrari he ran him through the heart.

Again the hot air trembled with rage and delight. Jean-Louis remained unruffled, his face a bronze mask. He slew the next Italian without a flicker of expression in his sloe-black eyes.

The spectacle was no longer a series of duels. It was scientific slaughter. The best Italian swordsmen were helpless before that peerless, shining blade. When ten more Italians had been put out of action, the French marshal, head of the council that had ordered combat, weakened. He called out:

"Jean-Louis, you have proved your greatness and courage. Will you let your comrades finish the fight?"

Jean-Louis turned, stared stonily. "Messire, I am not here to prove my courage or my skill. I am here by the council's decree." Irony edged his voice: "I shall not leave the post of honor assigned me by the 32nd Regiment."

"Jean-Louis, I beg of you to allow someone else——"

Jean-Louis' voice cut with the sharpness of his own sword-thrusts. "Messire, I am here by your order. I shall fight so long as I can hold a sword."

The marshal raised his baton. "Soldiers of the 32nd and 1st Regiments, I declare this combat at an end."

The 32nd broke ranks, swarming over the bloody field, surrounding their champion with cries of hysterical joy. The total elapsed time of his 13 combats, including delays between duels, was 40 minutes. In all, he executed a total of only 27 offensive strokes; not one of the champions had even touched him.

This feat made Jean-Louis famous all over Europe. Repeatedly he was offered high commissions, but he preferred to remain as regimental fencing master. At 45 he opened his own fencing school in Montpellier. There he taught his daughter to fence and, though she was only 20 when she died, she had defeated many of France's best professional male fencers.

When Jean-Louis was an old man, two jealous regiments garrisoned in Montpellier fought a series of murderous duels. The Minister of War asked the old swordsman, now a living legend, to make peace. Jean-Louis did so, but in his speech to officers and men he denounced dueling as a curse on the human race. Perhaps he was remembering a blood-spattered field in Spain on which brave men had vainly died so long ago.

◆

Today the average man lives 25 years longer than a century ago. He has to in order to get his taxes paid. —John L. Chapman

Bowling:

America's No. 1 Sport

The appeal of a game anyone can play has made the bowling alley a people's club

by **HANNIBAL COONS**

THERE'S NO LONGER any doubt about it—bowling is America's most popular adult sport. And by fantastic odds. It outranks baseball, football, prize fights and horse racing combined in the number of participants.

But the most remarkable thing about this business of bowling is that people who like bowling actually bowl. Which outrages an old and honorable tradition, to wit: that only spectator sports are popular in America.

Americans, as we all know, like to sit in a grandstand and watch hired mercenaries exercise for them. Yet today, our No. 1 sport turns out to be bowling, without doubt one of the poorest examples of spectator-sport imaginable. What is even more fantastic, the spectators come free while the players pay. This, obviously, is a super-break with tradition.

The fact that the break has been made successfully is undeniable. During the last 50 years the growth of bowling in America has been phenomenal. Counting duckpin and candlepin alleys, there are today some 75,000 individual alleys in America; laid end to end they would make a continuous promenade 955 miles long. Some 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 men and women spend $221,000,000 a year bowling on them. Bowlers have their own organization, the American Bowling Congress. With local associations in 1,350 communities and an active membership of more than 1,000,000, the ABC is one of the largest sports organizations in the world.

The Women's International Bowling Congress, started in 1916, is already the world's largest women's sports organization. The American High School Bowling Congress supervises high-school leagues in more than 50 cities. The blind bowl, and amputee veterans too. What's more, bowling is the foundation of most industrial recreation programs in the country, the Chrysler Corporation alone having more than 800 teams within its nationwide organization. Lockheed Aircraft has 212 teams in a single plant at Burbank, California.

Last spring 5,744 five-man teams

pilgrimaged to Buffalo from all over America to participate in a mass ABC tournament lasting 62 days. One team spent $3,000 coming from Hawaii to compete with thousands of others for a top prize of $1,500, supplemented by a diamond-studded medal for each member of the winning team.

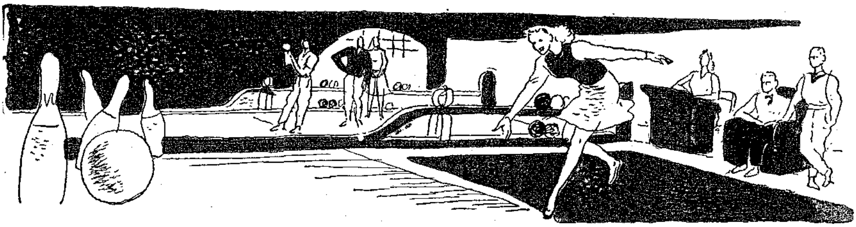
Have you ever been to a bowling alley? If not, you're due for a shock. The nation's alleys are no longer owned and patronized by shady characters from the wrong side of the tracks. Most of the customers more closely resemble Colonel Potterby and the Duchess. The owners include film star Harold Lloyd, who has alleys in Southern California; Don Hutson of football fame who operates successfully in Green Bay, Wisconsin; and Ben Chapman of the Philadelphia Athletics, who has three alleys in Alabama.

The Cameo Bowling Casino at Forest Hills, Long Island, is a good example of a modern "neighborhood" center. The Cameo, close by the famous West Side Tennis Club, is like the Radio City Music Hall during a cymbal number. The foyer has deep carpets, the whole place is air-conditioned, the lighting is fluorescent, the rest rooms are immaculate.

To the left of the foyer is a spacious cocktail lounge, overlooking the bowling scene. The 16 alleys gleam like strips of oaken ribbon. Bowling costs 28 cents a game, plus a customary five-cent tip for the pin boy, and most of the customers bowl from three to six games before tiring. The Monday night we were there, 54 people—from youngsters of 20 to ladies of 50—were bowling, with the girl at the desk telling late-comers that they would have to wait at least an hour.

The service in a modern alley is astonishing. Girls in cute uniforms bring refreshments right to the foul line. You're called to the phone over a public address system: "Mr. Smith, will you please come to the desk; I have a call for you!" It's Mr. Smith this and Mr. Smith that. And all for a total expenditure of a dollar or two. In short, the modern bowling alley has become the athletic club of the people.

THERE ARE 10,500 Cameos spread over the country from coast to coast, all banging away like a man fixing a stove. Many of them, like the Roxy in New York City—home of the national radio bowling program "Right Down Your Alley"—remain open 20 hours a day, one group of bowlers shoving the preceding group out of the way almost around the clock. Housewives in the morning, office-workers at noon, more housewives in the afternoon, organized leagues during the early



evening, assorted citizens till midnight, and then chorus girls and musicians till dawn. There isn't a dull moment at the Roxy.

People who don't bowl find the current craze a little hard to understand. Actually there are a lot of very solid reasons for the remarkable popularity of bowling. In the first place, it is one of the few sports for which you don't have to buy a single item of equipment. All you have to bring to the arena is your right hand. The management furnishes the balls, alleys and pins.

Also, bowling requires a deceptively short apprenticeship. One of the first games you bowl may well be your best game for ten years. The first recorded perfect "300" game in league competition was bowled by a 19-year-old boy, Ernest Fosberg of Rockford, Illinois, on March 7, 1902. Mr. Fosberg, now living in Seattle, has been bowling ever since, and up to yesterday had not rolled another 300 game.

In bowling, a good little man is just as good as a good big man, if not better. Joe Falcaro, one of the greatest match bowlers of all time, is 5 feet 6, and weighs a fast 142. Joe Wilman, another bowling great and all-events winner at this year's Buffalo tournament, is 5 feet 5, and weighs 155. Buddy Bomar, Ned Day, Hank Marino, Andy Varipapa, and most of the other name bowlers are not much bigger.

Bowling is one of the few sports at which a woman can often beat a man. Wilman's wife, who wouldn't weigh over 115 pounds with rocks in her pockets, has had league averages as high as 179, which is very good bowling. Twinkle Watts, the little ten-year-old figure skater, has rolled single games of over 200.

There are 6,500,000 bowlers in America over 40 years of age; nearly 2,000,000 under 20. One of the 12,780 two-man teams competing this year at Buffalo consisted of Irvin Clark of Philadelphia, age 12, and his grandfather, age 78. Another contestant was Peter Howley, who competed in the first ABC tournament in 1901.

Another unusual advantage of bowling is that a poor bowler doesn't hamper a skilled companion. Bowling is an individual contest, somewhat akin to target shooting.

Possibly the greatest reason for bowling's popularity, however, is the wonderful chance it gives you just to knock things to hell. A man who has had a fight with his boss, or a lady whose cake has fallen, can hasten down to Joe's and take it out on the timber. In a bowling alley, for a small fee, you can do this all night, with no harm to anyone.

BOWLING ITSELF IS probably the world's oldest game of skill, with the possible exception of courtship. Our unclad ancestors bowled round stones at pins made out of the leg bones of sheep. The Egyptians bowled 7,000 years ago. The first known indoor alley was opened in London in 1455. Henry VIII installed alleys at Whitehall Palace around 1530. And Sir Francis Drake finished a game of bowling one afternoon in 1588, then went out and licked the Spanish Armada.

America's earliest settlers brought along bowling-on-the-green and the game of ninepins. The latter, sauced with gambling and general wassail, became such a public passion in and around New York that the legislatures of New York and certain New England states formally outlawed the game. This effectually closed "those bowling places," and for a time it looked as though bowling had ended up as another game that people used to play.

Bowling is hardy, however. A few years after the outlawing of ninepins, some nameless genius simply added another pin, setting the 10 pins in a triangle instead of the old ninepin diamond, and bowling was off again.

The better element in bowling, however, realized that some sort of regulation would have to be established over the sport if it was to survive. Also, the growing desire among Eastern bowling clubs for inter-city contests demanded standardization of rules and equipment. After several attempts to set up a permanent governing body, the American Bowling Congress, bowling's Supreme Court, was formed in 1895. Bowling has gone steadily upward ever since.

Our judges and legislators not only approve of the proceedings; many of them are members of bowling teams. On a recent hot day in St. Paul, a judge trying a case against a local sporting goods firm got up and removed his coat. Across the back of his shirt was the name of his bowling team sponsor—the sporting goods firm on trial!

Most of America's bowling equipment has been built by the 100-year-old Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company. In 1906, Brunswick pioneered in the development of the composition "Mineralite" ball, to replace the old wooden ball that chipped and dented out of shape. Brunswick's tireless promotion department has gradually convinced bowling proprietors of the benefits not only of good bowling equipment but of appealing entrances, pleasant foyers and proper rest room and locker room facilities. As Ray Hanley, District Manager of the New York branch of Brunswick, recently remarked:

"Brunswick has always believed that establishing a new alley isn't a case of selling a man so many boards and so many nails. It's a case of helping him plan the whole place so it will be attractive to people."

Brunswick were among the first to develop the idea of giving your friends initialed bowling balls for Christmas. Many an unsuspecting citizen has received one of these at Yuletide, gradually decided that it couldn't possibly be a tree ornament, and finally headed for an alley to try the thing. By next Christmas he's giving *his* friends bowling balls for Christmas.

Brunswick has thought up a lot of things like that. So many, in fact, that today almost any statistic you care to mention about bowling is startling. Some 1,800,000 American bowlers like only duckpins and candlepins, the latter form of bowling mania being concentrated around Boston. Duckpins, a sort of midget version of bowling, is popular not only in New England but also around Pittsburgh and through the Southern states.

But by all odds the standard is what is known throughout the world as American Tenpins. It's really quite simple. There are ten pins, set in a triangle at the end of a 60-foot strip of dance floor, and you roll a 16-pound ball at them and try to knock them over. You get two rolls, if necessary, in each frame or inning. There are ten frames to a game, with two possible bonus frames.

If you knock all ten pins down with the first ball it's a "strike," and your score for the frame is ten plus the pins you get with the next two balls in the following frame. If you knock them all down in any one frame, but need two balls to do it, it's a "spare," and your score for the frame is 10 plus the first ball in the following frame. Thus a perfect game consists of bowling 12 strikes in a row, which happens once in every 700,000 games.

Incidentally, the "300" score you've heard about means points, not pins; to score 300 you actually knock down 120 pins, the score being made up of 30 points in each of the 10 scoring frames.

Approximately one out of every fifteen regular bowlers is a member of the American Bowling Congress. ABC membership, not necessary unless you want to bowl in an ABC-sanctioned league, costs about $2.50 a year per team.

The exactitude of ABC's control is shown by the specifications for alleys and equipment. The pins, for instance, may vary in diameter only $1/64$ of an inch. The entire alley must be *kept* level to within 40/1000 of an inch, to meet specifications of the American Bowling Congress. Meeting these wafer-thin standards makes a single alley cost from $1,500 to $2,500 to build, with the cost of setting up a whole establishment being figured at approximately $5,000 for each pair of alleys, but not including the cocktail lounge or soda fountain.

The entire operation of organized bowling is laudably open to public gaze: The ABC annual report, available to all, sets forth in detail every nickel they have taken in and just what they have done with it, from the $10,000 annual salary of the secretary, Elmer H. Baumgarten, down to the 75 cents they have squandered on a new ribbon for the adding machine.

Bowling, already the top American indoor sport, is looking to the future almost with longing. Foot fouls are even now being called automatically in open bowling by electric eyes bent over the foul line. Vastly more important to the average bowler, pins will shortly be set just as automatically, with no one at all at the far end of the alley.

These remarkable machines, now on the way, will eliminate the pin-boy problem that has bedeviled bowling since the beginning of time. They will set and reset the pins, return the balls to you and keep score. All we need now is a machine to roll the balls in the first place, and we'll have something.

Frugality

Man buying a new tire: "Leave the wrappings on. I might get a couple of miles out of them." —*The Brigadere*

Living Museum of the Sea

by MILLARD C. FAUGHT

With an eye toward the future, a little Connecticut village is preserving the glory of our great seafaring tradition

FOR FIVE HOURS on the night of September 21, 1938, the hurricane which had twisted its destructive way up the coast from Florida vented its final wrath on New England. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, once the chief whaling port of America, buildings were crushed, trees uprooted, highways washed out. Yet through it all an ancient ship rode out the blow at her berth in Round Hill, not far away.

No stranger to storms, for a century she had dealt with fierce weather in every sea and ocean of the earth. She was the whaler *Charles W. Morgan*, last surviving square-rigged whaleship. When the hurricane died away she stood defiant, her whaleboats smashed, her sheathing ripped, the golden eagle gone from her stern, but her sturdy pine masts still pointing to the sky.

Many a ship lover worried about the ancient *Morgan* as the storm roared up the coast, but none worried more than members of the Marine Historical Association, 60 miles away at Mystic, Connecticut. Carl Cutler, curator of the Marine Museum which is located on the site where whalers and clippers once were built, spent most of the hurricane's hours keeping watch over hundreds of priceless relics of America's great seafaring past.

As fierce winds shook the building, Cutler stood guard amidst such exhibits as the document box from the *Acushnet*, the original of Moby Dick's legendary ship, the *Pequod;* the rudder gudgeon from the *Bounty;* personal belongings of Captain John Bolles who sailed the whaleship *Alert* on which Dana spent his "two years before the mast"; and a brace of pistols taken by John Paul Jones from the British warship *Serapis*.

Small wonder that Cutler and his associates, who have preserved so many maritime relics, should worry about the fate of the last remaining whaleship in the world. Today their museum is a testimonial to their common pride in America's sea traditions. That's why the gallant *Morgan* is now moored alongside their museum in Mystic, sound in timber and mast, awaiting your inspection. There are no "keep off" or "don't touch" signs on board—nor anywhere else about the museum grounds. You can descend the ladders into 'tween-deck holds where the smell of sperm oil still persists, climb into the crew's hard bunks, peer into the try-pots where the blubber was rendered, or inspect the captain's quarters. And you will come away marveling at the daring of men who sailed in so inhospitable a craft on whaling voyages lasting up to five years.

The true heroics of these mariners are impressed upon visitors—not alone by the *Morgan*, which brought home two million dollars' worth of oily booty in her century at sea—but by the dramatic murals of whaling scenes on the museum walls and the displays of crude harpoons, small boats and other gear used to capture the largest and fiercest denizens of the deep.

YET THERE IS MORE than whaling lore behind the story of Mystic's museum. The purpose of the Marine Historical Association and its many members, themselves descendants of old shipbuilders, whalers and other seafaring folk, is twofold: first, to preserve, before it is too late, many of the remaining relics of America's great seafaring past; and to use this preservation of history in re-establishing a great maritime future for America as she takes her place in the one world of tomorrow.

These may be high-sounding sentiments, but the Mystic people and their sea-minded friends, who are scattered far from this tiny seaport, apply them in practical fashion. For them, history is no dead hand from a mummified past, but a living force that can be used constructively in the nation's present and future. And they have translated this attitude into an intangible spirit that permeates their museum.

You don't have to "register" before a grilled window. Instead, you are invited to sit at the battered old dining table from the *Benjamin F. Packard*, last of America's square-rigged merchantmen, and sign the museum's "log." In it you will find the signatures of visitors from all over the world, where news has been carried of the museum and its purpose.

A few years ago the Ship Lovers' Society of Melbourne, Australia, sent the museum a huge skylight from an early Australian steamship, the *Rotomahama*. The skylight has carved teakwood seats on which Mark Twain was wont to "take the sun" while crossing the Tasmanian Sea. Museum visitors now use it to rest upon, after too much sightseeing.

Another "international" exhibit is a letter from the chief magistrate of Pitcairn Island, certifying that the rudder gudgeon sent to the museum actually came from the fabled *Bounty*, sunk by mutineers in 1787 when they decided to establish a Pacific kingdom of their own. But why did their descendants want to send a memento to far-off Mystic? Because, by strange coincidence, a George P. Christian was once first mate on the *Morgan*. His great-grandfather, Thursday October Christian, was the first child born in the new "kingdom" of Pitcairn. And his great-great-grandfather, Fletcher Christian, was the leader of the *Bounty's* mutineers.

After listening to such strange tales of strange lands and adventures, visitors wonder how so amazing a museum could have come into being along a quiet New England harborside. One summer morning in 1929, three men were talking in a woodworking shop in Mystic. One was a lawyer, another a doctor, the third an industrialist. Different in experience and temperament, these men nevertheless shared a keen interest in America's seafaring traditions.

As they talked, Carl Cutler, the lawyer and author of *Greyhounds of the Sea*, was cutting a "half model" of one of the famous Clipper ships he had written about. Casually he mentioned that in a near-by town, fifty such "half models" which had once served as guides for shipbuilders had recently been sawed up and used for firewood in a single day. Also, he remarked, hundreds of tons of invaluable marine records had been removed from the New York Customs House by a junk man.

To Dr. Charles K. Stillman, descendant of Clark Greenman, famed Clipper builder, such stories were equivalent to news of a fire in the Smithsonian Institution. Similarly, to Edward E. Bradley, who himself had sailed on Clippers as a young man, Cutler's comments were disturbing news. Promptly they decided that something should be done to arrest the loss of marine records and relics, and to preserve them in a fitting manner.

There in the little Mystic woodshop, amidst the shavings from Cutler's ship models, they launched the museum idea. Since then, time has overtaken two of the pioneering trio, Stillman and Bradley, but not before both had had a chance to see ample proof that their convictions would be carried out by increasing numbers of people who, like themselves, believe that the traditions of America's seafaring past can serve to make her maritime future greater.

Cutler, who serves as museum curator and managing director of the Association, is likewise proud of progress made, but he is more preoccupied with the fact that members, friends and even strangers have so deluged the museum with gifts of all kinds that the building is virtually overflowing. Hence the Association, and indeed the town of Mystic, are interested in plans for enlargement, not merely adding floor space but reconstructing a whole seaport street as it was in the 1850s when Mystic's fabulous shipyards were turning out sleek, graceful Clippers.

ALREADY a good start has been made. The *Morgan* is permanently moored and, within a few years, stretching down the waterfront street from her berth will be a shipyard, a sailmaker's shop, ship's carpenter shop, shipsmiths' shop, cooper's shop, a ship chandler's warehouse, candlemaker's shop, and a counting house (bank), all arranged just as they were in bygone days.

Association members have little trouble explaining to visitors what their reborn street will look like, for there is no need of referring to architects and blueprints. Lars Thorsen, contemporary artist, has become so intrigued by the museum that he has painted a realistic "panorama" of the completed project. Mystic's objective is to do for America's marine traditions what Williamsburg, Virginia, has done to preserve her "coloniana."

Among its members and supporters, the museum has generated an *esprit de corps*, compounded of love of country, of ships, of the sea. That is why busy men travel at their own expense from all over the country to attend directors' meetings; why a State governor and university presidents serve on its committees; why admirals badger Cabinet officers to borrow Navy equipment to supplement exhibits; why friends in foreign countries pester their own national museums to exchange historical items.

It also explains why the townsfolk of Mystic take turns at handling unpaid museum jobs to keep the institution operating. Old-timers talk with understandable pride of the role which their picturesque village has played in the history of our nation's sea prowess. Looking to the future, they believe that their unique museum symbolizes a rejuvenated public interest in the task of building a new and even more powerful American Merchant Marine.

Conversation Stoppers

A Des Moines home owner, wearing his oldest clothes, was mowing his lawn when a woman in a fine car stopped and asked him: "What do you get for mowing lawns?"

"The lady who lives here lets me live with her," replied the home owner. The lady in the car, without comment, drove away.

—Des Moines *Register*

The editor was busy at his desk doing nothing, when the phone rang. On the other end was an irate subscriber. "I noticed in your paper," the reader shouted, "that you printed I was dead!"

"Zatso?" was the indifferent retort. "Where are you speaking from now?"

—Walter Winchell

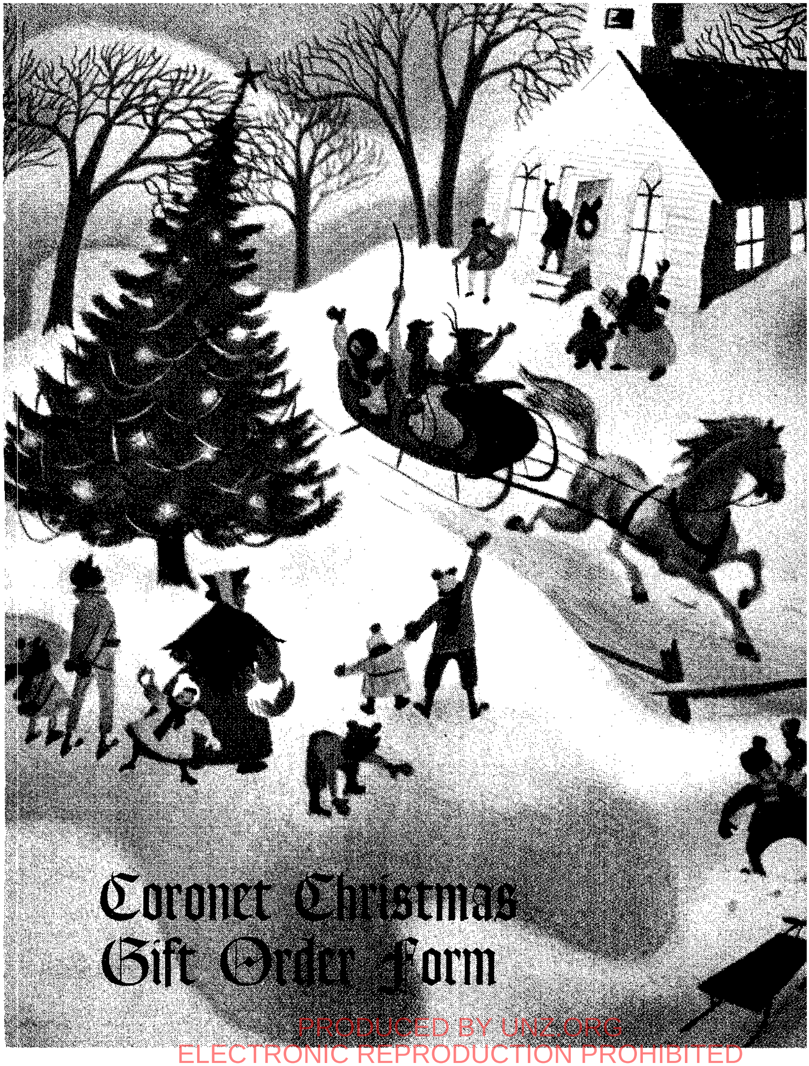
A certain New York elevator operator in an office building on lower Broadway was fed up with answering foolish questions. One day, while his car was waiting on the street floor for a load of passengers, a middle-aged woman rushed up and asked: "Is this car going up?"

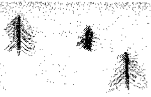
The operator shook his head sadly. "No, Ma'am," he said. "This is a crosstown car."

—Toni Seven

The employer, leaving the office, was instructing his new secretary as to what to say if anyone called while he was out. "I may be back this afternoon," he told her. "And then again, I may not."

The girl nodded. "Yes, sir," she said. "Is that definite?"—Tom Cox


Coronet Christmas
Gift Order Form



it's funny about Christmas . . .

. . . the way it just *isn't* Christmas unless your front yard glistens with new-fallen snow . . . unless there are myriad colored lights on the Christmas tree, pine cones crackling in the fireplace . . . and, most of all, unless you feel sure your friends will be genuinely pleased with your Christmas gift to them.

What could be more appropriate then, more in line with the spirit of Christmas gift-giving, than remembering your friends with a little share in *your own* pleasure . . . a share in the pleasure you get from a little magazine, CORONET.

Take a Tip from These Readers—

PLEASURE-SHARING IS FRIENDLIEST GESTURE

"Whenever I want to give a special little token to a close friend I almost always decide on a gift subscription to CORONET because *it's like giving a share* in my own enjoyment. Sharing enjoyment with one's friends seems like an intimate, personal gesture . . . so I know my gift must be received as warmly as it is given."

—MERLE OBERON
International Pictures Star

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DONE WITH EASE

"I think one of the things I enjoy most about Christmas is gift-shopping in my easy-chair. Sounds amazing, but not when you've caught on to the CORONET gift habit! I merely fill out an order form, send it in and—presto, my friends are all lined up for an exciting gift they can look forward to enjoying all year."

—TED CROSS
University Student

JUST THE GIFT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

"I always thought that one of the worst Christmas gift problems is trying to decide on *one* gift that will be really welcomed by several members of a family. Then one day when I was relaxing with my current copy of CORONET I realized that I was holding the perfect family gift right in my hands. 'What could be better?' I thought . . . CORONET'S wide assortment of entertainment—picture stories, articles, game books and special features—is just the thing to keep the whole family happy. Now I have several families on my gift list marked down for CORONET, and it's so well liked by all that they, in turn, are giving it to their friends."

—MRS. ROLAND J. BEST
Topeka, Kansas

ENTERTAINMENT RICHES FOR SMALL INVESTMENT

"The most important thing about a Christmas gift is not its cost or elegance, but its quality. Being a CORONET reader, I am of course aware of its richness in variety entertainment. That's why I take great pleasure in giving my friends CORONET . . . in *no other* gift could I find such quality for so small an investment."

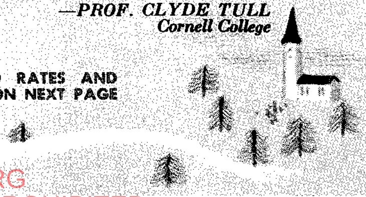
—BETTY MACDONALD
Author, "The Egg and I"

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS MAKE BIG HIT

"I have a friend who is crazy about color photography and one time, several years ago, I pointed out to him some full-color pictures in my CORONET that I thought were pretty swell. He was so taken by them that, when Christmas rolled around, I sent him a gift subscription to CORONET. I've given it to him every year since then—and he *still* raves about the work of CORONET'S color camera."

—PROF. CLYDE TULL
Cornell College

SEE CORONET'S SPECIAL REDUCED RATES AND EASY CHRISTMAS-SHOPPING PLAN ON NEXT PAGE



Coronet's easy-on-the-budget Christmas rates

(REGULAR RATE—$3 PER YEAR)

1 subscription (new or renewal) 1 year .	**$2.75**
Each additional 1 year subscription . . .	**$2.25**

(CORONET PAYS THE POSTAGE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD)

order now to beat the Christmas rush . . . pay after Jan. 1st

These rates are good only during the holiday season. So why not include a subscription for *yourself* with your gift order? If you're already a subscriber, your renewal will simply be added on to your present subscription. Just check the box opposite your own name below.

IMPORTANT! Be sure to print your own name and address in the first space below to insure proper inscription on gift cards.

GIFT ORDER FORM

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NAME OF PERSON SENDING ORDER ______________________

☐ **Check here to include your own subscription.**

Address ______________________

City ______________ **Zone** ________ **State** ________

☐ **$** ____________ **remittance enclosed.**

☐ **Bill me after Jan. 1st.**

ENTER GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS BELOW

1st Gift

Send to ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ Zone ________ State ________

Gift Card to read from ______________________

2nd Gift

Send to ______________________

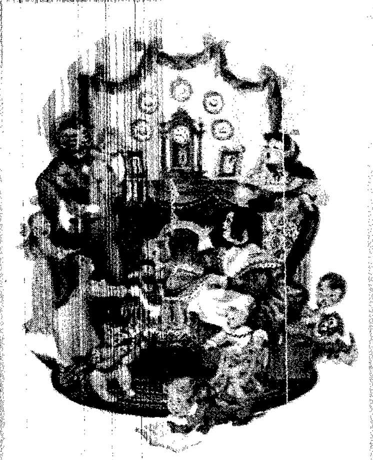
Address ______________________

City ______________ Zone ________ State ________

Gift Card to read from ______________________

ADDITIONAL SPACE FOR LISTING GIFTS ON FOLLOWING PAGE

to announce your gifts . . . a beautiful Christmas card



The warm, intimate family scene reproduced in miniature at the left is a Sheilah Beckett original, designed for the 1946 Coronet gift card which will be sent to your friends . . . announcing the good news that Coronet will come to them on the 25th of each month of the coming year with your compliments. To lend a personal touch, your name will be hand-penned on each card.

The first copy on each of your gift subscriptions will be mailed in a special Holiday wrapper timed to arrive at Christmas.

CONTINUE LISTING YOUR GIFTS BELOW (SEE REDUCED RATES INSIDE)

3rd Gift

Send to____

Address____

City____________________Zone______State__________

*Gift Card to read from*____________________________________

●

4th Gift

Send to____

Address____

City____________________Zone______State__________

*Gift Card to read from*____________________________________

●

5th Gift

Send to____

Address____

City____________________Zone______State__________

*Gift Card to read from*____________________________________

New Fire-Fighting Magic

by **C. Lester Walker**

A trio of amazing wartime weapons, released for peace, are now helping to protect our homes and our industries

OVER THE SAN FRANCISCO airport the big bomber was beginning to let down for a landing. Neither pilot nor crew knew it, but one minute and forty seconds from now the ship was to crash-land and burst into flames.

For a holocaust the bomber was a set-up. She had 3,000 gallons of high-octane gasoline in her wings. In her fuselage were 400 rounds of .50-caliber machine-gun ammunition and 600 target cannon shells. Part of her motors and frame were magnesium or magnesium alloys which, when burning, throw off a heat of 2,372 degrees.

Since the high octane was stored throughout her wings, the fire would feed from all points, almost from the moment of the crash. The magnesium would burn molten, the exploding ammunition would fling it throughout the ship. In a matter of seconds the plane would be a crimson inferno.

When the crash came the gas tanks ruptured and a sheet of flame roared 50 feet into the air. Battered and bent, the emergency exits refused to open. Pilot and crew were trapped in the crumpled fuselage. The airport's emergency crews rushed up fire-fighting equipment—axes, hoses, water, a fire truck—but the terrible heat beat them back. Already parts of the wings were beginning to melt and drop off. Anyone who approached closer than 150 feet would be seared to a crisp.

Nevertheless, a few seconds later a small fire-fighting wagon with a long cylindrical tank on its back and a swinging boom overhead rolled up and drove directly into the heart of the flames. Watchers saw a blinding blizzard of snow begin to pelt the burning plane. Clouds of it roared out of the truck's overhead boom, out of the bumpers, out of the hose nozzles along the sides. And then suddenly—a matter of seconds—the fire was out, the trapped men were being helped from the plane.

Magic? No—just one of an amazing trio of new fire-fighting weapons developed to a high point during the war. One was carbon dioxide, the inert colorless gas which all of us inhale and which fizzes up in soda water. The other miracle-performers were *water-fog* and a fire-blanketing *foam*.

When the airport driver turned his boom nozzle against the blazing bomber, he opened a tank of liquid carbon dioxide (CO_2), confined at 850 pounds pressure. It rushed into the air, expanding 500 times in volume and hitting the fire as unbelievably cold snow: 110 degrees *below* zero!

"Although I drove the wagon right into the flames," the driver said afterward, "the moment I turned the nozzle I felt no heat but was actually cold."

Then the carbon dioxide snow turned to gas and cut down the oxygen of the air around the plane. Quickly the raging inferno that enveloped the big bomber was smothered.

Carbon dioxide is today being called the "most revolutionary extinguishing agent in fire-fighting history." It can put out flames which no other extinguisher can even get at. For instance, fire on a coal pile. The pile is a mountain—200 feet long, 50 feet high—a factory's winter supply. The fire is burning *inside* it, far inside. Water can't touch it. So it is given an "injection" of carbon dioxide.

Long tubing, like a slim pointed pencil, is driven obliquely into the pile. Inside the pencil's point, where the tubing is perforated, are cylinders of liquid carbon dioxide. Down deep where the fires burn, the cylinders are "shot." The carbon dioxide discharges into the surrounding coal; the gas seeps through the whole pile, blotting out the fire.

And this amazing new fire-snuffer damages nothing. It simply evaporates and disappears. It can be used on the most delicate machinery or instruments; even movie films and the most sensitive fabrics are never injured.

FOAM AND FOG, THE OTHER members of the new fire-fighting team, are often as spectacular as carbon dioxide. Let's look first at foam. It is queer stuff; a viscous, spongy lather which sticks to *everything*. Even to vertical sheets of glass! And wherever fire burns, it caps it out, like wet sod on campfire embers.

Foam proved its worth during the war in ways that had to be seen to be believed. There was, for example, a great fire off the Virginia coast. Two ships had collided in the darkness. One carried munitions. The other, a tanker, had more than 100,000 barrels of fuel aboard.

When the munitions ship sliced into the tanker's side, the cargo of explosives ripped her in two. She plunged to the bottom. The tanker's whole stern, geysering with gasoline, burst into flame.

Bringing special foam equipment, Navy fire-fighters arrived on the scene. They found the tanker abandoned by her crew and sheathed from stem to stern in woolly black smoke, shot through with roaring orange flames. The heat was almost unimaginable. Anchor chains had

melted and snapped. A bronze propeller lashed to the deck astern had begun to soften and sag.

But the Navy fire-fighters boarded her by the bow and worked aft, playing their foam nozzles. A white slather of rubbery scum began to settle on the flaming gasoline. Wherever it struck, fire went out. When rivers of gasoline ran blazing across deck, the Navy men blocked them with piled-up dykes of foam.

Then the open tanks had to be extinguished. The foam-throwers put on gallons of the amazing stuff —4,500 a minute, from 200 feet away. It floated, rolling on over the blazing gasoline like an expanding lava blanket. It was eight inches deep, and so tough and gas-tight that no re-ignition, or "flashback," occurred.

Some hours later a multi-million-dollar ship had been saved, plus 70,000 barrels of war gasoline. Almost certainly all would have been lost but for the fire-fighting foam.

A surprise feature of foam used in fire-fighting is that it is not "chemical" in any way, but entirely *mechanical*. A foam nozzle on a regular water hose sucks up foam-making liquid from a portable pick-up tank. (The liquid is usually aluminum sulphate or a secret soy-bean product.) Inside the nozzle the "bean-soup" is beaten up with water and air, then flung out as the fire-quenching scum. And like carbon dioxide, foam is harmless. Clothing or the human skin is uninjured by it. Ninety per cent of it vanishes after a fire.

There are now fire trucks which use nothing but foam. Carrying a 500-gallon compound tank and powerful pumps, these trucks make a little water go a long way. Using 100 gallons of water, they produce 1,000 gallons of foam. Water runs off, or evaporates in heat; but the foam sticks and stays. Thus if water is scarce, foam is invaluable.

LAST OF FIRE-FIGHTING'S new miracle trio is fog—but not last in performance. This fire-killer is merely water hurled into the air as a wall of mist. It is made by a special fog gun (a nozzle) which breaks up a hose stream into scores of needle-like jets. The jets are made to smash against one another as they roar from the nozzle tip. Sixty gallons of water a minute, traveling at 150 pounds pressure and a speed of 100 miles an hour, are atomized into millions of water particles. Billions, really. In one 60-second interval, 1,380,000,000 will be made.

They form a roaring ball of fog which will often do what a stream of water cannot. For example, watch what happens when they attack a blaze at a big power plant. There has been a short circuit in a transformer. The big switch box, with 250 quarts of oil in it, and the giant 250,000-volt transformer are roaring in flames. Hoses with fog nozzles are rushed up by the company fire department.

Water? On an electrical fire? Two hundred and fifty thousand volts? Yes—because water-fog's tiny particles are non-conducting! Hissing like a thousand serpents, the water-fog falls upon the flaming equipment. The men play it directly on the transformer from only 15 feet away. No one is electrocuted! And in *70 seconds* the fire is out!

What happened? Merely this:

thousands of BTUs (heat units) were absorbed by the fog's billions of tiny water particles. The fire was cooled below the burning oil's ignition point. The steam generated then blocked off the oxygen from the air. At that point the fire simply went out.

Since fog is practically weightless, it has one unique advantage. It will stifle ship fires without loading the hull with water and, as in the famous case of the *Normandie*, turning the ship over. This was demonstrated vividly in the case of the transport *Manhattan* during the war. Fog was poured into her hold for three days when she caught fire in the North Atlantic. The fires all out, she had only a slight list.

With the war over, all three of these fire-fighting weapons are now available in increasing quantity to protect American industries and homes. Carbon dioxide is going into hundreds of plants in built-in extinguishing systems. Fog trucks with high-pressure pumps and fog guns are being added to the fire-fighting equipment of dozens of communities. Generators are being installed, capable of smothering mill and factory fires under acres of foam.

For your own home there is now a special hand-size extinguisher which produces foam corresponding to the type used on our battleships. A postcard sent to the National Fire Protection Association in Boston will bring anyone the names of its manufacturer.

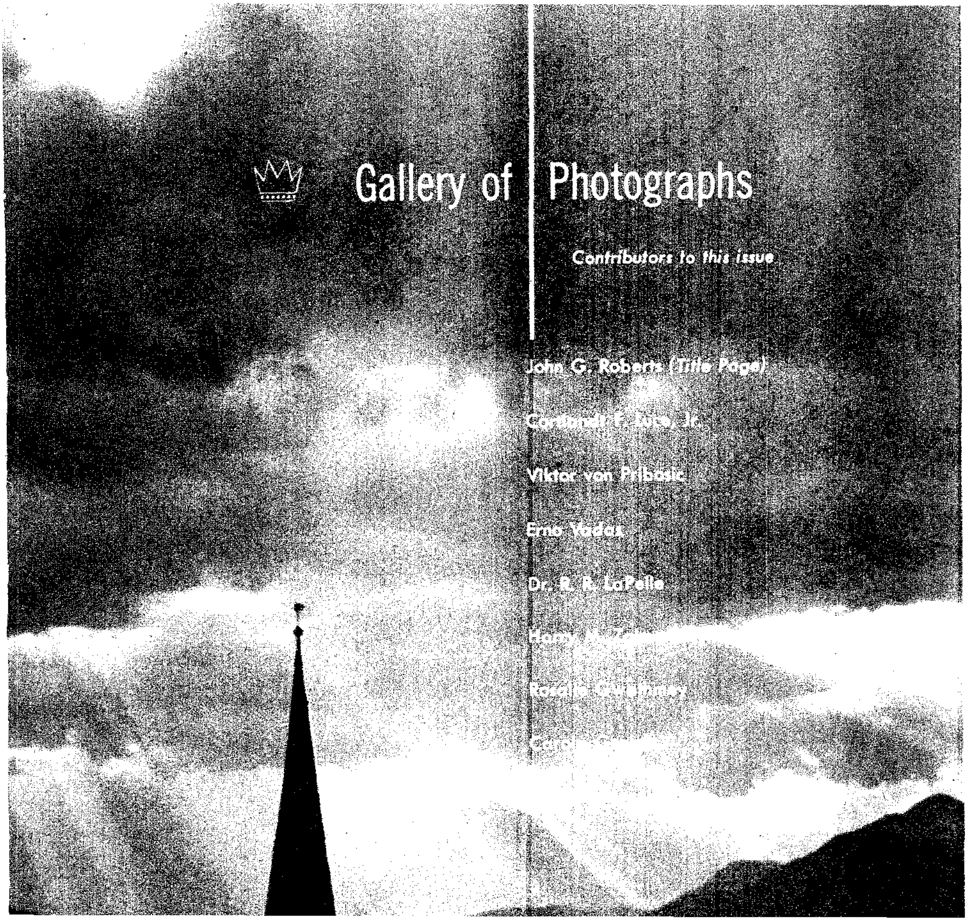
Protection from fire by carbon dioxide "snow" is also yours for the purchasing. It comes in an extinguisher weighing only two pounds—complete with simple trigger and direction-discharge horn. This carbon dioxide extinguisher, incidentally, is a type which never deteriorates, never freezes and, unless used, never needs to be recharged. If depleted due to a few squirts at a fire, it is cheaply filled at the manufacturer's refilling stations (they are all over the country) or at your local bottling plant.

The odds on fire in your life are heavier than ever these days. More fires last year, higher-than-ever money losses, 11,998 people burned to death. In the last 12 months we have had 350,000 *home* fires. But they can be reduced if householders will use one of the new miracle weapons which science has perfected for fire-fighters everywhere.

When a Hornbill Is Expecting

THE HORNBILL of South Africa is a master at dealing with the "deadlier of the species." This crafty bird chooses a hollow tree for his nest; when the female starts to lay her eggs the male quickly seals her in the cavity with mud, leaving an opening only large enough to insert his beak in order to bring food to her. Thereafter he does not have to worry about the female brooding the eggs, or any philandering on her part, until after the young are old enough to fly. Then he tears away the cement and liberates his captive.

—VANCE HOYT



Gallery of Photographs

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Threshhold to Yesterday

Cortlandt F. Luce, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

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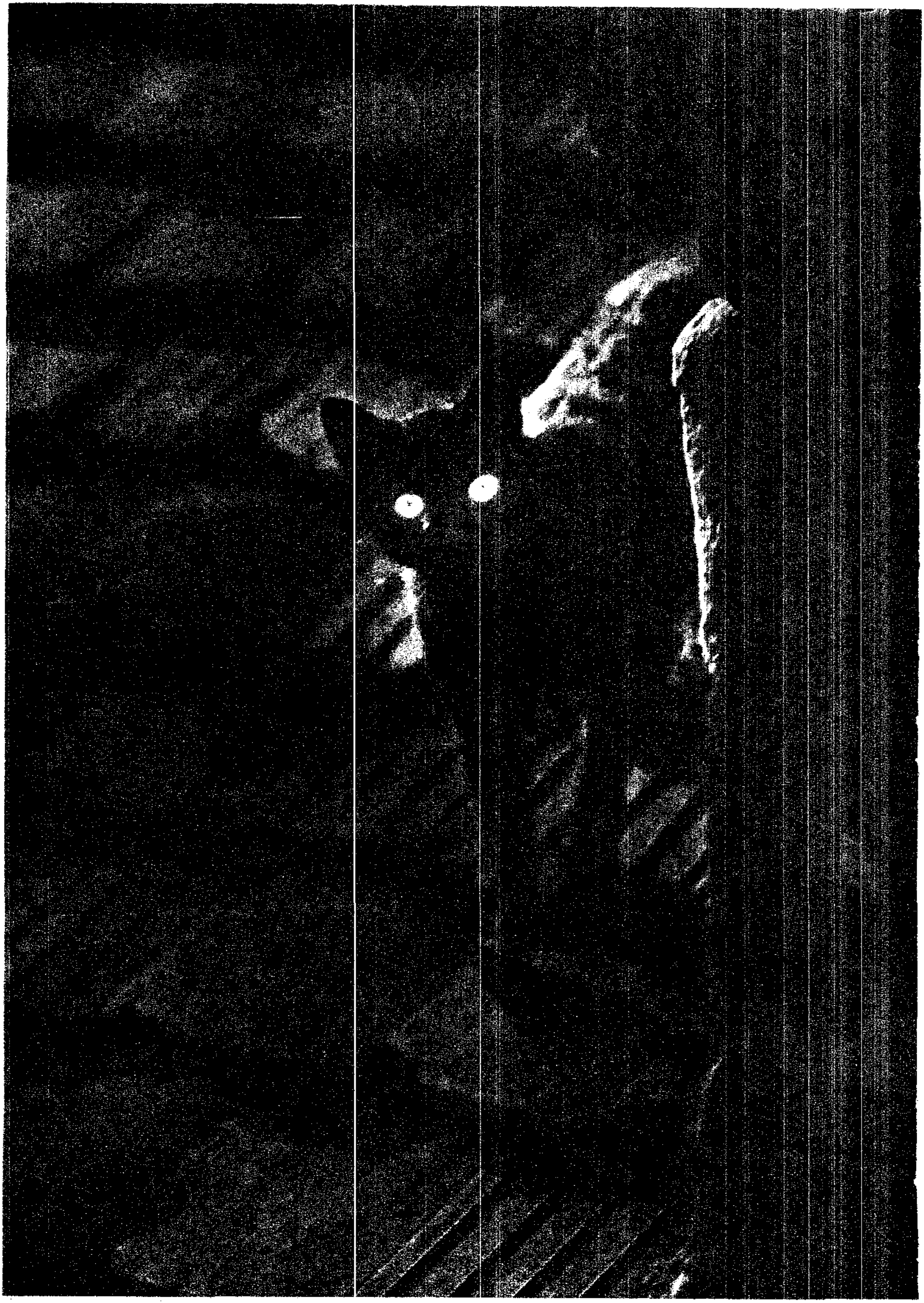


Two Eyes and Nine Lives

Erno Vadas, Budapest, Hungary

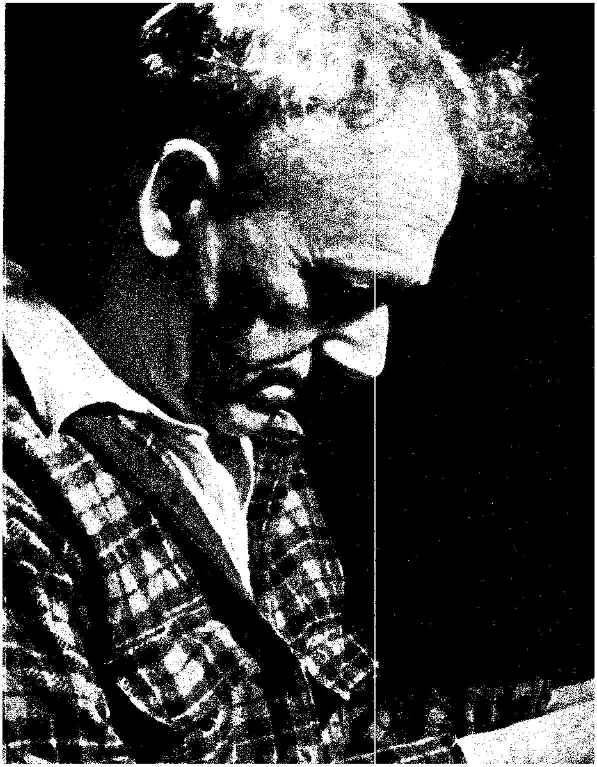
Quack Tracks

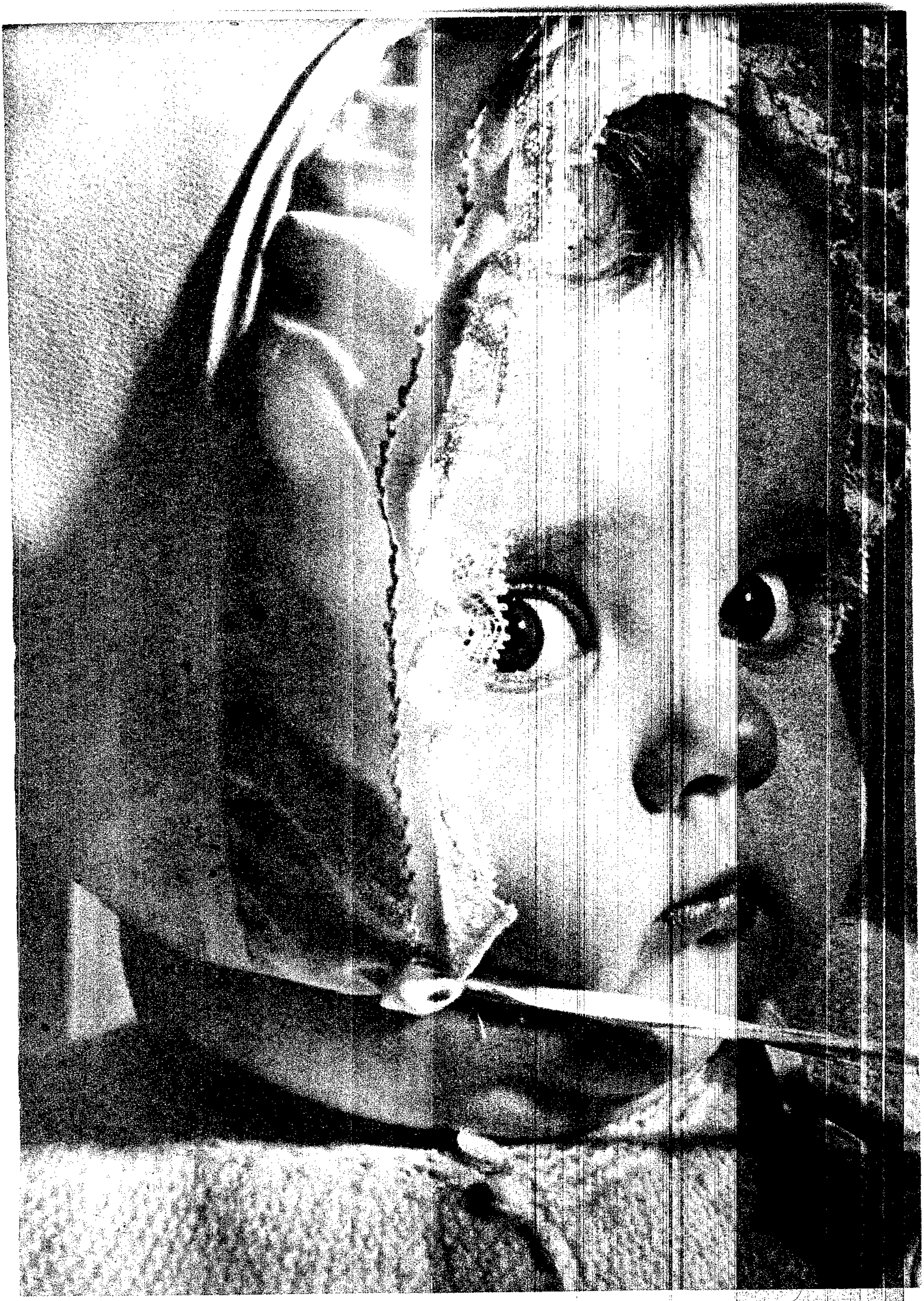
Dr. R. R. LaPelle, Philadelphia, Pa.

Squirts

Harry M. Zalmanoff, Syracuse, New York

Finger-tip Sermon Rosalie Gwathmey, New York, N. Y.





"The Look"

Roy Pinney, New York, N. Y.

Our human comedy

Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed; so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS of the Verdun forts is Fort de Vaux. The walls are covered with scribbled names, home towns and dates. The American names are big and black and seem to blot out the others. One of them says: "Austin White, Chicago, Ill., 1918 and 1944. This is the last time I want to write my name here."

—BILL DAVIDSON

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE took a taxi to his hotel in Paris. As he paid the driver, the latter said, "Merci, Monsieur Doyle."

"How do you know my name?" asked the author.

"I saw in the papers that you were arriving from the south of France today," explained the driver. "Your general appearance shows you are an Englishman. You have had a haircut in the past week, and it is evident that your hair was cut by a barber in the south of France."

"Amazing," commented the creator of Sherlock Holmes. "You had no other evidence to go on?"

"Nothing," replied the driver, "except the fact that your name is on your luggage."

EDMUND GOULDING tells of the resourceful English comedian who never reads his mail, subscribing to the theory that 95 per cent of one's mail is bad news. Extracting only his fat weekly check, he instructs his butler to place his mail on a table.

As the week wears on, the pile of envelopes keeps growing bigger and bigger. On Sunday the two carry the accumulation to the fireplace where the comedian sits down happily to watch the mail burn.

"There," he gloats, "go all my troubles!" —*Tales of Hoffman*

THERE WAS QUITE a lot of plain and fancy high diving in Billy Rose's "Aquacade," at the New York World's Fair some years ago, and a chap came to Rose with a stunt which rocked the molecular showman to the well-worn heels.

"I do an act," the fellow said, "which is terrific. I dive off a hundred-foot board smack into a barrel of sawdust, and come up smiling."

Rose didn't believe it, so the fellow showed up to give a demonstration. The barrel was set up and filled with sawdust, then the chap climbed up on the hundred-foot-high diving board, took a deep breath—and bowled into space. He hit the center of the barrel clean, busted it wide open and came up with sawdust clinging all over him.

Rose was dumfounded—the diver battered and punchdrunk, but uninjured.

"Great!" Rose gibbered. "I'll give you a thousand a week!"

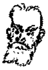
The diver shook his head.

"Two thousand!" Rose said.

The diver shook his head again.

The offer went all the way to five thousand, until Rose screamed at the fellow: "Okay—you name it. I'll pay it."

The sawdust-covered performer shook his head. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Rose, I'm not interested. That's the first time I ever did that," he said, "and I don't think I'm gonna like it!" —Ted Nathan



At a benefit affair George Bernard Shaw, in a gentle mood, asked a maiden lady to dance.

"Oh," she simpered as they waltzed, "whatever made you ask poor little me to dance?"

"Well," responded Shaw gallantly, "it's a charity ball, isn't it?"

When Queen Wilhelmina was in the United States during the war she made a tour of inspection at West Point. The boys had been drilled for days, and every detail of protocol was carefully studied except one—no one informed the band what number to play for Her Majesty's entrance, and the leader chose one of his favorite numbers without thinking of the occasion.

So, as the signal was given for the Queen's entrance (with every soldier standing rigidly at attention), the band broke into: *The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be.*

—Walter Winchell

A Washington pamphlet reprints this letter from a GI to Representative George W. Gillie of Indiana: "The Army says I can't wear a uniform after I arrive home because I'll be impersonating a soldier. The stores say I can't buy a suit of clothes because they haven't my size. The police say I can't go on the streets naked because it is against the law. I would gladly stay off the streets, but I can't find a house to live in and with the shortage of lumber I can't buy a barrel. Having been wounded, the Army won't take me back because I'm not physically fit. What now?"

—Sidney Skolsky

Our hired boy was so shy he usually came to meals after everyone else had finished, so he wouldn't have to talk. Gradually he got used to me as I waited on him and cleared the table. One night the coffee was full of grounds, and I apologized. His tactful reply would have done credit to Emily Post herself.

"This ain't bad," he assured me. "One time in Ardmore I got coffee I had to chew."

—Marjorie Gibbons

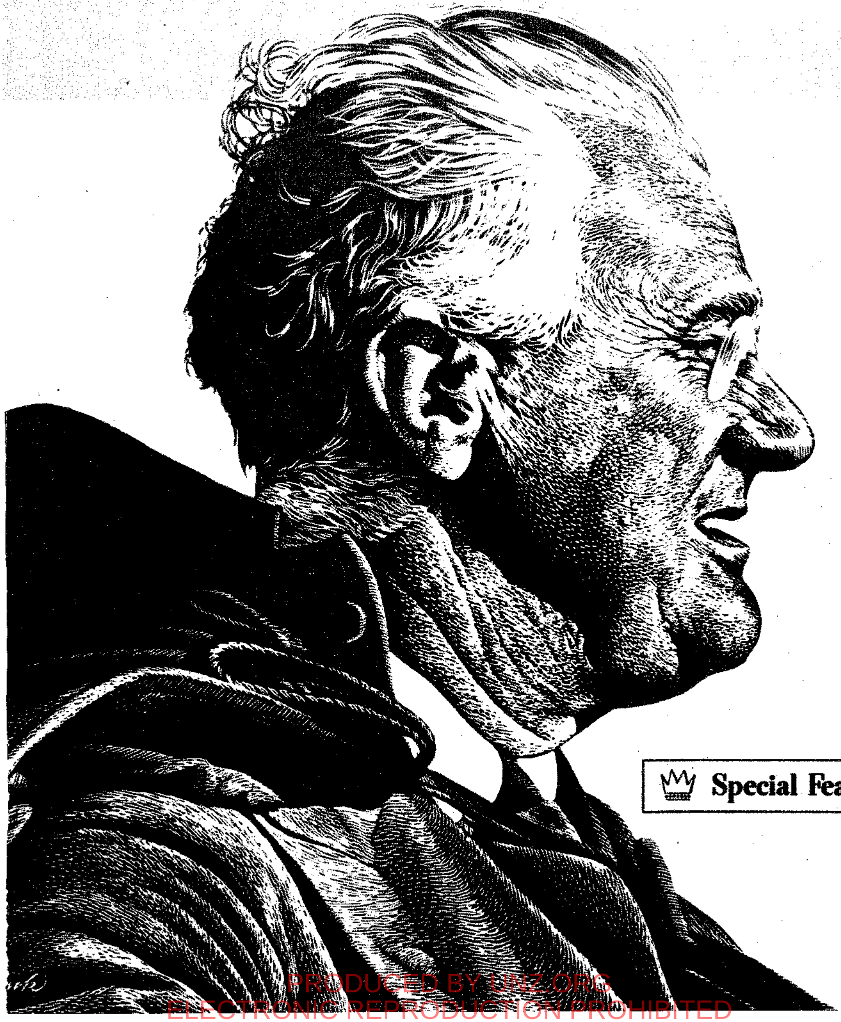
Close-up sidelights on
F. D. R.'s fabulous
career. Condensed
from three current
best sellers

AS HE SAW IT
by Elliott Roosevelt

STARLING of the
WHITE HOUSE
as told by Col.
Edmund W. Starling
to Thomas Sugrue

WASHINGTON TAPESTRY
by Olive Ewing Clapper

and three other
authoritative books
on Roosevelt.



Special Feature

A Governor Is Drafted

Franklin D. Roosevelt
by Ernest K. Lindley

by **Ernest K. Lindley**

About the time Franklin D. Roosevelt first came upon the political scene as a presidential possibility, Ernest K. Lindley, a newspaperman of wide experience, wrote this biography of him. It served to introduce a man then virtually unknown to millions of his countrymen, and outlined the political, ideological and intimate background of a personality who was to dominate an era. Written thus, before Roosevelt's rise to world-wide fame, it is a valuable recollection of many forgotten facts about F.D.R.

The story of Franklin D. Roosevelt's career may well begin with October 1, 1928, since, had it not been for certain events of that date, there would now be no special occasion for writing about it. No newspaperman observing the despair of the national and state leaders of the Democratic Party at the convention in Rochester that exhausting Monday could fail to be touched by it and remember it.

In the morning Alfred E. Smith arrived from his long swing through the West, the first tour of his campaign for the Presidency. We all piled off his campaign train into another of those roaring, fanatical mobs which were the evidence on the positive side of the emotions released by his candidacy. Smith was driven to the Hotel Seneca, where party leaders awaited his word on a crucial problem—the choice of a nominee for Governor.

Many Smith advisers felt that the Presidency might hang upon that decision. Without New York he could not win; the vote might be so close that strength brought to the ticket by the candidate for Governor would determine the result.

In trying to pick their candidate, the Democrats suddenly realized that in his 10 years of State leadership, Smith had groomed no successor. Yet by morning he had to find a man who could be elected, who would be loyal to his reforms, who could help Smith carry New York and strengthen his candidacy throughout the country.

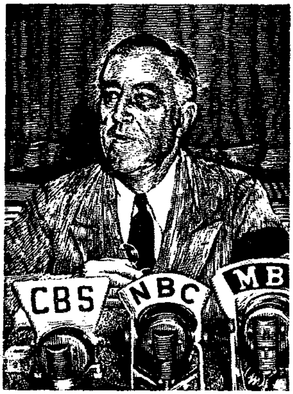
Smith's advisers generally agreed that only one man could approach these specifications—Franklin Roosevelt. Roosevelt had made his own reputation entirely apart from Smith. Although younger, he had been nationally known in the Wilson administration before Smith emerged from Tammany Hall.

Roosevelt had behind him his spectacular defiance of Tammany

Excerpted from the book *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, published at $3 by Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.
Copyright by Ernest K. Lindley.

in the New York Legislature, his record in the Navy Department, his campaign for the Vice-Presidency in 1920 with Cox, and eight years of recognized standing as a national leader of the Democratic Party. He had perhaps the best trade-name in American politics, and he was a Protestant.

Early in the summer, Smith had asked Roosevelt to accept the nomination. Roosevelt had refused. He was intent upon recovering control of his legs, of which he had been deprived by infantile paralysis in 1921. After three discouraging years, he had at last found help in the warm waters at a rundown summer resort in Warm Springs, Georgia.



He brought the Presidency directly to the people with his fireside chats.

He was spending several months a year in Warm Springs, building it up into a large establishment for the treatment of cripples. The measure of his own improvement was the distance between the Roosevelt, swinging along on crutches, who placed Smith in nomination at Madison Square Garden in 1924, and the Roosevelt who walked down the long aisle of the Convention Hall in Houston in 1928, one hand on a cane and the other slipped through the arm of his son, Elliott, to place Smith in nomination a second time.

Smith's close advisers were determined on Roosevelt for Governor. Through the summer and up to the State convention, political reporters were writing first, on the excellent authority of persons in Democratic National Headquarters, that Roosevelt would be drafted, and, second, upon the equally excellent authority of Mrs. Roosevelt, that her husband could not be persuaded to take the nomination.

Roosevelt, after helping to organize the national campaign, had gone to Warm Springs for more exercise before making speeches for Smith in the North. Smith phoned to him from Milwaukee, two days before getting back to Rochester, and again asked him to let his name be presented to the convention. Roosevelt again refused.

"Well, you're the doctor," Smith concluded, and hung up.

When Smith got to Rochester, a telegram awaited him:

> Confirming my phone message, I wish much that I might consider the possibility of running for Governor, especially if by so doing I could further help you, but there are two compelling considerations.
>
> First, your own record in New York is so clear to the voters that you will carry the State regardless of who is nominated for Governor.
>
> Secondly, my doctors are very definite in stating that the continued improvement in my condition is dependent on my avoidance of cold climate and on taking exercises at Warm Springs during the Winter. It probably means getting rid of leg

braces during the next two winters and that would be impossible if I had to remain in Albany.

As I am only 46 years of age, I feel that I owe it to my family and myself to give the present constant improvement a chance to continue. I must therefore with great regret confirm my decision not to accept the nomination, and I know you will understand.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The telegram plunged everyone into dejection. Smith was forced into one of the most embarrassing positions of his life: another appeal to a friend to give up the goal toward which he had been fighting for seven years, just when it seemed to him to be within his grasp.

All that we newspapermen saw during the next 12 hours was outward indication of mounting gloom. Faces of the State leaders became more tense as they bustled in and out of conferences. Soon after 2 P.M., Smith came out. He was haggard.

"Well, I've got a call in for Warm Springs," he was heard to say. "I've got quite a job ahead of me."

An hour later the council broke up. Word spread that Roosevelt was away from Warm Springs—nobody knew where. We lined the corridors, leaned against the wall. From time to time we could hear the phone ring inside. Roosevelt was speaking somewhere in Georgia, the report spread.

Shortly before midnight Mrs. Roosevelt hastened out—no news. We heard loud voices; then silence.

Trial by Fire

by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

THE SUMMER OF 1921 found the family going again to our summer home at Campobello, Maine. My husband did not go up with us but came early in August, after we were settled. One afternoon we were out sailing when we spied a forest fire, and of course we had to make for shore and fight it.

We reached home around 4 o'clock and my husband, who had been complaining of feeling tired for several days, decided to go for a dip. When he came in, he sat around in his bathing suit and looked at his mail. In a little while he began to complain of a chill and decided to go to bed.

The next day, however, my husband felt less well. I sent for our faithful friend, Dr. Bennett, in Lubec. He thought my husband had just an ordinary cold. But three days later it was very evident that his legs were getting badly paralyzed.

For a little while he showed no improvement. The days dragged on and consulting doctors kept saying he must have a nurse. But it was hard to get one so I kept taking care of him, sleeping on a couch in his room. His temperature at times was very high.

Finally my husband's uncle, Frederic Delano, begged us to have the specialist, Dr. Lovett, come up from Newport. He examined my husband carefully and told me it was infantile paralysis.

—Excerpted from *This Is My Story*,
Garden City Publishing Co.

Half an hour later the loud voices again, then a click of the phone receiver, the clapping of hands. People came out, trying to look sphinx-like. Our suspicions were soon confirmed: Roosevelt for Governor and Lehman for Lieutenant-Governor. But had Roosevelt consented? Or had he been nominated and the convention adjourned in the hope that he would not then refuse?

The details of the drafting of Roosevelt—probably one of the few genuine drafts in the history of politics — are unique. Suspecting when he got up that morning that he had not heard the last word from Smith, Roosevelt proposed a picnic. He was to make a speech in nearby Manchester that night. While he was still exercising in the Warm Springs pool, a messenger told him that Smith was on the phone.

"Tell him I've gone on a picnic and that I won't be back all day," Roosevelt replied.

All afternoon and evening, Colonel Lehman, detailed for the job, scoured Georgia for Roosevelt. As Roosevelt was sitting on the Manchester school platform that night, a messenger brought word that Smith wanted him to come to the corner drugstore. Roosevelt was unable to get out. The aisles were jammed, a local orator was nearing his peroration.

Every half-hour the messenger pushed through again, each time with a more urgent message. The last time he came, Roosevelt himself was speaking. The chairman whispered that the wire from New York was being kept open. Roosevelt flushed, and proceeded to speak an extra half-hour. Ironically, his speech was on Smith.

When he at last got to a phone, John J. Raskob's quiet voice came through. He pleaded with him to take the nomination as a service to the party. Roosevelt presented other objections—he had to see the Warm Springs Foundation through.

"Damn the Foundation!" replied Raskob. "We'll take care of it."

Then Smith came on the wire, and in his own graphic manner described the party's predicament.

"You take the nomination, Frank," he continued in substance. "You can make a couple of radio speeches and be elected. Then you can go back to Warm Springs. After your inaugural speech and your message to the Legislature, you can go back again for a couple of months. The Legislature doesn't do much the first two months."

Roosevelt's response to this was a leaf from Al Smith: "Don't hand me that baloney."

Then Smith came back: "Frank, I told you I wasn't going to put this on a personal basis, but I've got to. If those fellows nominate you tomorrow and adjourn, will you refuse to run?"

Roosevelt hesitated. They all knew why he did not yet want to re-enter public life, he said, and he could not sanction presentation of his name. What he would do if actually nominated, he didn't know.

"All right," said Smith, "I won't ask any more questions."

Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation the next morning and the convention adjourned in high spirits. No one in Rochester knew that, only two days before, Roosevelt had taken a few steps without support of any kind, the first in seven years.

Inside the White House

Washington Tapestry
OLIVE EWING CLAPPER

by Olive Ewing Clapper

Olive Ewing Clapper is the widow of Raymond Clapper, outstanding political reporter and columnist, who died in a plane crash while covering the war in the Pacific. In *Washington Tapestry*, she takes up the career of Franklin D. Roosevelt with his election to the presidency. Here is a reporter's view of his busy administration, based not only on Mrs. Clapper's own memories and observations, but also on her husband's notes, writings and diaries. Much more than a "woman's point of view," *Washington Tapestry* provides a close-up picture of Roosevelt as two warmly human and politically wise observers saw him.

MY MOST VIVID memories of Washington political life and social life start with the election of 1932. Roosevelt had invigorated the Democratic Convention with decision and speedy action, yet newspapermen who knew him as Governor of New York liked him in a casual but unenthusiastic manner. Yes, he made a competent governor, but they weren't sure that he was big enough for the Presidency in time of crisis.

Everyone enjoyed hearing personal sidelights about Roosevelt, but overshadowing all else in every mind was the Depression. The news was crowded with stories of bankers, brokers, and businessmen committing suicide. We bought apples from unemployed men on street corners, we knew that the poor of many cities were being fed in soup kitchens while factory chimneys cooled, farm mortgages were foreclosed, banks failed.

In panic a worried people looked for a scapegoat, and found him in Herbert Hoover, Republican nominee for a second term. Nobody talked much about Roosevelt; the majority just rallied against Hoover. One favorite story was about a hitchhiker who made a record trip across country simply by holding up a sign, "If you don't give me a ride, I'll vote for Hoover."

While the country stood still on dead center, the bitterness continued to build up against Hoover. We were hopeful when Franklin Roosevelt flew to Chicago to accept the Democratic nomination. Action we needed, and action we got.

It is curious that the Republican campaign of 1932 never degenerated into an attack on Roosevelt's invalidism. Once, some photographs of Roosevelt being helped out of a car were sent to Hoover—

Condensed from the book *Washington Tapestry*, published at $2.75 by Whittlesey House, a division of McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York, N. Y.; copyright by Olive Ewing Clapper

but they were never used. Creditable, also, was the sportsmanship of photographers, reporters and editors, who refrained from emphasizing the physical handicap.

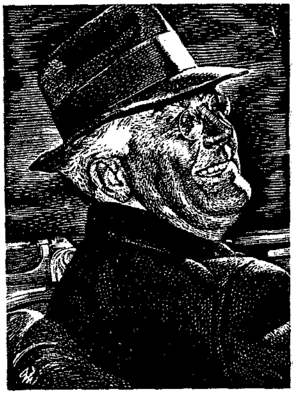
Franklin Roosevelt had to wear very uncomfortable, intricate steel braces on both legs extending to his hips. To sit down he had to keep both feet stretched out until he could release the mechanism at the knees. To rise, the braces had to be tightened to hold the support rigid. This was painful to him physically and psychologically.

Once in 1939 I rode with him in the White House elevator. He sat in his wheelchair, tired and feverish. As I stood above him he looked so crumpled, broken and invalided I could hardly restrain tears. For the first time I realized that here was a man who fought a gallant battle with himself every day.

Roosevelt won the 1932 election with a 7,000,000 majority. Hoover twice invited him to the White House for consultation as the money panic began in earnest during the three months between election and inauguration. At first banks crashed only here and there. Then runs started and the crashes crescendoed into national panic. Yet in Washington, the carpenters building the wooden inaugural stands—the first work they had had in months—went on strike for more pay!

Inauguration Day dawned cloudy and raw. I had a ticket for a seat in front of the House wing of the Capitol. With a friend, I stood up as Chief Justice Hughes administered the oath to the solemn man who launched at once into an eloquent challenge that stirred us to tears of relief. In measured, confident tones Roosevelt told us:

"This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper. Let me affirm that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself."



The thrust of his jaw and perch of his "specs" were world-famous trademarks

With burning words, he charged that the "money changers" had fled their "high seats in the temple of our civilization." He pledged action in a fighting speech that thrilled us into forgetfulness of the cold. Our shivers were those of amazement, of inspiration, of new courage. Here was a leader, here was hope! Cheers rose from 100,000 throats.

Roosevelt gave the banks a four-day "holiday" as he expressed it—psychologically a much better word than "moratorium." He moved with speed to set the nation's crippled economy into healing splints. And he showed immediately that he knew how to deal with the press by summoning the chiefs of the press associations to the White House the second evening he was in office to explain what he was doing in closing the banks.

He was in great good humor, waiting to go on the air with his first Fireside Chat to the nation. All was quiet, calm, congenial as he spoke into the microphones. Mrs. Roosevelt and the President's mother sat near-by.

Roosevelt was demonstrating by these two actions—his careful explanations to the press and his talk to the people—his democratic attitude toward his position. If ever a man had a set-up for dictatorship, Roosevelt had it then. Businessmen in panic were begging the Executive to take over everything. Congress was putty in his hands, and public opinion was behind him. In later years, he was often accused of wanting to become a dictator. At that perilous moment in our history, he could have been one with almost unanimous consent.

At his first press conference, Roosevelt said there would be no limit on questions the newspapermen could ask. The White House "spokesman" of the Coolidge Administration was abandoned, as was the silence of Hoover, who seldom departed from prepared statement. When Roosevelt spoke "off the record," everything must be observed as confidential. He never answered an "if" question, he said, but he would try to give them background. This attitude was a great advance over press-coverage allowed by former Presidents. Grateful for the change, the 125 men who swarmed into the Oval Room for the first conference laughed at a quip or two of Roosevelt's and burst into handclapping when the conference ended.

Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt had lived three months in the White House when they gave their first party for the press. I remember the evening for a singular kindness Roosevelt bestowed upon a lonely young lady who had no one to dance with. He said, "Pick out the best-looking man there and tell him, on my command, to dance with you."

Imagine the surprise of handsome Duane Wilson, United Press reporter, when the young lady walked up and said, "The President commands you to dance with me." After the waltz she led him back to the President, who said, "Well, he looks all right to me. You made a good choice."

The first time we dined at the White House we were invited most informally. One of Mrs. Roosevelt's secretaries phoned. "The President and Mrs. Roosevelt would like you and Mr. Clapper to come for informal supper Sunday night."

I assumed it was to include a large group of newspaper people and expected to sit near some friend; but when we entered an aide said, "Mrs. Clapper, you will be seated on the President's left."

My mind was in a flutter about what in the world I could talk about to this great, new President. I said: "Heavens, how awful!" to the shocked aide. My husband came to my rescue by adding, "She'll get along all right. I've never known her to be unable to talk."

As I sat down after shaking Roosevelt's hand he turned at once and said: "Ray has not been looking very well lately. Don't you think he's working too hard?"

Now if there is one subject a wife can always talk about, it is her husband's health. In no time at all I was chattering away about all kinds of things—laughing, telling jokes as though we were old friends, while the President offered me cigarettes from a crumpled pack he pulled from his pocket.

In 1936, the Republicans began to look for a candidate who could defeat "that man in the White House." Ed Wynn, the comedian, explained their dilemma by a story of his travels in Egypt. He came across some workmen digging in ancient ruins. Wynn asked if they were digging for King Tut's tomb.

"No," one of them replied, "we're trying to dig up a Republican to run against Roosevelt."

Ray was one of the first to suggest in his column the able Governor of Kansas, Alf M. Landon. Landon, who had put his State on a pay-as-you-go basis, was as Kansan as we ourselves were. He was realistic and full of common sense. He lived in the center of the U. S., and in addition to a balanced budget he had given Kansas a progressive administration.

Landon was easily nominated at the Republican Convention and started out boldly to make a fight against the party's reactionaries for an honest, progressive platform. But Landon was unknown to the mass of voters; his staff quarreled among themselves; and Landon, in the final stretch before election, joined the hysterical cry that the Administration was undermining the American form of government.

Roosevelt didn't need much help from anyone. In contrast to the week of cheap ballyhoo at the Democratic Convention, 100,000 persons gathered under the open sky in Franklin Field, Philadelphia, to hear his acceptance speech. They were not noisy, wild or hysterical, but deeply sympathetic. Roosevelt entered to the orchestra's stately *Pomp and Circumstance*. It was his floodtide. As Ray wrote:

"With a voice never more confident, never more commanding, never warmer in its sympathy, Roosevelt played upon his audience with one of the most skillful political addresses of our time. It was more than a feat of showmanship. It was a work of art . . .

"Economic royalists . . . We have conquered fear . . . Privileged princes of new economic dynasties . . . The Spirit of 1776 . . . The flag and the Constitution stand for democracy, not tyranny; for freedom, not subjection; and against dictatorship by mob rule and the overprivileged alike . . . The enemy within our gates . . . This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny . . . It is a war for the survival of democracy. I am enlisted for the duration."

While Landon was trying to win votes, Roosevelt was moving among crowds that pressed about his car or train, murmuring, "I almost touched him!" In the East, West, North and South he enjoyed the greatest popularity attained by any President. He remained human, approachable. Once, pausing during a speech from his train, he explained, "I'll have to wait a minute; there's a grand kid fight going on down here."

It is history that Roosevelt won the election, carrying every State except Maine and Vermont. On election night, according to "Missy" Le Hand, his secretary, Roosevelt never made any comment; he never said, for example, "I'm elected." Only once did he question the returns. When the New Haven returns came in he said, "Those must be wrong; they couldn't be that large."

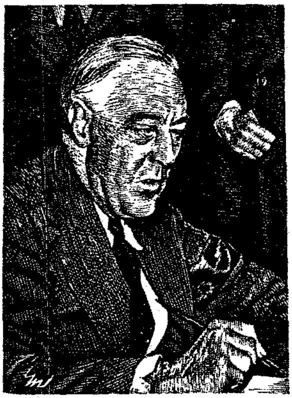
Immediately after Roosevelt's second inauguration, excitement and fury spun the wheels of government. We had a ringside seat for Roosevelt's attempt to "pack" the Supreme Court.

By 1937 the Court had smacked down much of Roosevelt's dearest New Deal legislation, on the grounds that it was unconstitutional. Roosevelt—and, for that matter, Congress too—was hamstrung by a "horse-and-buggy" Court of nine "old" men.

Confident in the prestige of his big majority at the polls, Roosevelt began to search for a method to streamline the Court. A few days before the judiciary dinner, at the White House in February, he was in no generous mood. To a friend he said, "I've got to have them to dinner. I don't know whether to grin and bear it or take three old-fashioneds before I go downstairs and blow my breath in their faces."

He dropped his judiciary bomb, however, at a press conference on February 8. He was sending a message to Congress that day, which he sketched for the press. His voice betrayed excitement, his mood was buoyant. While he obviously realized the historic importance of the occasion, there was nothing solemn about his message. Laughs rang out as he took sideswipes at the Court.

He proposed "the appointment of additional judges in all Federal Courts, without exception, where there are incumbent judges of retirement age who do not choose to retire."[3] While he spoke of all Federal Courts, the crucial point was to swell the Supreme Court up to 15 members if the septuagenarians refused to resign.



His face reflected the drama of the heroic era during which he served.

When the proposal reached Congress and was sped by radio and telegraph over the land, cries of outrage poured into Washington. He is violating the Constitution, he is too clever, he is seizing control of law, he wants to be a dictator—screamed the opposition.

How was it that Roosevelt sprang his plan when and how he did? Homer Cummings, then Attorney General, told Ray the facts. Shortly after the election the President said he wanted to do something to bring the Court into line with the sentiment of the country, but he didn't know how to do it. He asked Cummings to have the Justice Department study all practicable plans. Gradually they eliminated all ideas except one, and drafted the bill.

The proposal was sprung in the early part of the Congressional session to give plenty of time to get it through. If the bill passed quickly, nominations of new members could go to the Senate at once. The bill had a 30-day clause after enactment, too, which would give the over-age Justices time to resign. Some of them might wait to see if the bill passed before resigning. If they still stayed on, they would have to take the responsibility for enlarging the Court themselves.

Roosevelt lost the fight when Congress denied his proposition but, as the years rolled on, destiny gave him his chance to remake the Court. All but two of the old Court either resigned or died, and Roosevelt appointed seven new members.

The court fight explains a great deal about Franklin Roosevelt. Here his goal was definite, justified and necessary, but his method of reaching that goal was impetuous, badly planned and badly timed.

ONE MAY EVENING in 1937 we were invited by Mrs. Roosevelt to the White House to learn the Virginia Reel. Five newspapermen and their wives joined Mrs. Roosevelt, her brother, Hall Roosevelt, James and Elliott Roosevelt, their wives, and the President in the East Room. Mrs. Roosevelt was waltzing energetically when we entered, although she had returned to Washington at 5 A.M. from a trip, written her column, kept a dozen appointments, taken a horseback ride. The President greeted us.

"Hello, Ray," he said, "how's old 40 per cent Clapper?"

Ray asked, "What do you mean, Mr. President? Am I 40 per cent wrong or 40 per cent right?"

"Oh, you are usually only 40 per cent wrong," he teased. The President obviously meant he wrote against the New Deal 40 per cent of the time.

"Now, Franklin," chimed in Mrs. Roosevelt, "don't start anything."

The President's spirits bubbled as he called out the changes in the dance, "Do si do!" and "Swing your pardners!" We whirled at a furious pace until we were gasping, then the ladies dropped onto pillows at the President's feet and the men slid, like boys, across the waxed floor to sit beside us. Everyone was at ease, laughing, chattering, like any group at any newspaperman's house.

We discussed the abdication of Edward VIII for "the woman I love" and the Coronation of King George VI of England. The President said that in naming the U.S. delegation to the Coronation he got away with something. He had named James Gerard, who was hated in Germany where he had been Ambassador when World War I broke out; Gen. John J. Pershing, who led the A.E.F.; Admiral Rodman, who commanded our naval forces in the North Sea.

"All three are anti-Nazi," Roosevelt said, "and nobody mentioned it. But don't think the British didn't get it," he added.

Next we discussed the Soviet Union. Mrs. Roosevelt told of a conversation she had had with a strong partisan of Russia, who told her that the Stalin regime was endeared to the people because it was impossible for a worker to lose his job. He could be demoted, but he couldn't be fired. The government was the employer.

Jimmie Roosevelt said, "Maybe they can't fire you but they can stand you up against a wall and shoot you. I'd rather be fired."

The President said, "That's one means of creating a vacancy," which got a big laugh from all of us, apropos his Supreme Court fight.

After we left that stimulating Sunday night, we tried to sum up all we had heard. We felt that Roosevelt—angry as he was at Big Business, at the delays in the courts, at the baffling foreign situation and other troubles—had indicated only contempt for dictator regimes. Toward the end he had said:

"Sometimes I don't like the looks of things abroad. We may be in for some very bad times. But as I read history, we have found here in this country a pretty good way of living. Where else in the world would you be able to find a group such as here tonight—newspapermen dancing in the home of the Executive? We've had a good time. Tomorrow some of you in the course of your work will criticize me and the government. That is healthy democracy. It is a pretty good system we have."

With his cigarette cocked in its holder, he lifted himself by his arms and transferred himself into his wheelchair. "Good-night, all!" he called as an aide wheeled him away.

MIDWAY IN 1937, ROOSEVELT faced a serious ebb in public confidence. Everything seemed to be going sour and the public had the jitters—owing primarily to labor troubles. Roosevelt was a lonely man. Gus Gennerich, his aide, had died; Louis Howe, his close friend, was gone. Mrs. Roosevelt was often out of town; and the President spent night after night working alone. The world situation was close to war. All in all, the picture was grim and depressing.

By the spring of 1938, after five years in power, the New Deal had settled down to a bewildered middle age. Businessmen continued to blame the government; the government blamed businessmen; labor was blaming both for the sad state of affairs, which had grown out of a kind of bloodless civil war.

Suddenly, due to backstage coaxing, several groups of topflight industrialists indicated their willingness to sit down and talk things over with the President. In one group was Ernest Weir of National Steel, Alfred Sloan of General Motors, Lewis Brown of Johns-Manville, Martin Clement of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Colby Chester, chairman of the National Association of Manufacturers — economic royalists who were among Roosevelt's most bitter critics.

George Harrison, chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, got this group together first, to show them how the railroads had worked out labor problems by mediation. He talked so logically that the capitalists asked how to go about meeting the President. Harrison said he would try to arrange it.

Harrison wrote to the White House, but a couple of weeks went by without reply. An intermediary offered to find out what was holding up Roosevelt's acceptance of the olive branch.

Was the President intent on angering these business leaders further? Was he fooling when he said in his Jackson Day speech that the White House door was open to all? No, fortunately, nothing as ominous as that. The fault lay with Marvin

McIntyre, presidential secretary, who said, "Yes, the letter is around here, but I haven't seen the Boss about it yet. I'll call you back."

All afternoon and evening the intermediary waited, but the call never came. Then he phoned direct to Marguerite Le Hand. She said, "I'll tell the President and call you back." Half an hour later she called. "The President said, 'Fine! I'll see them Tuesday at 5 P.M.' "

All five men stood by, awaiting telegraphic invitations to the conference. Monday afternoon—still no telegrams. Another phone call to Mac—he hadn't got around to sending the wires.

At long last it was arranged. The men earnestly wanted to cooperate. During the session there was give and take on both sides. They talked about government housing. Brown of Johns-Mansville said the program wouldn't work until they got men who knew about housing.

Roosevelt said, "You're right. Some of those working on the plan had an idea that no one who stood to profit from the program should be in it. But I realize that is wrong, because it keeps out men with the know-how. We'll change that."

The same attitude prevailed in everything they talked about until, in amazement, Sloan leaned toward the President and said, "You mean you really want us to give you our ideas and suggestions?"

"Of course I do," said Roosevelt. They arranged a plan whereby the industrialists could see government men handling specific business matters whenever they wished. All in all, it was a love feast.

Incredibly, however, between the conferences Roosevelt kicked business in the solar plexus. His temperature went up as he said that $600,000,000 in holding-company hands controlled $3,000,000,000 of utilities' capital. Was he leading up to elimination of holding companies? Yes, he was. Would the President apply this to all lines of industry? Yes, everything.

Jitters, jitters, all over the place. What would come next—and when?

Possibly Roosevelt and his advisers did not intend to make a general attack on business. Possibly they only wanted to free business from monopolistic influences so that businessmen would have an open chance at a free market, using the government as a policeman to insure real competition.

At any rate, rage is what we had in 1938. Business and industry were enraged at the New Deal; Republicans were enraged at the vicious Democratic machines of Hague in New Jersey, Kelly in Chicago, Tammany in New York; Roosevelt was enraged at industry for refusing to lower prices and cooperate in recovery. Abroad, Hitler raged about German minorities in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and he marched on Austria, enraging the Western World. Everywhere this rage balked intelligent action.

The wheels stood still and the country milled about. In fact, we had so much bad news that we forgot some of the good. . . . 43,000,000 Americans had *not* ceased to work; more than 30,000,000 automobile owners had *not* ceased to consume daily 60,000,000 gallons of gasoline; millions of Americans were *not* worrying about the safety of more than $57,000,000,000 deposited in the banks;

American citizens were *not* failing to spend $4,000,000,000 on annual vacations; 99 per cent of American businessmen had *not* issued statements blaming the government for business conditions. And, further, the one per cent who had blamed the government were *not* worried about being stood up against a stone wall and liquidated! . . .

ON A BURNING SUMMER afternoon in 1938 if you walked beyond the White House, around the State Department, you would come to a second-hand building. In a small, bare office—such as any businessman would be ashamed of—you would find a thin, wiry man named Harry Hopkins, his shirt open and a glass of ice water in front of him.

Hopkins was important at that moment because, for the last four years, more than $7,000,000,000 had passed through his hands. He had given jobs to more people than anyone who ever lived, including the pyramid-building Pharaohs! He had taken more criticism than all New Dealers combined; he had learned that some things just couldn't be done.

One thing, however, Hopkins was fixed upon—the Government had a permanent responsibility to provide work for persons who could not find jobs in private industry. He believed that the Government always would have to provide work for about 1,000,000 able-bodied persons, plus another 600,000 twilight-zone men and women who could not work at the pace required in private industry.

Hopkins drove on with hopeful enthusiasm, a hard-boiled, practical sentimentalist. Yet he retained a buoyant lightheartedness, not unlike that of Roosevelt. The two were congenial because their ideas harmonized, and Hopkins was never gloomy over the state of the nation.

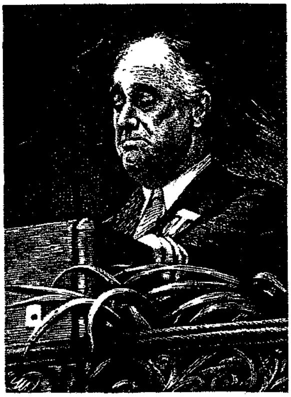
They had first met in 1928, when Roosevelt was running for Governor of New York. Hopkins was helping in the Smith presidential campaign. Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt took an immediate fancy to him; and if he had any stronger friend during the stormy days of the New Deal than the President, it was Mrs. Roosevelt.

Incidentally, it is interesting to know how Roosevelt made Hopkins Secretary of Commerce. Hopkins had always hoped to get into the Cabinet, but when the Reorganization Bill was defeated he gave up hope. The bill would have created a new Cabinet office to handle relief. Then, to Hopkins' astonishment, one evening Roosevelt looked up from his stamp collection and said, "I'm going to throw Dan Roper out and make you Secretary of Commerce." Harry said he didn't want to go into the Cabinet on those terms. Nothing more was said about it until suddenly at Christmas-time he was appointed.

Roosevelt never told him why he appointed him nor what he wanted him to do, but Hopkins had three hunches. The first was strictly personal—Roosevelt wanted to do it for Hopkins. Secondly, Roosevelt wanted to get an all-New Deal Cabinet, because he saw ahead of him in 1940 the hardest fight of all. Third, Roosevelt felt Hopkins had done all that could be done in the WPA and that as long as Hopkins stayed he was a target for attack.

Roosevelt's humanitarian impulses were strengthened by Hopkins. From him the President obtained the idea of dramatizing the one-third of our people as "ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed." His persistent repetition of that theme was a result of Hopkins' influence. Behind the Great Humanitarian stood Hopkins, the Expert Humanitarian, feeding him ideas.

Early in his Washington career, Hopkins studied Franklin Roosevelt carefully—because he believed a successful operator in government had to know when Roosevelt meant what he said and when he didn't. If you guessed wrong too often you were out. For example, when a delegation would appear at the White House making requests, the President might write a note to a Cabinet officer, advising that he wanted something done for which the delegation had asked. Sometimes the request should and could be ignored; sometimes Roosevelt meant it must be done, *positively*. You had to know your Roosevelt.


Sincerity, good-humor and a vital personality made him an eloquent orator.

Some Cabinet officers, some politicians, were clumsy about knowing where the power was at the White House. In May, 1938, that power was in the hands of Jimmie Roosevelt; later it belonged to Hopkins; earlier, it had been Louis Howe's, and so on. Hopkins believed it was poor policy to go to Hyde Park for an informal party, pull a paper from your pocket and ask Roosevelt to sign it. That made him mad enough to scratch you off his list.

Hopkins' study of his boss profited him. In the next seven years he remained closer to Roosevelt than any other man, and his behind-the-scenes power became world-wide.

In 1940, as Roosevelt decided to break tradition and seek a third term it was necessary to take a deeper look at this man who had made friends and enemies with a prodigal hand. While the March of Dimes and the balls were being given for the Infantile Paralysis Campaign which marked his 58th birthday, he was perceptibly grayer, but he showed no evidence that the Presidency had him licked. He laughed and exchanged repartee; his health was excellent and his spirits high.

You had to see him close up to remember that he was an invalid who had struggled seven long years to regain his health and who was still unable to walk alone. To a world already partly at war, Roosevelt was the symbol of democracy and his life was the material of which historic epics were written.

Year in and year out, his colored valet brought him breakfast in bed at 8:30 A.M., and, like most men, he was not very cheerful until after he had eaten and smoked a cigarette. He shaved himself. He read five morning newspapers. He swam with a powerful stroke in the White

House swimming pool almost daily.

He was an informal dresser, clinging tenaciously to old suits for comfort. He had an unsuccessful altercation with the Gridiron Club over their requirement that all guests wear white ties to the semiannual dinners. He wanted to substitute the less formal black tie. He said it was the first time he had known that people depended on a high hat and tails for entertainment.

Millions of letters poured into the White House, but I am told that his favorite was one from a Western farm wife who wrote: "Dear Frank: Our neighbor loaned us $25 on our team. He says he will take the mules unless he can come to see me when my husband is away. How can I save the mules?"

I WAS ALWAYS interested in the relationship between the President and his energetic wife, who not only brought him through his infantile paralysis but also, with the help of Howe and James Farley, made him President. Mrs. Roosevelt was the President's eyes and ears and legs. She saw more people every year in her travels than six Presidents could see. She always reported her findings to him.

Far from being beautiful, Eleanor Roosevelt nevertheless impressed everyone with such sincerity and charm that visitors would remark, "Why, she is a lovely person!"

The dynamo that drove her was a powerful conviction that every man and woman must have opportunity to develop to their highest potential. She wanted everybody to have a decent home, an education, a fair chance. It is not a love of dark-skinned or yellow-skinned or any color-of-skin people that motivates her fight for racial tolerance. It is just that she cannot endure unequal opportunities and discrimination.

Like other married couples, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt had disagreements. There was a persistent rumor of a love affair in the early '20s. Mrs. Roosevelt was reported to have called her husband and the woman to a conference, at which she offered to give her husband a divorce if the woman wished to marry him. A Catholic, she could not marry a divorced man. Then Mrs. Roosevelt issued an ultimatum that they must stop seeing each other—to which they acquiesced. For a man as handsome and gay as Franklin Roosevelt, it is interesting that he was singularly free from entanglements with the feminine sex.

The Roosevelts did not always agree on social legislation. Some advocates of old-age pensions were urging Mrs. Roosevelt in 1932 to persuade her husband to come out in favor of pensions. She told them that someone else would have to talk to Franklin, because the two of them had argued the subject so much they were not on speaking terms about it.

Every man who ever talked with Roosevelt agrees that he was a fast worker at his desk. During the days of the NRA, Donald Richberg would go in to see the President, who would have a huge stack of papers before him. "Missy" Le Hand would be standing by. One by one Roosevelt would glance over the papers and say, "Do this, do that . . . Tell him this. Tell him that—" as fast as he could.

While this was going on, Don

would continue talking, wondering how much Roosevelt had heard. Sometimes Roosevelt would stop, push the papers away, lean back and say, "Don, did I ever tell you the story of so-and-so?" He'd talk for ten minutes, completely free of official cares. Richberg always thought that only by such ability to toss off problems could a man stand the Presidency.

The chief trouble with Roosevelt was that he tended to dwarf those around him. He was such a strong man that nobody else seemed to have stature when placed beside him. If, by any chance, a man gave evidence of growing up to presidential stature, Roosevelt got rid of him.

Roosevelt himself never changed. He couldn't. He was a Roosevelt, and the Roosevelt blood abounds with restless energy. He could no more be quiet and study his lesson than a healthy boy could resist wriggling, jumping up, banging here, banging there. He loved a fight, he had to have action.

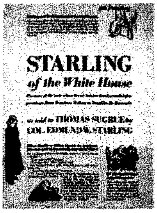
THE YEAR 1940 UNFOLDED in shrouds of pessimism. But a faith reached out and took hold of us—a belief in America. We had not found satisfactory solutions to all of our problems, but one great truth had emerged. We knew our democracy offered a way of life incomparably beyond anything that other systems of governments had to offer. Hitler had shown us the evils of dictatorship; Russia had demonstrated the afflictions of communism. And between these democracy shone with a new brilliance.

On New Year's day, no one could dare say what would happen in 1941. The tragic defeat inflicted upon peaceful Scandinavia, the Low Countries and France was only the prelude for the supreme decision between Germany and England. The United States had become an important but removed participant in the fight. Not through our wish, but because of national interest, we slowly became the arsenal for Britain.

As Franklin Roosevelt took the oath of office on January 20 for his third term, the clouds which hung over that inaugural were as heavy as those that shadowed Lincoln's first inauguration. Though the American people faced a threat to their national security, they were as torn as in 1861 between a fervent wish that the threat would dissolve without war and the fear that it would not. As then, the realities refused to shape themselves into any compromise.

Roosevelt in his inaugural speech challenged the idea that the future belonged to the totalitarian rulers. He pointed out that all ancient struggles were a part of a trend toward freedom. "Democratic aspiration is human history," he said. He scorned the idea that man lives only for the State.

Roosevelt breathed upon the "sacred fire of liberty," and turned it into a brighter glow. America had been in peril many times. It had been in peril from without and from within, but it had never retreated, not even when the odds were much against it. There has always been a spirit—greater, as Roosevelt said, than the sum of the parts—which had come through the shouting and doubting and kept the path of our faith lighted.


STARLING
of the White House
as told to THOMAS SUGRUE by
COL. EDMUND W. STARLING

How F.D.R. Was Guarded

As told by **COL. EDMUND W. STARLING TO THOMAS SUGRUE**

As head of the White House Secret Service Detail, Col. Edmund W. Starling was for 30 years the personal bodyguard of five Presidents. His last responsibility before retiring was the protection of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Here in his own words he tells the inside story of how he guarded the late President against danger; but in addition he takes you behind the scenes for an intimate glimpse of Roosevelt as a remarkable but very human man of many moods. *Starling of the White House* is a current selection of the Peoples Book Club.

DURING THE WINTER of 1932-33, Steve Early, who was to be one of the new President's secretaries, came to see me several times about installing the new Administration in the White House.

One of the things we discussed was Roosevelt's physical condition, which would be a constant problem to the Secret Service Detail. We would have to build a set of ramps, some permanent, some portable, and devise a routine for his movements from place to place, particularly when they involved public appearances.

My experience in the last year of the Wilson regime proved helpful in preparing routes and building approaches at the White House and the Capitol. For the inauguration I made an arrangement which was to be used by the same man four times, though of course I had no idea of this at the time. We drove to the Capitol and went under the main stairway leading to the rotunda. At the lower door two ramps allowed us to reach a small elevator, which landed us at the entrance to the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

There Roosevelt waited until the Inaugural Committee brought him word that it was ready. Still in his wheelchair, he followed the committee to the rotunda where I had built a wall of boards, making a private passageway against the wall. At the east door he rose from the chair and walked to the Inaugural Stand, a distance of 35 yards. There he made a speech which, if it be measured by its effect on the country, was one of the most powerful ever delivered.

After bidding the Hoovers farewell I returned to the White House, which had been transformed into a gay place full of people who oozed confidence and seemed unaware that anything was wrong with the

Condensed from the book *Starling of the White House*, published at $3.00, and copyright by Simon & Schuster, New York, N. Y.

U. S. The President was the most happy and confident of all.

"Well," I said as I shook hands with him, "you never know who's going to turn up in the White House."

He laughed. "I'm glad to see you, Ed," he said. "I hope you will stay with me while I am here."

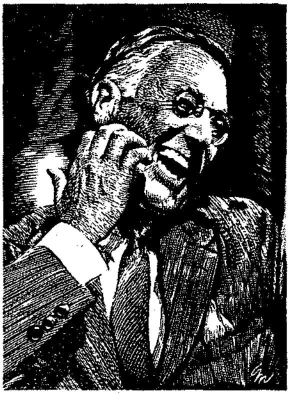
"I'll be glad to," I said rashly.

On that day in 1933 I realized he had overcome more than a physical illness. He had acquired a vigor, an optimism, a feeling of sureness in himself which he never before had possessed.

The next afternoon the President took a ride. He insisted on circling the Speedway along the Potomac, which was jammed with cars. He got stuck in the traffic, naturally.

"Pull off the road and drive on the grass," he suggested. "You won't hurt it."

A few days later Roosevelt broke a long-standing tradition that the President does not make social calls on private citizens by going to the home of former Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, to congratulate the old gentleman on his birthday.



Easy laughter and ready wit helped FDR through many a stormy session.

By summer the New Deal was well begun. Then the President scared us by announcing he was going to spend his vacation sailing up the coast of New England in the *Amberjack II*, a trim 44-foot yawl which would sleep five persons comfortably. He said, however, that no one of the five would be a Secret Service man. We could like it or lump it, but that was the way it was going to be.

Three of the President's sons would be with him—James, John and Franklin. I went to Marion, just below Quincy, Massachusetts, where the boat was anchored, and to Boston, where I talked with Jimmie, who was to be first mate. He promised me no gasoline or oil would be left around, and that no cigarette butts would be thrown anywhere but overboard.

The boat itself I trusted. It was sturdy and well-made. Love at first sight was reflected in the President's face when he reached Marion and saw her. He could hardly wait to get aboard. Once there, the little boat moved out into Buzzards Bay and anchored for the night, while our patrol of speedboats circled about disconsolately.

The destination of the cruise was the Roosevelt summer home at Campobello. Our fleet consisted, in addition to the *Amberjack*, of a Coast Guard cutter, loaded with Detail; two Navy destroyers; a power boat and a ketch full of newspapermen; and an ancient Gloucester fishing boat, gunwales down with photographers. I was on shore with a fast automobile. By phone I could find out from Washington where the boat was anchored for the night —the destroyers having wirelessed the position to Arlington—and proceed to the nearest point of land. There I could go out to the *Amberjack*, bringing mail, telegrams and supplies.

The President led the fleet a merry chase. He knew the coast thoroughly, and he put his small craft into places where the bigger boats could not follow. Thus he maintained the privacy he desired; the photographers seldom got within shooting distance.

When the anchor was dropped off Rogue's Bluff, the President said they would make Campobello by next sunset. In the morning he awoke to find a pea-soup fog. The boat was anchored in shallow water, beyond hail of the fleet.

On shore in Machias I received wireless reports from the destroyers, saying they had lost touch with the *Amberjack*. We drove to Rogue's Bluff, but the speedboat I had hoped to borrow was tied up on an island 10 miles offshore. The fog was like a dark gray wall; it seemed impossible that any boat could penetrate it safely. I asked if there

Magnificent Courage

by RAYMOND MOLEY

IN FEBRUARY, 1933, just before Roosevelt's first inaugural, he was vacationing on Vincent Astor's yacht, the *Nourmahal*, off Miami. On the last evening of his visit, we went ashore for an official reception.

Astor and I were in the second car behind Roosevelt. It is one of those coincidences that later seem unbelievable, but Astor turned the talk to assassination as we rode through the crowded streets. It would be easy, he said, for an assassin to do his work and escape. Night was falling. The crowd was large. We were still discussing it when we stopped at the spot where Zangara began firing.

Roosevelt was saved only by a woman who jostled Zangara's arm and deflected his aim. But five others were wounded. Zangara was thrown on our trunk rack, and policemen held him down as we rushed to the hospital behind F. D. R. and the wounded Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago. Then we returned to the *Nourmahal*.

Roosevelt's nerve had held absolutely throughout the evening. But the real test in such cases comes afterward, when the crowds, to whom nothing but courage can be shown, are gone. All of us were prepared, sympathetically, for any reaction that might come from Roosevelt. For anything, that is, except what happened.

There was nothing—not the twitching of a muscle, the mopping of a brow, even the hint of false gaiety. He was simply himself—easy, confident, poised.

F. D. R. had talked to me during the campaign about assassins. But it is one thing to talk philosophically about assassination, another to face it. And I confess that I have never in my life seen anything more magnificent than Roosevelt's calm that night on the *Nourmahal*.

—Excerpted from *After Seven Years*
Harper & Bros.

was any man who would try it.

"Find Henry Wallace," I was told. "Henry can find anything, fog or no fog."

We located the Wallace home. "I guess I can find it," Henry said laconically.

His boat was a flimsy thing, homemade, powered by a Ford engine. The front was covered by a tarpaulin sewed together from odds and ends by Mrs. Wallace.

Henry stood erect, one hand on the tiller, the other on a stick which controlled the engine. Between his feet he held an old brass compass. From time to time he glanced at it. He seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and we rolled through the fog as nonchalantly as if in broad daylight. After a long run Henry shut off the motor and said, "Here's one of your Navy boats."

We were alongside the *Ellis*. I asked them where the *Amberjack* was anchored.

"Just over those rocks, in a cove," they shouted, pointing into the fog.

Henry nodded and off we went. Soon a jagged rock loomed up. We rounded it and drifted up to the *Amberjack*. The President was loafing on deck. His eyes widened when he saw us come alongside.

"Hello, Ed!" he said. "Where did you come from? I thought we'd lost you."

He was enjoying himself, and I don't think he cared particularly about having his reverie interrupted by the telegrams I carried.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Ed," he replied, "I am having a wonderful time. I don't care how long this fog lasts."

He was wearing an old gray sweater, a pair of dirty flannel trousers, a dilapidated hat. His face sported three days' beard. He looked completely content.

It was a good thing he was, for the fog lasted five days. Henry and I made numerous trips, bringing food, mail and cigarettes. Henry seemed to smell his way among the rocks and we never had so much as a close call.

THE PRESIDENT HAD NO objection to Secret Service surveillance, but his absolute lack of fear made it difficult for him to understand the safeguards with which we surrounded him. He liked to feel completely free, and saw no reason why he should not be.

On a Western trip in 1935, I received my greatest fright with regard to the President's safety. I had made arrangements for a trip to Boulder Dam and was in Los Angeles working on local reception plans when the newspapers called to ask about a rumor that the Presidential party had gotten lost on a mountain road near Las Vegas. The Southern Pacific told me that the train had pulled out of Las Vegas late, but was now enroute to Los Angeles with everyone aboard.

At 8 o'clock next morning I met the train. The first man I saw was Henry Taggert, whom I had left in charge of the Detail. "What happened at Las Vegas?" I asked.

He was so mad he spat out the words: "Senator Pittman and Harry Hopkins got the President to drive up a narrow mountain road to see a CCC camp and the whole party got stuck and had to turn around on a dime. We had a mountain on one side and a drop of a mile on the other."

"Why did you let them change our plans?"

"I didn't," he said. "I told McIntyre we had made no arrangements for a side trip. He went to the President's car and told him the Secret Service was against the trip. Before the President could answer, Pittman said the road was perfectly safe. Hopkins butted in and said the trip ought to be made. So the President overruled me."

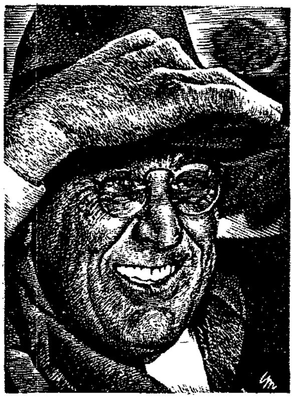
The road wound around the edge of a precipice, with barely enough room for a car to pass. Finally Taggert stopped the Secret Service car in the lead, and went back to report to the President that the road was impassable.

When a spot was finally chosen to turn around, it was necessary for the chauffeur to jockey the car back and forth on a narrow ledge. The President stayed in the car; McIntyre was so frightened that whenever the rear wheels approached the precipice he gripped a fender, prepared to hold it up by main strength if it slipped over. This was too much for the President's sense of humor—McIntyre weighed scarcely 100 pounds—and he burst into laughter.

"We finally got turned around and came back," Taggert said. "We were two hours late leaving Las Vegas."

I went to the President's private car. He was laughing when I entered. "Have you heard about our mountain adventure?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "That's why I am here. I don't think you were fair to me or to the Secret Service or to the country to go up that mountain. You have no right to endanger yourself. Your life isn't your own to give or to take now. It belongs to the people of the United States. If anything had happened last night my life would have been ruined, not to mention what would have happened to the country."



His unaffected mannerisms won him the loyalty and the admiration of millions.

A grave look came into his eyes. "I am sorry, Ed," he said. "You're right, and I will square you with the Secret Service. I'll wire Moran and assume personal responsibility for an unwise act."

Just then Mrs. Roosevelt appeared. "I couldn't help overhearing Colonel Starling's plain talk to you, Franklin," she said. "I think it is only fair for you to promise him that, in the future, you will adhere rigidly to the itineraries he approves for you."

The President raised his eyebrows. "Apparently the majority is against me," he said. "Very well, I promise."

In September, World War II began. Immediately my job became more arduous. With an election and a war to complicate matters, I had on my hands the most high-spirited and incautious President since the days of his cousin Teddy. Now we were building an army, and instead of visiting public-works projects our auto cavalcade rolled to army camps and naval stations.

At noon on December 8, 1941, we rode to the Capitol. The elevator took us to the second floor and President Roosevelt waited in the office of the Speaker of the House until the joint meeting was ready. Then he rolled part way to the door. Getting up, he walked through the door and up a ramp to the stand. Members of the Detail were scattered throughout the room. I signaled to them with innocent-looking movements. The President began to speak:

"Yesterday . . . a day that will live in infamy. . ."

So we started again on the long, tortuous road of war. It was 24 years and 8 months since I had made the same journey for the same purpose. Then it was a gentle spring night, with rain falling. I had been a soldier myself, in another war. It made me feel old, sitting there listening to the birth of another struggle. It was time for me to go away to a quiet place and think.

We returned to the White House and again I witnessed the signing of a Declaration of War. In a few weeks we were at the airfield, meeting Winston Churchill. Through 1942 we fought an uphill battle. By 1943 we were on the offensive. Again it seemed a matter of the peace—how it would be handled, whether it could be made to stick.

I felt now I could retire. I dared not wait longer. Rudolph Forster, my old friend, had stayed on the job past the age of retirement and had died in harness, not long after saying to me, "This isn't an Administration; it's a dynasty."

When I told the President I planned to retire, he said he had hoped I would remain with him while he was in the White House.

"I know," I said. "But nobody knows how long that will be. Forster was going to stay until you left, and he's gone. I'm going fishing."

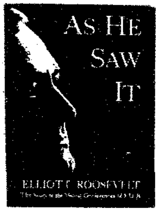
He laughed and said, "I wish I could go with you. Good luck, Ed, I'll miss you."

"I'd sort of like to be at the peace conference," I said, "and now that I'm leaving I'll tell you what I think about it. I don't think the treaty should be completed until three or four years after the war is ended. There should be time for hates and prejudices to simmer down. We should have a commission of able men, and the commisson should not be headed by the President of the United States. I'd like to see you there, but not as President. I don't think those European fellows can fool you."

He pointed his cigarette holder at the ceiling. "Some of them think they can," he said.

So I left the Detail after 30 years of uninterrupted service. I took with me the feeling that I had done my best with that which was entrusted to me, and memories that convinced me of my country's greatness and vigor and humanity. My memories were mixed, and they were largely inconsequential, but they proved, at least to me, that over the years democracy works, for the Presidents I knew were accurate reflections of the people who elected them.

Backstage at the War Conferences



by **Elliott Roosevelt**

Naturally every human being reports the things which he sees and hears and lives through from his own point of view. That is one reason why accounts of the same facts are so often varied. I am quite sure that many of the people who heard many of the conversations recorded herein interpreted them differently, according to their own thoughts and beliefs. This book gives one observer's first-hand account of what went on and will furnish future historians with some of the material which will constitute the final evaluation of history.—*From a foreword by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.*

IN 1941, AFTER COMPLETING an Air Force Intelligence course at Bolling Field, I was assigned to the 21st Reconnaissance Squadron stationed in Newfoundland, doing patrol work in the North Atlantic against Nazi submarines. In March, I volunteered for a survey job to locate Arctic air-force sites to be used as staging points for the delivery of fighter aircraft to Britain.

In early August I was ordered to return to my Newfoundland base. We were told to pick up the general commanding American forces at St. John's on August 8, and proceed to the naval base at Argentia. Hmmm! All I could do was speculate that some brass wanted to confer about the bases I was surveying.

As we cleared the mountain spur overlooking Argentia harbor, the pilot whistled. The bay was filled with warships. We looked at each other in perplexity. All we could make of it was that we had happened in on an Atlantic maneuver.

A few minutes later I got the answer when, after a tender had whisked us to the cruiser *Augusta*, we were piped over the side and I saw, to my astonishment, Brig. Gen. "Pa" Watson, father's military aide, and Vice Admiral Wilson Brown, his naval aide. Then Watson was shaking my hand and murmuring, "The Commander-in-Chief would like to see you."

I started forward, and ran into my brother, Franklin, Jr., at that time a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy.

"Hey! You too?" I said. "Where's Pop?"

"In the captain's quarters."

Franklin and I got in to see Father for a few minutes. "You look wonderful, Pop. But how come all this? You on a fishing trip?"

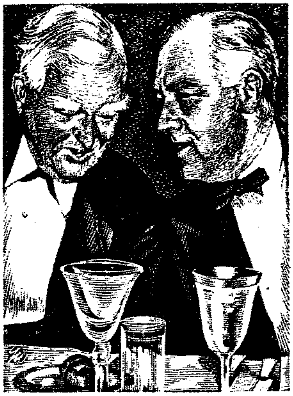
Father roared with laughter. "That's what the newspapers

Condensed from the book *As He Saw It*, published at $3 by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 270 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; copyright by Elliott Roosevelt

think." He was as delighted as a kid, boasting how he had thrown newspapermen off the scent by going as far as Maine on the presidential yacht *Potomac*. Then he told us what it was all about.

"I'm meeting Churchill here. He's due tomorrow on the *Prince of Wales*. Harry Hopkins is with him." And he leaned back to watch the effect of his announcement on us.

I don't want to pursue this story farther without a word about the correspondents whom Father had left behind. He did it because he had made an agreement with Churchill that there should be no coverage of this first meeting by reporters or cameramen. But Churchill arrived complete with press retinue, not very well disguised as Ministry of Information officials. It was the first time Churchill surprised Father this way. It was not the last . . .



An able story-teller, he enjoyed trading yarns with Vice-President Garner.

At lunch, and during the cold, gray afternoon, Father asked me about my recent trip to England, the temper of the people there, what it was like being blitzed, what I thought of Churchill, and so on. I asked him the purpose of this Argentia meeting.

"*You* were in England," he answered. "*You* saw the people—gray and thin and strained. A meeting like this one will do a world for British morale. Won't it?"

I nodded.

"It will do more than that," he added. "What about Lend-Lease? This meeting is to work out production schedules, and—what's more important to the British—delivery schedules. They'll be worried about how much of our production we're going to divert to the Russians. I know already how much faith the Prime Minister has in Russia's ability to stay in the war." He snapped his fingers to indicate zero.

"I take it you have more faith than that."

"Harry Hopkins has more. He's able to convince me. The P.M. is coming tomorrow because—although I doubt he'll show it — he knows that without America, England can't stay in the war."

"Of course," Father went on, "Churchill's greatest concern is how soon we will be in the war. He knows that so long as American effort is confined to production, it will do no more than keep England in. For an offensive, he needs our troops."

"Another thing," he said. "The British Empire is at stake here. It's not generally known, but British and German bankers have had world trade in their pockets for a long time, even though Germany lost the last war. Well, now, that's not so good for American trade, is it?" He cocked an eyebrow. "We've got to make clear to the British that we don't intend to be a good-time Charlie who can be used to help the Empire out of a tight spot, and then be forgotten forever."

Saturday morning we were all on deck to watch the *Prince of Wales* drop anchor. Soon the P.M. came aboard with his staff. It was the first time Father and he had met since 1919.

In contrast to the small party Father brought to Argentia, Churchill had everybody from Beaverbrook on down. Now we learned there were Ministry of Information officials present, complete with notebooks and cameras. General Hap Arnold slipped up to whisper in my ear that we'd damn well better get some cameramen aboard in a hurry, and did I know if there were any at Gander Lake? I sent our pilot back to get a couple of Army photographers.

At lunch, Father and the P.M. were alone with Hopkins, but after this informal session I joined them in the captain's cabin. Father and Churchill were sitting opposite, politely sparring. Two ideas were clashing: the P.M. clearly thought we should declare war on Germany straightaway; the President was thinking of public opinion. At length, after draining his glass, the P.M. arose, nodded and left.

That night, there was a formal dinner on the *Augusta*, with Father as host. The P.M. sat at his right. As the evening wore on I saw Father in a new role.

My experience in the past had been that he dominated every gathering, not because he insisted on it so much as that it seemed his natural due. But tonight, Father listened. Churchill held every one of us—and was conscious every second he *was* holding us—with grand rolling, periodic speeches. Father would throw in an occasional question—drawing him on, drawing him out.

Churchill sat back in his chair, slewed his cigar around, hunched his shoulders forward like a bull. Eyes flashing, he told of the course of the war. He told of battle after battle lost—"But Britain always wins the wars!"

For a time his talk was colored with an insistent pleading: "It's your only chance! If you don't declare war without waiting for them to strike first, they'll strike after we've gone under, and their first blow will be their last!"

Father threw in a question: "The Russians?"

"The Russians!" There was contempt in his voice, then he seemed to catch himself. "Of course, they're stronger than we dared hope. But no one can tell how much longer . . . "

"Then you don't think they'll hold out?"

"When Moscow falls . . . As soon as the Germans are beyond the Caucasus . . . When Russian resistance ceases . . ."

Always his answers were definite, unconditional. There were no "ifs." He had the dice, that August night, and was casting for heavy stakes. The lion's share of Lend-Lease should go to the British lion; any aid to the Soviets was simply to temporize.

"The Americans *must* come in at our side! You must come in, if you are to survive!"

And Father listened, intently, seriously, fiddling with his pince-nez, doodling on the tablecloth with a match. But never an aye, nay or maybe came from the Americans.

It was like a second round between friendly adversaries. It came to no decision, but there was nobody in the crowd who felt like yelling for a better scrap. All of us wanted both to win.

MONDAY MORNING we left the *Augusta* for church service aboard the *Prince of Wales*. Arrayed on the quarterdeck was the British ship's company; beside them 250 of our sailors and marines. The ship's pulpit was draped with American and British colors.

I don't know what the others were thinking, but I was thinking: here on this deck, with the sun on them, are a couple of men who are important only as they stand at the head of two mighty nations. If Britain was breathless and groggy under a series of punches, America was beginning to flex one hell of a set of muscles. . . . And here stood their leaders, praying, *Our Father, Which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. . . .*

Churchill returned to the *Augusta* for dinner that night. This occasion was more intimate: it was Father and the P.M., their immediate aides, and Franklin, Jr., and myself. Once again, Churchill was in fine form. But tonight, there were other men's thoughts being tossed into the kettle, and the kettle began to bubble up.

Father started it. "Of course," he remarked, "after the war, one of the preconditions of any lasting peace will have to be the greatest possible freedom of trade."

He paused. The P.M.'s head was lowered; he was watching Father steadily from under one eyebrow.

"No artificial barriers," Father pursued. "As few favored economic agreements as possible. Opportunities for expansion. Markets open for healthy competition."

Churchill shifted in his armchair. "The Empire trade agreements," he began heavily, "are—"

Father broke in. "Yes! Those agreements are a case in point. It's because of them that the people of India and Africa, of all the colonial Near East and Far East, are still backward."

Churchill's neck reddened and he crouched forward. "Mr. President, England does not propose for a moment to lose its favored position among the Dominions. The trade that has made England great shall continue."

"You see," said Father slowly, "it's here somewhere that there's likely to be disagreement between you, Winston, and me. I am firmly of the belief that if we are to arrive at a stable peace, it must involve development of backward countries and peoples. How can this be done? It can't be done, obviously, by 18th-century methods. Now—"

"Who's talking 18th-century methods?"

"Whichever of your ministers recommends a policy which takes raw materials out of a colonial country but returns nothing in consideration. Twentieth-century methods involve bringing industry to these colonies—increasing the wealth of a people by increasing their standard of living, by educating them, by bringing them sanitation."

The P.M. was beginning to look apoplectic. "You mentioned India," he growled.

"Yes. I can't believe we can fight a war against fascist slavery and at the same time not work to free people all over the world from a backward colonial policy."

"What about the Philippines?"

"They get their independence, you know, in 1946. And they've gotten modern sanitation, modern education; their rate of illiteracy has gone down. . . ."

"There can be no tampering with Empire economic agreements."

"The peace," said Father firmly, "cannot include any continued despotism. Equality of peoples involves the utmost freedom of competitive trade. Will anyone venture to suggest that Germany's attempt to dominate trade in central Europe was not a major contributing factor to war?"

It was an argument that could have no resolution between these two men — a question that was destined to remain unanswered through the next conference these men would join in, and even the next after that.

It was 2 A.M. when the British party left. I sat down to smoke a last cigarette with Father, who grunted, "Real old Tory, isn't he?"

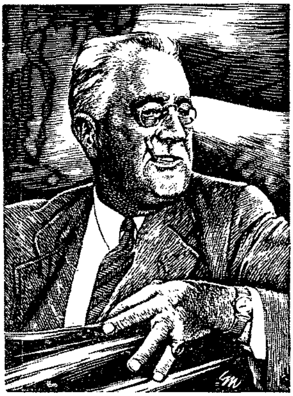
"I thought for a minute he was going to bust, Pop."

"Oh, I'll be able to work with him. We'll get along famously."

"So long as you keep off India."

"Mmm, I don't know. I think we'll even talk more about India. *And* Burma. *And* Java. *And* Indo-China. *And* Indonesia. *And* all the African colonies. *And* Egypt and Palestine. Don't forget — Winnie has but one supreme mission in life: to see that Britain survives this war. But you notice he changes the subject away from anything post-war? That's because his mind is perfect for that of a war leader. But Winston Churchill lead England after the war? It'd never work."

As it turned out, the British people agreed with Pop on that one.



Cartoonists made his cigarette holder a symbol of FDR's self-confidence.

The next night the P.M. was back with us for dinner. Despite the argument of the evening before, we were one family, talking easily.

Gradually, very gradually, the mantle of leadership was slipping from British shoulders to American. We saw it when there came one flash of the argument of the night before. In a sense, it was to be the valedictory of Churchill's Toryism, as far as Father was concerned.

Churchill had got up to walk about. Talking, gesticulating, he paused in front of Father, brandishing a stubby forefinger.

"Mr. President," he cried, "I believe you are trying to do away with the Empire. Every idea you entertain about the structure of the post-war world demonstrates it. But in spite of that"—and his finger waved —"we know that you constitute our only hope. And"—his voice sank dramatically—"you know that we know that without America, the Empire won't stand."

Churchill admitted, in that moment, that he knew the peace could only be won according to precepts which America would lay down. And he was acknowledging that British colonial policy would be a dead duck, that British attempts to dominate world trade would be a dead duck, that British ambitions to play off the U.S.S.R. against the U.S.A. would be a dead duck.

Or would have been, if Father had lived. . . .

Casablanca—Part II

My squadron was ordered back to the States in September, and I promptly put in an application to go to navigation school at Kelly Field in Texas.

The first week end in December I had a pass to visit my family at my ranch outside Fort Worth. Sunday morning, December 7, I slept late, then went horseback riding. After lunch one of the children turned on the radio, and I heard a broadcast ordering all officers and men back to their stations immediately.

At Kelly, everybody was excited and confused; rumors were getting bigger every minute. I put in a call for Father, but it took two hours to go through. Finally I got him.

"Hello, Pop!"

"How are you, son?"

"Me? I'm fine. How are you?"

"Well . . . pretty busy, of course."

"What's the dope, Pop?"

"Well . . . things look pretty serious . . . What do *you* hear?"

"Well . . . there's a story we're to be shipped out to the Philippines."

"Really?"

"Then we heard there was a Jap landing in Mexico. And that there'd be an air attack on the Texas air bases any time now."

"I see."

"Then there was a story that a Jap task force of ground troops were coming across the border. . . ."

I could hear him grunt an interested affirmative. "Well," he said, "if you hear anything else, you'll let me know, won't you?"

"Sure, sure, Pop! As soon . . ."

I could hear his phone click.

What was going on here, anyway? I call him up to find out the news, and all that happens is what I tell him . . . The Commander-in-Chief and the captain. . . . I sighed and went to bed.

Early in 1942, I was assigned to a project mapping northwestern Africa from air by photographs. In July I went back home and spent two months in a hospital throwing off dysentery and malaria. As soon as I was on my feet again, I was ordered to England as commander of the Third Photographic Reconnaissance Group, stationed near Cambridge.

Soon after I reached England, I received a call from our Embassy in London. Mother was arriving. I met her at Buckingham Palace, where we dined with the King and Queen.

That night I sat up with Mother until all hours. By this time I knew the African invasion was about to start; she knew it too, she told me later. But that night we both talked around it, both of us being careful not to betray to each other the "secret." She did have one piece of news for me, though: Father was hankering to come over himself, to meet with Churchill and, they both hoped, with Stalin as well.

Two days later, all of us who were to be part of the African invasion got orders restricting us to our bases. Air echelons took off for staging areas on November 5. On the 9th, we hit Africa and my group was at work from a captured airfield the next day.

For the next two months there was nothing but work. Then suddenly, on January 11, 1943, I was ordered to fly to Casablanca, and report to the field commander.

The colonel in charge at Casablanca had the time of his life, tipping me the secret. Your father, he said. Churchill, too; Stalin probably. And he told me to stay inside until Father got there, to guard against the possibility that somebody might recognize me and guess why I was there.

Tuesday, I went to Medouina airport to greet Father and his party, flying from Bathurst. We drove to his villa, Dares-Saada, which was quite a grand place. A few steps away was Mirador, Churchill's villa, and Harry Hopkins brought him over for dinner.

After dinner, Father and Churchill sat down on a big couch while the rest of us pulled up chairs in a semicircle. Politics was the subject, including the tangled situation precipitated in French Africa by the Allied invasion. Father and Hopkins began to question the P.M. about de Gaulle.

"You've got to get your problem child down here," said Father. It was his nickname; from then on, throughout the conference, de Gaulle was the P.M.'s "problem child"; Giraud was the President's.

"De Gaulle is on his high horse," the P.M. said. "Refuses to come down here." Churchill, for some reason, seemed to be enjoying his own difficulties. "He's furious over the methods used to get control in Morocco, Algeria and French West Africa. And of course, now that Eisenhower has set General Giraud in charge down here . . ." He wagged his head sadly.

Gently but firmly, Father demanded that de Gaulle be brought down, insisting that the good offices of both Frenchmen were needed to set up the structures to govern France until she was liberated.

Father suggested that Britain and the U.S. must make it clear to de Gaulle that all support would be withdrawn immediately if he did not stop pouting and fly to the conference. Churchill nodded. "I guess that would be best," he said. "But of course I can't answer for him."

Well after midnight, the P.M. took his leave. I sat up with Father while he got into bed. "Was I just imagining things," I began, "or isn't the P.M. really worried by de Gaulle's pouting?"

Father laughed. "I have a strong suspicion"—and he accented those words—"that our friend de Gaulle hasn't come to Africa because our friend Winston hasn't chosen to bid him yet."

"How come?"

"Interests coincide. The English mean to maintain their hold on their colonies. They mean to help the French maintain their hold on *their* colonies. . . . You know why Winston has Mountbatten here with him? So I can be convinced how important it is to divert landing-craft to Southeast Asia."

I looked my astonishment.

"Sure," he went on. "The British want to recapture Burma. It's the first time they've shown any interest in the Pacific war, and why? For their colonial empire! That's why Winston is so anxious to keep de Gaulle in his corner. De Gaulle isn't any more interested in seeing a colonial empire disappear than Churchill is."

I asked Father where Giraud stood in all this.

"Giraud? I hear fine things about him from Robert Murphy of the State Department, who's been in charge of all our dealings with the French in North Africa. He indicated Giraud will be just the man to counterbalance de Gaulle."

"Counterbalance de Gaulle? All the reports we get tell how popular he is, in and out of France."

"His backers push that idea."

"Churchill, you mean? The English?"

Father nodded. "Elliott," he said, "de Gaulle is out to achieve one-man government in France. I can't imagine a man I would distrust more. His whole Free French movement is honeycombed with agents spying on his own people. To him, freedom of speech means freedom from criticism . . . of him. Why should anybody trust the forces who back de Gaulle?"

He seemed to be voicing his thoughts out loud, getting them organized for the talks that were to begin the next day and continue for ten days more. "The thing is," he remarked, "the colonial system means war. Exploit the resources of an India, a Burma, a Java, but never put anything back into them, and you're just storing up the kind of trouble that leads to war. You're negating the value of any peace organization before it begins."

He paused for a moment, thinking. "I must tell Churchill what I found out about his British Gambia today," he said.

"At Bathurst?" I prompted.

"This morning," he said, and now there was feeling in his voice, "we drove to the airfield. The natives were in rags . . . glum-looking . . . They told us the prevailing wage was less than 50 cents a day. Besides which, they're given a half-cup of rice." He shifted uneasily in his big bed. "Dirt. Disease. High mortality rate. Those people are treated worse than their cattle!"

He looked at me thoughtfully. "How is it in Algeria?"

I told him it was the same story: poverty, disease, ignorance. He went on to tell of what he thought should be done. France to be restored as a world power, then to be entrusted with her former colonies as a trustee, reporting each year on her stewardship.

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Who's she going to report to?"

"The organization of the United Nations, when it's been set up," answered Father. It was the first time I'd heard of this plan. "How else? The Big Four—ourselves, Britain, China, the Soviet Union—we'll be responsible for the peace of the world after . . ."

"*If*," I interjected jokingly.

"*When*," said Father, firmly. "When we've won the war, the four great powers will be responsible for the peace. They will have to rehabilitate all the backward, depressed colonial areas of the world. . . . If this isn't done, we're in for another war."

THE NEXT DAY General Eisenhower arrived. He had lunch with Marshall and King, and plunged right into a report on the war in Africa. Up to this point our North African push had gone well, but not magnificently.

"No excuses, I take it," said Father.

"No, sir. Just hard work."

"Well, how long'll it take to finish the job?"

"With any kind of break in the weather, sir, we'll have Rommel's forces in the bag or in the sea by late spring. June at the latest."

It sounded lickety-split to me. Father looked satisfied, too.

Suave, smooth Robert Murphy came in around 5 o'clock. He and Ike and Father had only one subject: French politics. Murphy was anxious to fill Father in on Giraud, how competent he would be as an administrator, how ideal a choice he was for the Americans to back.

Next morning, Churchill arrived and he and Father spent the forenoon with Eisenhower, Murphy and Sir Harold MacMillan, British Minister to Allied Headquarters. Still the principal concern was to thrash out some solution for the French political snarl.

At lunch, Father got back on the theme of developing colonial areas. For a man who had never been in Africa before, he had picked up an amazing amount of information, geographical, geological, agricultural. He reminded us of the rivers that spring up in the Atlas Mountains and disappear under the Sahara, to become subterranean. "Divert this water for irrigation? It'd make the Imperial Valley in California look like a cabbage patch!"

That afternoon, the American Joint Chiefs of Staff returned to bring Father up to date on plans discussed with their British opposites. It developed they were opposites in more ways than one. Instead of talk about massive thrusts against the flanks of Europe, the British were intent on smaller actions in the Mediterranean. This was the first time I heard Sicily mentioned, and there were other places mentioned, too: the Dodecanese Islands, leading to Greece, and a push into the Balkans.

On this warm afternoon, after Churchill had left, Gen. Mark Clark dropped in. He had brought to Casablanca the American "problem child," Giraud. Now Father would have an opportunity to meet the man touted by Murphy and our State Department.

Giraud was a vast disappointment. As far is he was concerned, there was no political problem, only the military question of the war. Ramrod straight he sat in his chair, never relaxing. "Only give us arms," he cried, "guns and tanks and planes. It is all we need."

Father was friendly but firm. Where would the troops come from?

"We can recruit colonial troops by the thousands."

And who would train them?

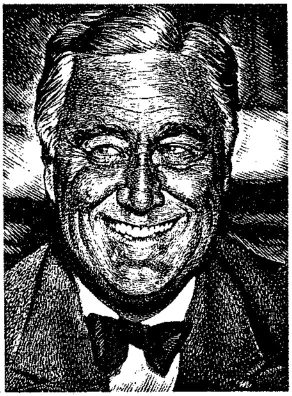
"There are plenty of officers under my command. Only give us the arms. The rest. . . ."

As soon as Giraud was out of the room, Father threw up his hands. "We're leaning on a slender reed," he said. "This is the man Murphy said the French would rally around! He's a dud as an administrator, he'll be a dud as a leader!"

The Combined Chiefs of Staff

came at 5 o'clock. Seven Britishers and four Americans had settled upon HUSKY, the invasion of Sicily. A compromise had been struck between American inclinations toward the invasion of France in the spring of 1943 and the British argument for capture of Sicily and the Dodecanese Islands, looking toward invasion of Europe via Greece or the Balkans.

Apparently Churchill had advised by-passing Italy and striking into what he termed "the soft underbelly of Europe." Always he was of the opinion that we should contrive our entry so as to meet the Red Army in central Europe, so that Britain's sphere of influence might be maintained as far east as possible. By committing the Allies to Sicily and the hoped-for elimination of Italy from the war, we were recognizing that the cross-Channel invasion would have to be postponed until 1944. That afternoon, Father and Churchill agreed to notify Stalin of Anglo-American strategy.



FDR's boundless vitality and faith were mirrored in his infectious smile.

After a quiet, unofficial dinner, Franklin, Jr., and I went downtown. When I got back to the villa at 2 A.M., Father was reading a 25-cent reprint of the Kaufman-Hart play, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and chuckling over it.

In the morning, Harriman and Murphy were at work with Father, early, planning his second conference with Giraud. The general arrived at noon, still preoccupied with military details of his vague future. Father outlined U. S. policy regarding France during the war:

> The provisional government must be set up with Giraud and de Gaulle equally responsible for its composition and welfare.
>
> This provisional government must undertake to run France until the country's liberation was complete.

Giraud was unenthusiastic. He was simply concerned with how U. S. arms would be accorded his colonial armies.

After dinner that evening, Churchill was with us, for a drink and a chat about de Gaulle and Giraud. But Father was in no mood to argue further; he dismissed the subject almost peremptorily.

After Churchill left, Father and I went to his bedroom. Father said, "Now Winston's really beginning to get worried. You could see it tonight. The next few days will tell the story. I'll take a small bet Winston tells us no later than Friday that he thinks he'll be able to get de Gaulle to come down after all . . ."

On Thursday Father drove to Rabat to inspect troops. Hopkins went with him, and Harriman, Admiral McIntire, Murphy. General Clark was their host. Eight hours later he was back, full of his day.

"Good time?"

"Sure! Fine! Wish you could

have seen the faces of those men in the infantry division. You could hear 'em say, 'Gosh—it's the old man himself!' " and Father roared with laughter.

"Where'd you eat, Pop?"

"In the field, with Clark and Patton. . . . Harry! . . . How'd you like that lunch in the field, hunh?"

From upstairs Harry called back, "The luncheon music, that was the thing!"

"Oh, yes," said Father. "*Chattanooga Choo-Choo*, *Alexander's Rag-Time Band* and that one about Texas, where they clap their hands, you know. . . . "

"*Deep in the Heart of Texas?*"

"That's right. Elliott, tell me. Would any army in the world but the American Army have a regimental band playing songs like that while the Commander-in-Chief ate ham, sweet potatoes and green beans right near-by? Hmmm? . . ."

He had started back for his bedroom when there was a bustle in the hall. In bounced Churchill, wreathed in smiles.

"Wanted to tell you the latest news!" he cried. "De Gaulle! It looks as though we'll be successful in persuading him to come down." There was a pause. Then: "Good," said Father shortly. He moved toward his room. "Congratulations, Winston. I always knew you'd be able to swing it."

On Friday, the arduous part of the conference was nearing an end: there was still to be negotiated the compact between de Gaulle and Giraud, but the foundation had been laid; for better or worse, the military decisions had—in broad—been taken. There remained only the communique telling the world of the Casablanca Conference.

That noon, de Gaulle arrived, lunched with Giraud, went on to Mirador to talk with Churchill. Then the stage was set for his meeting with Father.

He arrived with black clouds swirling around his high head. For 30 minutes they talked, Father charming, de Gaulle noncommittal. This is typical:

Father: "I am sure we will be able to assist your great country in re-establishing her destiny."

De Gaulle: (A wordless grunt.)

Father: "And I assure you, it will be an honor for my country to participate in the undertaking."

De Gaulle: (A grunt) "It is nice of you to say so."

This wry colloquy at an end, the Frenchman unfolded his great height from the chair and marched to the door. A few moments later, in popped Churchill. For an hour they compared notes on the conversations each had had with de Gaulle. Father seemed unperturbed by de Gaulle's mighty sulk; I expect he simply acknowledged to himself that it squared with his preconception of the man.

"The past is past," Father said. "We've nearly solved this thing now. Giraud and de Gaulle must have equal responsibility in setting up the Provisional Assembly. When that Assembly starts to act, French democracy takes its first steps. Presently France will be in a position to decide for itself what is to become of Giraud or of de Gaulle. It will no longer be our affair."

After Churchill and the others had left, Father talked of France and her future. "You know, quite apart from the fact that the Allies will have to maintain military control of French colonies in North Africa for months, maybe years, I'm not sure we'd be right to return France her colonies *at all*, *ever*, without first obtaining a pledge of exactly what was planned in terms of administration."

"But, Pop! These colonies *do* belong to France. . . . How can *we* talk about not returning them?"

"How do they belong to France? Why does Morocco, inhabited by Moroccans, belong to France? Or take Indo-China. The Japanese control it now. Why was it a cinch for the Japs to conquer that land? The native Indo-Chinese have been so downtrodden that they thought to themselves: anything must be better than French colonial rule!"

"Yes, but . . . "

"I'm talking about another war, Elliott. I'm talking about what will happen if after *this* war we allow millions of people to slide back into the same semi-slavery! . . . Don't think for a moment that Americans would be dying in the Pacific tonight if it hadn't been for the shortsighted greed of the French and British and Dutch. Shall we allow them to do it all over again?"

I said: "When the United Nations are organized they could take over these colonies, couldn't they? Under a mandate?"

"Here's what I have in mind. When we've won the war, I will work with all my might to see that the U. S. is not wheedled into accepting any plan that will aid Britain in *its* imperial ambitions."

At lunch on Saturday, there were just Harry, the P.M., Father and I. And it was at this lunch that the phrase "unconditional surrender" was born. For what it is worth, it can be recorded that it was Father's phrase, that Harry took an immediate liking to it, and that Churchill frowned, thought, and finally grinned: "Perfect! I can just see how Goebbels and the rest of 'em'll squeal!"

Father, once his phrase had been approved, speculated about its effect in another direction. "Of course, it's just the thing for the Russians. Unconditional surrender," he repeated thoughtfully. "Uncle Joe might have made it up himself."

NEXT DAY, Sunday, at 11 A.M., Giraud arrived for the critical meeting with de Gaulle. Father went straight to work.

"We must have your assurance, General, that you will sit down with de Gaulle and . . . "

"That man! He is a self-seeker! I need only support for the armies I can raise. . . . "

". . . must sit down with him and work out a joint plan for provisional government. Two such men as yourselves, General . . . "

Thirty minutes. At length: "It is understood, M. le President."

While they talked, de Gaulle had arrived, and stood chafing in the hall outside. They brushed past each other by the door as de Gaulle went in.

The ground had been paved, but the prima donna still wanted urging. Father moved from charm to suasion to urgency to demand. Then he nodded to me! I slipped out of the room, beckoned to Giraud.

The generals looked at each other stiffly. Father urged a handshake, to seal the compact. Like two dogs, the Frenchmen started almost to circle each other, then exchanged a brief, reluctant handshake. In popped Churchill. Father was beaming.

"We have agreed," said de Gaulle to the P.M., "that we will do our best to work out a satisfactory plan of action"—he paused —"together."

Giraud nodded in confirmation.

"Come on," cried Father. "Pictures!" And all four went out to the terrace. While the shutters clicked the generals shook hands again.

After the press conference, Father and I went inside to say good-bye.

"Well," he smiled.

"Okay, I'd say, Pop . . . okay!"

"Yes . . . we got quite a lot done. But I'd like to check one impression with you, Elliott. I'm anxious to know . . ." He trailed off, then began again: "You see, what the British have done, down through the centuries, is the same thing. They have chosen allies wisely and well. They've always come out on top, with the same reactionary grip on the peoples and markets of the world. *This* time, *we're* Britain's ally. But, first at Argentia, later in Washington, now at Casablanca, I've tried to make it clear to Winston that while we're in it to victory, they must never get the idea that we're in it just to help them hang on to medieval British Empire ideas."

In matters of statesmanship Roosevelt had a sure hand and a winning way.

Twenty minutes later he was on his way, with his motorcade. And I was heading back to my unit in Algiers and the war.

AFTER RETURNING from his August conference with Churchill in Quebec, where preliminary plans were drawn for the invasion of France, Father indicated that the structure of peace had been taking more specific form in his mind.

"The United Nations . . . They aren't that yet, completely, but they're getting there, and they can be pushed a lot farther along."

He pushed aside a heap of papers (we were in his study on the second floor of the White House) and began doodling on a pad. "The trouble is," he said, "we're not really headed in the same direction, except on the surface. Take Chiang Kai-shek. With all his difficulties, there's still little excuse for the fact that his armies are not fighting the Japanese.

"War is too political a thing. Even our alliance with Britain holds dangers of making it seem to China and Russia that we support the British line in international politics. . . ." He concentrated on his doodle: it was a big number "4."

"The United States will have to lead," he continued. "Lead . . . and use our good offices always to solve differences which will arise between the others. Britain is on the decline, China is still in the 18th century, Russia is suspicious of us, and making us suspicious of her. America is the only great power that can make peace stick. And we must start by talking with these men, face-to-face."

"Heard from Uncle Joe again?"

"Yes. Any time Winston and I want to come to Moscow, it's fine with Stalin."

At the end of September, I went back to the Mediterranean. With my outfit we advanced from near Tunis up to the Southern end of the Italian boot. By November we were established in San Severo, chipping away at tough German defenses.

Cairo—Part III

As November got colder I wondered what was to become of Father's hopes for a Big Three or Big Four meeting. Then I got a secret communication from Gen. Bedell Smith to proceed to Oran to meet "an important personage."

This time Father was not flying; he was aboard the new battleship *Iowa*. The sea voyage had done him good; he looked fit and filled with excited anticipation of the days ahead. Cairo, he told us, and after that Teheran. First to meet with Chiang, then with Uncle Joe.

After a brief stay in Oran, Father flew on to Cairo and I followed a few days later. At Cairo, as at Casablanca, barbed wire was flung up around the conference area. Father was staying at Ambassador Kirk's villa; Churchill and the Chiangs were in villas nearby.

As soon as the Army car dropped me off at Kirk's villa, I went in to see Father. He was still in bed, breakfasting alone. He looked rested. I asked what had been happening.

"Oh! . . . I've met Generalissimo Chiang, gotten a radiogram from Uncle Joe . . . "

"What's that?"

"Saying he'd be at Teheran next Sunday."

"Then the meeting's definitely on?"

"It would seem so." He forked some eggs into his mouth and winked at me.

"What do you think of the Generalissimo?" I asked.

He shrugged. "About what I'd expected. He and Madame Chiang were here for dinner last night. He knows what he wants and he knows he can't have it all. But we'll work out something. . . . I learned more talking to the Chiangs than I did from four hours of meeting with the Combined Chiefs."

"More about what?"

"More about the war in Asia that isn't being fought, and why Chiang's troops aren't fighting at all—despite the newspapers. He claims his troops aren't trained and have no equipment—and that's easy to believe. But it doesn't explain why he's been trying so hard to keep Stilwell from training Chinese troops. And it doesn't explain why he keeps thousands of his best men up in the northwest—on the borders of Red China.

"Actually, the job in China can be boiled down to one essential: China must be kept in the war, tying up Japanese soldiers."

After lunch, what Father had referred to as "the protocol visits" began, and Kirk's villa took on the appearance of Grand Central Station during rush hour.

I knocked off as greeter at 4:30

and went into a new act: sitting in for Father at the Chiangs' cocktail party. Madame Chiang struck me as quite a performer. For 30 minutes she talked animatedly, intensely—always contriving to keep me the center of conversation. It was as expert a job of flattery and charm as anybody had troubled to exert on me in years.

I do not for a second believe she thought I was so important that she must win me over for ulterior future purposes. What I do believe is that Madame Chiang has for so long dealt with people—especially men—on the basis of charm that by now it is her second nature. And I would fear to watch her first nature at work; frankly it would terrify me.

When she left, I was introduced to the Generalissimo, who speaks no English. We exchanged aimless pleasantries through an interpreter. After an hour or so I hurried back to Father's villa, where he wanted to know how I had reacted to the Chiangs. I told him especially what I thought about Madame Chiang. He frowned and said:

"I don't know that I'd put it as strongly as you do. She's an opportunist, certainly. And I'd not want to be known as her enemy, in her own country. But at the moment, who is there in China who could take Chiang's place? With all their shortcomings, we've got to depend on the Chiangs."

NEXT DAY, THANKSGIVING, a big banquet was in preparation all afternoon back in the villa's kitchen, but the Chiangs were not going to be able to share it with us. Instead, the Generalissimo and his wife stopped by for tea. Mostly Madame Chiang talked; persuasively she outlined her plans for increasing literacy in post-war China, and of other improvements planned for the future. Father listened with keen attention.

Before they left, Madame Chiang, translating for her husband, made reference to a tentative agreement he had reached with Father toward furthering internal Chinese unity, specifically as regarded Chinese communists. But the point was dropped almost at once; obviously it was a subject which had already been discussed in detail.

The Thanksgiving dinner could not have come at a more auspicious moment. The Soviet armies were sweeping all before them; another in the series of Allied conferences was drawing to what everyone hoped would be a successful close.

And so, as we sat down around the great long table in the Kirk Villa, we were in a mood to celebrate. Father had brought his own turkeys from home, and he carved, as he loved to do, for the whole distinguished company. Toward the end, Father lifted a glass to propose a toast. Briefly he touched on the American custom of Thanksgiving, then said: "And of course I, personally, am delighted to be sharing this Thanksgiving dinner with Britain's Prime Minister."

Churchill jumped up to respond, but Father was not yet finished.

"Large families," said Father, "are usually more closely united than small ones . . . and so this year, with the peoples of the United Kingdom in our family, we are a large family, and more united than ever before. I propose a toast to this unity, and may it long continue!"

Later, when I was smoking a good-night cigarette with Father in his bedroom, he talked more about the thorny path in Asia. "The British don't approve of our island-hopping," he said. "And they don't understand our thinking in terms of the Philippines as a future base for operations against Japan." He smiled sourly. "Perhaps they don't appreciate that the Filipinos will rally to our flag, inasmuch as they could hardly expect *their* colonials to rally to theirs."

Father then turned to the Chinese question. "I've been registering a complaint about the character of Chiang's government. Told him it was hardly the modern democracy it should be. Told him he would have to form a unity government, while the war was still being fought, with the communists. And he, agreed to do it—once he had our assurance that the Soviet Union would respect the frontier in Manchuria. That part of it is on the agenda for Teheran. In return, we will support his contention that the British and other nations no longer enjoy special Empire rights to Hong Kong, Shanghai and Canton."

"Tough to get agreement from Churchill," I observed.

"There can't be much argument, inasmuch as it's 99 per cent American material and men bringing about the defeat of Japan," Father said sharply.

The next day was given over mostly to a final political conference. After a quiet dinner, Father went to bed early, for he and his party had to be up by 5 next morning if they were to reach Teheran in the afternoon. I was not going with his party; Eisenhower had invited me to go sightseeing, so off we went to the tombs of the Pharaohs—a day of rest and leisure.

Teheran—Part IV

WHEN WE ARRIVED at Teheran we found that Father was not quartered at the American Legation but at the Soviet Embassy. There was, I learned, good reason for this. At first Father had declined the invitation—extended by Stalin himself—on the grounds that he would be more independent if he were no one's guest. But convenience and, more important, security, dictated ultimate acceptance.

On Monday morning I saw Father. I was tired from the long night's flight, yet I was excited, too: the conference Father had been working to set up for more than 12 bloody, desperate months had now come to pass.

"What's he like, Pop? Or haven't you seen him yet?"

"Uncle Joe? Sure, I've seen him. He came over yesterday to say hello."

"What about the P.M.?"

"He wasn't here. This first time, it was just me and Uncle Joe. And his interpreter, Pavlov."

"Measuring each other, eh?"

He frowned. "I wouldn't put it that way. We were just finding out what kinds of people we are."

"What kind of people is he?"

"Oh . . . he's got a massive rumble, talks deliberately, seems very sure of himself, moves slowly—altogether quite impressive, I'd say."

"You like him?"

He nodded an emphatic affirmative, then told me that Stalin had stayed only a few minutes, then

Molotov had come by for his official call, and at 4 P.M. the Big Three had held their first plenary meeting.

Father said, "Stalin was shown a copy of our plan for OVERLORD. He looked at it, asked a question or two, and then said: 'When?'"

Next, Father told me of the dinner he had given the night before for Stalin, Churchill and top diplomatic advisers. I was curious to know what sort of politics had been discussed.

"About everything we could think of," Father said. He mentioned the structure of the three nations that would hold the peace, the fact that there was explicit agreement that any peace would have to depend on these three nations acting in united fashion, to the point where—on an important question—negative action by only one would veto the proposition.

"And we agreed that the peace will be kept by force, if necessary," he added. "Our principal job was to agree as to what constitutes the area of general security, in the post-war world, for each of our countries. That job is still before us, but we've made a start on it."

Father's secretary stuck his head in to remind Father there was mail from Washington. I started to leave, but Father called me back.

"By the way," he said, a triumphant look in his eyes, "I don't suppose you've heard yet about the game on Saturday."

"The game?" I asked, blankly.

"Army-Navy. You *would* join the army, would you? That'll be $10, please. Thirteen to nothing."

"I wish you would keep your mind on affairs of state," I complained, paying up.

AFTER LUNCH, Father met with the American chiefs of staff, then the Soviet leaders arrived with slender Pavlov. I was introduced and we pulled up chairs in front of Father's couch.

As Stalin spoke, I realized that despite his deep, measured voice and short stature, he had a tremendously dynamic quality; inside there seemed to be great reserves of patience and of assurance. Beside him, Molotov was gray and colorless, a sort of carbon copy of my Uncle Theodore Roosevelt as I remember him.

In the 45 minutes that followed, Father and Stalin did most of the talking. They were discussing the Far East, China, the things that Father had already discussed with Chiang. Father was explaining Chiang's anxiety to end Britain's extraterritorial rights, his anxiety about Manchuria, the need for the Soviet's respecting the Manchuria frontier. Stalin made the point that world recognition of the sovereignty of the Soviet Union was a cardinal principle with him, that he would respect, in turn, the sovereignty of other countries, large or small.

At 3:30, Pa Watson looked in the door and announced that everything was ready. We got up and moved into the board room. There, Churchill was to give Stalin, on behalf of the British people, a mighty two-handed sword, tribute to indomitable Stalingrad where the back of the Nazi offensive had been broken.

The room was filled: an honor guard of Red Army officers and British Tommies, a Red Army band, and the military and naval leaders of the three great powers allied against the Nazis. Churchill said:

"I have been commanded by His Majesty King George VI to present to you for transmission to the City of Stalingrad this sword of honor. . . . The blade bears the inscription. 'To the steel-hearted citizens of Stalingrad as a token of homage of the British people.' "

The Red Army guard stood silent but not expressionless as their Marshal took the sword and raised it to his mouth, to kiss its hilt. It was easy to see that he was deeply impressed.

After Stalin's brief thanks were translated, he gravely walked around the table to Father and offered the sword for inspection. The P.M. held the scabbard while Father pulled out the 50 inches of steel. Up it flashed, its blade glittering.

"Truly they had hearts of steel," murmured Father.

With a ring, the sword returned into its scabbard. The moment of their greatest unity over, the Prime Minister and the Marshal adjourned to the portico, where their pictures were taken with Father. Then the political arguments began again, while I snatched a welcome nap in Father's apartment.

At 7:15, Father woke me when he came in. By this time he was pretty tired too. He sighed and reached for one of my cigarettes.

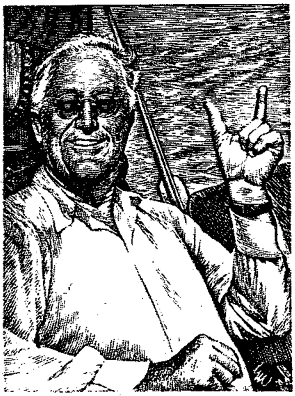
"He gets things done, that Stalin. He really keeps his eye on the ball." Father spoke slowly and thoughtfully. "It's a pleasure working with him. Nothing devious. He outlines the subject and sticks to it."

"OVERLORD?"

"That's what *he* was talking about."

"British still raising objections?"

"Well . . . now Winston is talking about two operations at once. I guess he knows there's no use trying to argue against the Western invasion any more. General Marshall has got to the point where he just looks at the P.M. as though he can't believe his ears." Father laughed, "If there's one American general that Winston can't abide, it's Marshall. And needless to say, it's because Marshall's right."



As a deep-sea fisherman he loved to joke about the size of his catches.

"What does Churchill mean, two invasions at once?"

"One in the West, and one guess where?"

"The Balkans?"

"Of course." Again he chuckled. "Whenever the P.M. argued for invasion through the Balkans, it was obvious to everyone in the room what he really meant. They knew that above all else he was anxious to knife up into central Europe, in order to keep the Red Army out of Austria and Rumania, even Hungary if possible. Stalin knew it, I knew it, everybody knew it . . . "

"But never said it?"

"Elliott, our chiefs of staff are convinced of one thing. The way to kill the most Germans, with the least loss of American soldiers, is to mount one great big invasion and then slam 'em with everything we've got. It makes sense to me. It makes sense to Uncle Joe. It makes sense to all our generals. It's the quickest way to win the war. That's all.

"Trouble is, the P.M. is thinking too much of the post-war world, and where England will be. He's scared of letting the Russians get too strong." Father smiled, but grimly. "I see no reason for putting American lives in jeopardy to protect real or fancied British interests on the Continent. We're at war, and our job is to win it as fast as possible. I think—I hope—that he's learned we mean that, once and for all."

At my first Russian-style banquet, I learned that all the stories you may have heard about them are true. The only way we talked was through the medium of toasts. It may sound cumbersome, but if your staying power is good you find it develops into a lot of fun. Thus, if you want to say something on even as vapid a subject as the weather, it becomes:

"I wish to propose a toast to the magnificent weather we have been enjoying!" Everybody rises and you all drink. Quite a system!

In a situation like this, vodka can be your worst friend, but I noticed that Stalin stuck to vodka all through the meal, his glass being refilled from his own private bottle. It wasn't water, either; for once he filled my glass with it, coming around the table to do so. If it was anything less than 100 proof, I most emphatically do not wish to be offered the real thing.

Toward the end of the meal, Uncle Joe proposed his umpteenth toast on the subject of Nazi war criminals. "I propose the swiftest possible justice for all Germany's war criminals—justice before a firing squad. I drink to our unity in dispatching them as fast as we capture them, all of them, and there must be at least 50,000!"

Quick as a flash Churchill was on his feet. The P.M. had stuck to his favorite brandy throughout the toasting; but even such a redoubtable tippler as he was finding his tongue thicker than usual. His face and neck were red.

"Any such attitude," he cried "is wholly contrary to our British sense of justice! I feel that no one, Nazi or no, shall face a firing squad without proper trial, no matter what the proven evidence against him!"

Father, who had been hiding a smile, nevertheless felt the moment was highly charged, so he decided to inject a witticism.

"As usual," he said, "it seems I must mediate this dispute. Perhaps instead of executing 50,000, we should settle on a smaller number. Shall we say 49,500?"

Americans and Russians laughed, but the British sat straight-faced. Then Stalin pursued Father's compromise figure by asking around the table for new estimates. I was hoping he would be satisfied by answers before he got to me, but he was persistent. The question came.

"Well," I said, "isn't the whole thing pretty academic? Look: when our armies start rolling in from the west and your armies come on from the east, Russian, American and British soldiers will settle the issue for most of those 50,000 in battle."

Stalin was beaming with pleasure.

Around the table he came, flung his arm around my shoulders. Then suddenly an angry finger was being waved in my face.

"Are you interested in damaging relations between the Allies? How can you dare say such a thing?"

It was Churchill—and he was furious. Fortunately the dinner broke up soon afterward, and I followed Father to his apartment to apologize. After all, damaging relations between the Allies!

Father roared with laughter. "Forget it," he insisted. "What you said was fine. Winston just lost his head. He'll have forgotten all about it when he wakes up."

NEXT DAY WAS THE P.M.'s birthday—his 69th—and there was to be a grand party at the British Embassy in the evening. The final meeting of the American, British and Russian chiefs of staff was scheduled for 4 o'clock, and Father, the P.M. and Uncle Joe attended.

When they adjourned at 6:15, I joined Father again while he rested before Churchill's party. "It's settled at last," he said happily. "The Western invasion is set."

"The spring?" I asked.

"The first of May. Auspicious for the Russians: that's their big holiday, you know." Father was vastly relieved. "And we agreed, too, that there should be a thrust up from the Mediterranean."

"Through the Balkans after all?" I asked, incredulous.

"No. Through southern France. Everything will be timed simultaneously—from the west, the south, and the Russians from the east. I still say the end of 1944 will see the end of the war in Europe. With a drive from all sides, the Nazis can't hold out much over nine months after we hit 'em."

Next day I was scheduled to fly back to duty in Tunis, and Father was returning to Cairo. Before lunchtime, I said good-bye to him.

While I was on duty in Tunis, I arranged to fly back to Cairo again for a brief visit. I found Father in bed, reading a detective story. After a full day of conferences he was resting. I asked him about the last day at Teheran.

"Have you seen the communique we agreed on?" he asked, pointing to the table. I read it through while Father threw in comments. It was, he said, chiefly his language, and purposely not in the usual diplomatic phrases. " . . . Banish war for many generations," I read, and pointed to it. "'Many generations?'" I said. "Why not 'forever'?"

"Two wars in two generations," Father answered. "The people of the world have heard, in the last quarter-century, too many people who promised them peace 'forever'. We agreed at Teheran that our three countries, the strongest in the world, could so unify our foreign policies as to ensure there would be no war 'for many generations.'

"And in between times, Uncle Joe and I had a few words, just the two of us. Once he'd agreed to enter the war against Japan, I . . . "

"*What?*"

"Sure. He talked about the war in the Pacific . . . must have been while you were in Teheran."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

He grinned. "You never asked me, as the tattooed lady said on her wedding night."

"When are they getting in?"

"Oh, not for months yet. He was willing to get in as soon as he could get troops to Siberia, if we would promise the May 1 invasion in the west. Uncle Joe also agreed that Manchuria would remain with the Chinese and agreed to help us back Chiang against the British. . . . And Pat Hurley has gone on to Moscow to carry our talks further.

"You know, Elliott," he said, throwing off a quilt and preparing to get up, "men like Pat Hurley are invaluable. Why? Because they are loyal. I can give him assignments I'd never give a man in the State Department, because I know I can depend on him."

I was thinking about State Department men who had got Father into situations from which he had had to extricate himself.

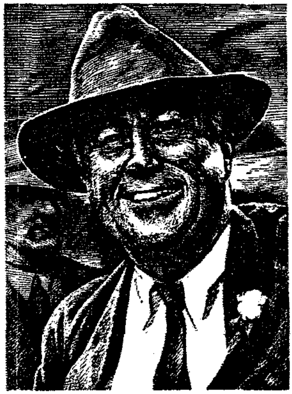
"You know," Father was saying, "any number of times, men in the State Department have tried to conceal messages to me, delay them, hold them up somehow, just because some of those career diplomats aren't in accord with what they know I think. They should be working for Winston. As a matter of fact, a lot of the time they *are*.

"Stop to think of 'em: any number are convinced that the way for America to conduct its foreign policy is to find out what the British are doing, and then copy that."

In the morning Father told me that the question of Turkey's entry into the war had been finally decided upon. Against.

"In a sense it was Winston's last effort to force an Allied attack from the Mediterranean," he said.

"Another thing," Father commented, "was in making clear to Stalin that the U.S. and Britain were not allied against the Soviet Union. I think we've got rid of that idea at last. The one thing that could upset the applecart after the war, is if the world is divided again, Russia against England and us. That's our big job now, and it'll be our big job tomorrow, too; making sure we continue to act as intermediary between Russia and England."



FDR's humanity and vision made him one of history's few great leaders.

After lunch the next day I flew back to Tunis, and Father left the following day on the first leg of his trip home. He was quite tired that night, almost at the limit of his strength; and there was still a tour of inspection ahead. Yet there was jubilance in his manner. He was a man who knew he had accomplished a great deal.

"The United Nations . . . " he said with great satisfaction. "People at home, Congressmen, editorial writers, talk about the United Nations as something which exists only on account of war. The tendency is to snipe at it by saying that only because we are forced into unity by war are we unified. But war isn't the real force to unity. *Peace* is the real force. *After* the war—*then* is when I'm going to be able to make sure the United Nations are *really* the United Nations!"

At 6 next morning, Father was headed by plane to Dakar, where he would board the *Iowa* and start home for Christmas. I was going back to San Severo in Italy.

EARLY IN 1944, I got orders to report to General Spaatz's headquarters in England. Shortly thereafter I heard the news of the Anzio landings. But not until several weeks later, when I spent some time with Eisenhower, did I learn how Churchill had personally insisted on this plan, which he code-named SHINGLE, and which was apparently his last attempt to force invasion of Europe via the South rather than the West.

Then came D-Day. OVERLORD and the simultaneous Soviet push. The V-1s and the V-2s. I read about the meeting at Dumbarton Oaks, and was happy to think that the Big Three were so far along in their unity on the problems of peace.

During the summer and fall of 1944, I was occupied with photographic reconnaissance over France, Germany and the Lowlands. Then word came that I was to go back to the States on a technical mission. That meant Washington.

My sister Anna was the first to meet me in the White House, and told me what to expect when I saw Father. Nevertheless I was startled; there had been so much talk about how unwell he was in the campaign just completed. He looked tired and thin, but that was all.

"What'd you expect?" he asked. "These campaign trips get tougher, but I thrive on 'em!"

I asked him if another meeting of the Big Three was in the cards.

"Oh, there'll have to be one. I hope late in January, after the inauguration. Actually, the only question is where. Stalin is anxious that it be in Russia."

"Again?"

"Well, it's hard to refuse. He is in charge of the Red Army, and the Red Army *is* on the go."

Several mornings later, Father was scowling over some official dispatches; the morning newspapers had been irritably crumpled and tossed on the floor.

"Greece," he said. "British troops. Fighting the guerrillas who fought the Nazis for four years."

He did not try to conceal his anger. "How the British can dare such a thing! The lengths to which they go to hang on to the past!"

And then, "Though I don't suppose there's anything I can do about it."

"A public statement?"

"Condemning the British?" He shook his head. "Not now. Time enough to raise it when I see Winston in February. And anyway. . . ." He changed the subject abruptly. "You know, it was about a year ago that Queen Wilhelmina was here for a visit. And we got to talking"—he grinned—"I should say I got her to talking, about the Dutch colonies after the war. Java, Borneo—all the Netherlands East Indies.

"Elliott, she agreed that the policy we have in the Philippines would be the pattern she would follow. She promised me that her government would announce, immediately after victory in Japan, that they were going to grant the peoples of the Dutch East Indies dominion status, with the right of self-rule and equality.

"Then, once their government is established, if the people, by free vote, decide they want complete independence, they shall be granted it. That's a commitment. And it means a sharp breakaway from British leadership. Think what that will mean to Stalin! How it will show him what the Western nations can and will accomplish, in the postwar world."

The last days of my stay were spent at Hyde Park, the last Christmas I was to share with Father. It was a time of great peace and contentment. On Christmas Eve, Father took his accustomed rocker by the fireplace and opened the familiar book. And as the fire crackled Father's voice, going over the well-remembered *Christmas Carol*, rose and fell rhythmically.

On Christmas Day, after the presents had been opened, Father was sitting at his desk, pasting one of his more gratefully received presents in a stamp album. Jokingly, I murmured something about a United Nations stamp which he would one day add to his collection.

"Funny thing, I was just thinking about a stamp like that. Maybe I'll have it put on the agenda at the meeting next month."

"It's definite, then?"

"As definite as anything in this life. I'm looking forward to it, too. . . . And I'm seriously thinking of a trip to England. I think that might be the best way to sell the British people and Parliament on the need for Britain to put its hopes in the United Nations—all the United Nations—and not just in the British Empire and British ability to get other countries to combine in some bloc against the Soviet Union."

He paused, and then: "But this is no talk for Christmas. . . . "

I WENT BACK to my European command with the New Year, and plunged into work. In January, Harry Hopkins arrived in France. Casually he let fall the information that a Big Three meeting had been set for Yalta; that Father was even at the moment on his way over, aboard the *Quincy*.

Father had wanted me to act as aide again, he said, but had hesitated to put in a request at the War Department, because the Republicans on Capitol Hill would probably scream to the skies.

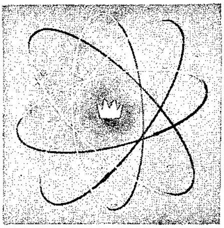
Harry added that Father was sure this Crimean meeting would be the last Big Three conference necessary before the end of the war. And, pursued Harry, Father was insistent that Stalin, Churchill and he have a specific meeting of minds on the machinery of the peace, so that from the moment hostilities ceased the conquered nations would start learning the lessons of their crimes.

Father was anxious, he said, to make sure that when the Nazis were licked, and our military government in charge, the officers in command would not be one-time corporation big-shots, whose only interest would be in rebuilding Germany's cartels.

I finished dinner in good spirits. Harry left next day for Rome, where he had appointments at the Vatican before proceeding to Yalta to join Father. I gave him messages for Father, and headed back to my job.

So—no Yalta for me. But far more important, I never again saw Father alive.

A Promise of Things to Come



WITH THIS ISSUE, Coronet says farewell to the cover girl. Her disappearance is symbolic, in a sense, of new and better things to come. For in token of our tenth birthday, Coronet invites you to join with us in turning over a bright new leaf.

Not that we are unhappy about our accomplishments of the past decade. Far from it. But in the last year or so, in response to friendly requests from a wide range of readers, we have broadened the scope of Coronet to make it more truly a magazine representative of America and her people. We have tried to please and satisfy not one group of readers, but *all* readers. We have sought to offer a magazine equally entertaining and stimulating to people of all ages—from all walks of life.

In this effort to set new and far-reaching editorial standards, we have, apparently, been successful. At least, our readers tell us so. Thousands of letters testify to the fact that we have achieved a pleasurable refinement in stories, in pictures, in special features combining art and text. For this public response, we are sincerely and deeply grateful.

Now, with this November issue, we present the first of our new covers, typifying the widened scope of Coronet as a magazine for the whole family.

We are resuming the "Gallery of Photographs" as a regular monthly department. We are giving more space to condensed books and other special features.

In brief, we are giving greater variety to the contents of Coronet, both in theme and balance, because we believe this is the best way to show our appreciation of the enthusiastic support that has come to us from an ever-growing host of loyal readers. On this, our tenth birthday, we would like to reaffirm our pledge to give you always in larger share, the year-round gift promised in our editorial motto:

"Endless variety in stories and pictures."

CREDITS

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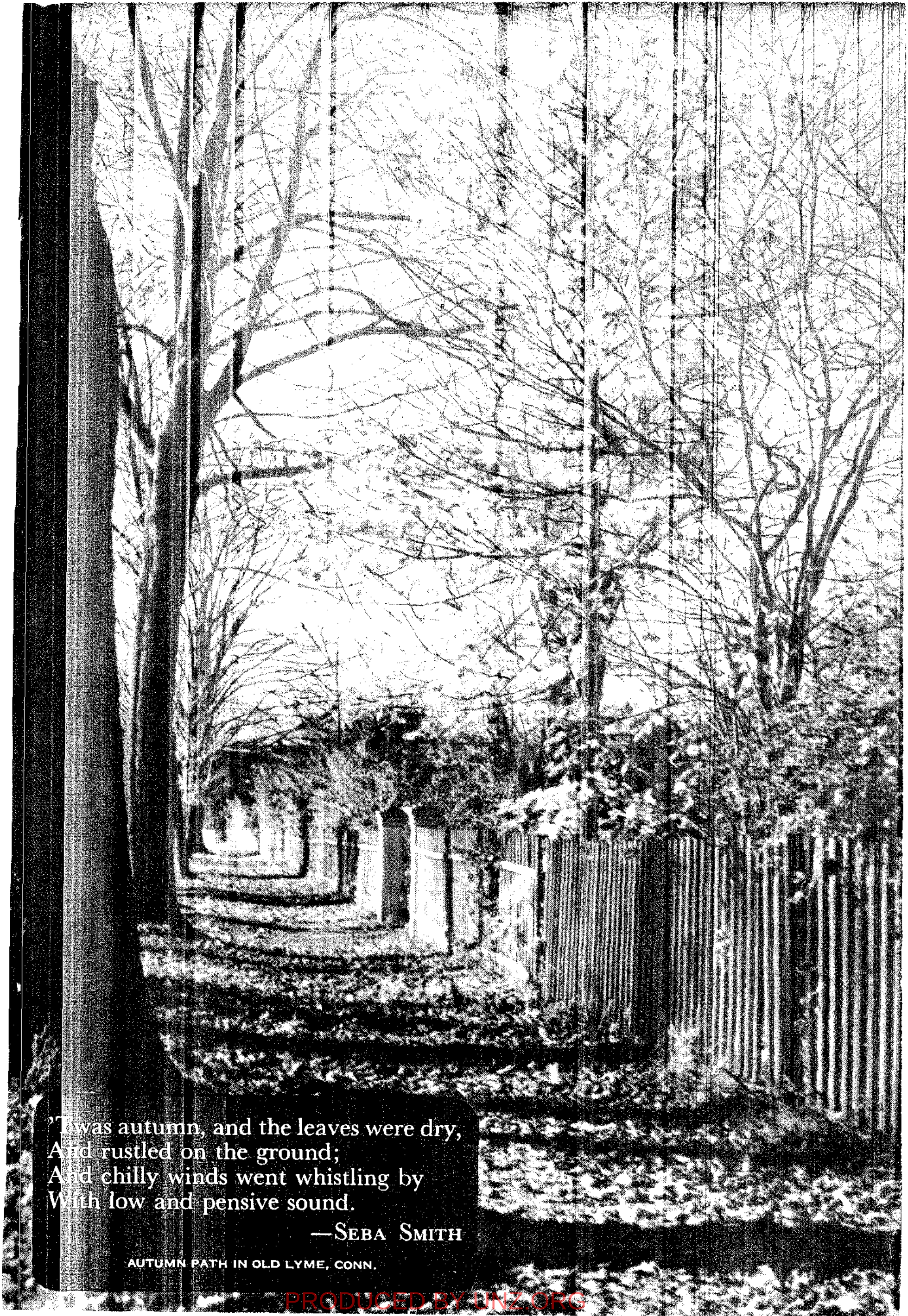
This Month's Cover: To Stanley Ekman, Chicago-born artist, goes the honor of painting the first of Coronet's distinctive new double covers. In the little station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad at Glenview, Illinois, he found the inspiration for his scene. It depicts an old couple awaiting the train that will take them to the Big City for the Thanksgiving observance with their children and grandchildren. Two of their young friends—self appointed lookouts—are on hand to make sure they get aboard safely. For purposes of composition, Ekman explains, he changed the station's wall seats to a well-worn bench. And two of the artist's Glenview neighbors have a surprise in store for them; if they look closely, they will find their initials carved in the bench.



’Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground;
And chilly winds went whistling by
With low and pensive sound.
—Seba Smith

AUTUMN PATH IN OLD LYME, CONN.

DANGER!
Always Be Sure
All Crossings
EAD THE NEWS